

Collier's

JULY 13, 1946

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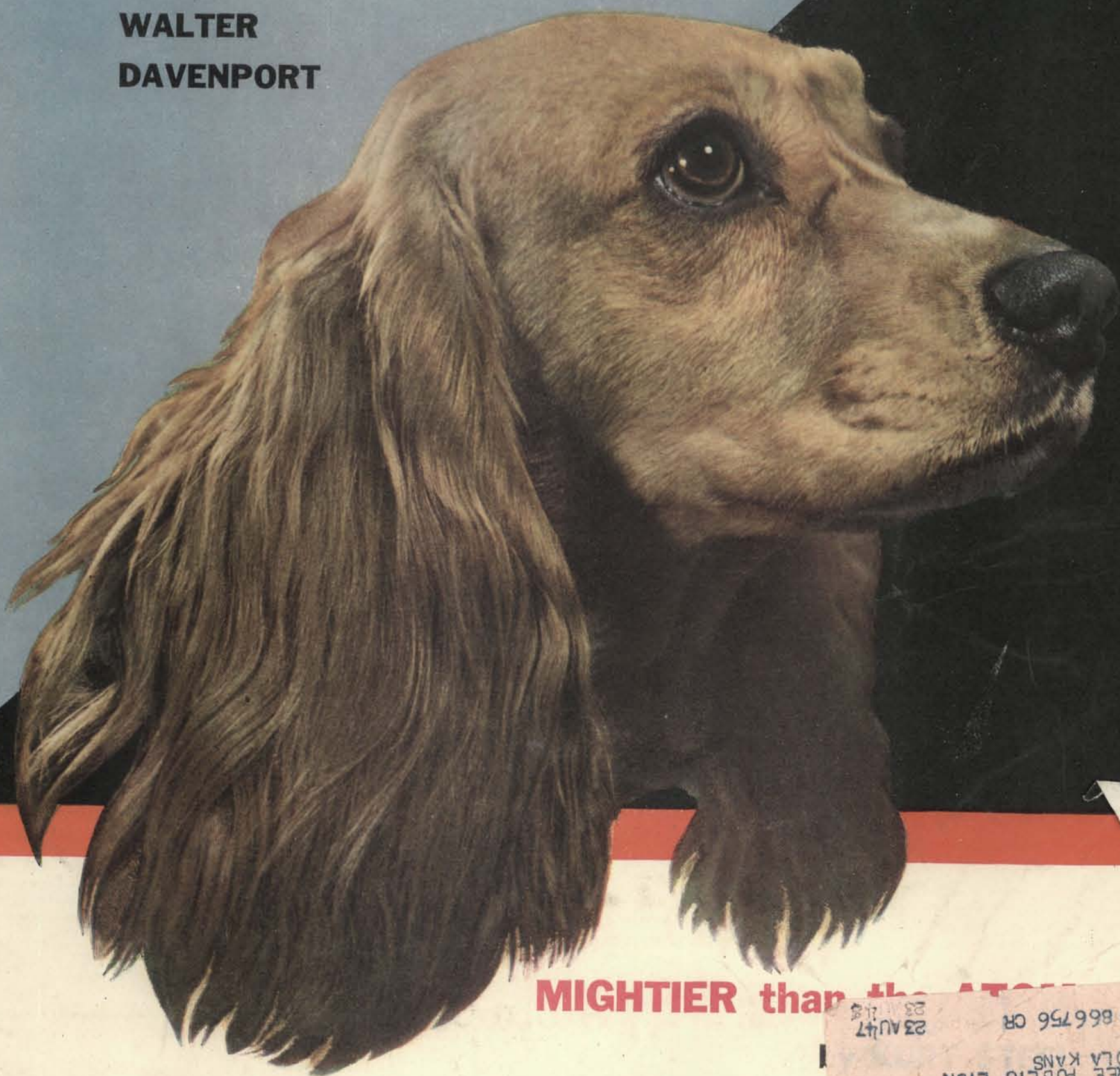
HEADACHE DOWN SOUTH

The War Hang-Over in Dixie

by

WALTER

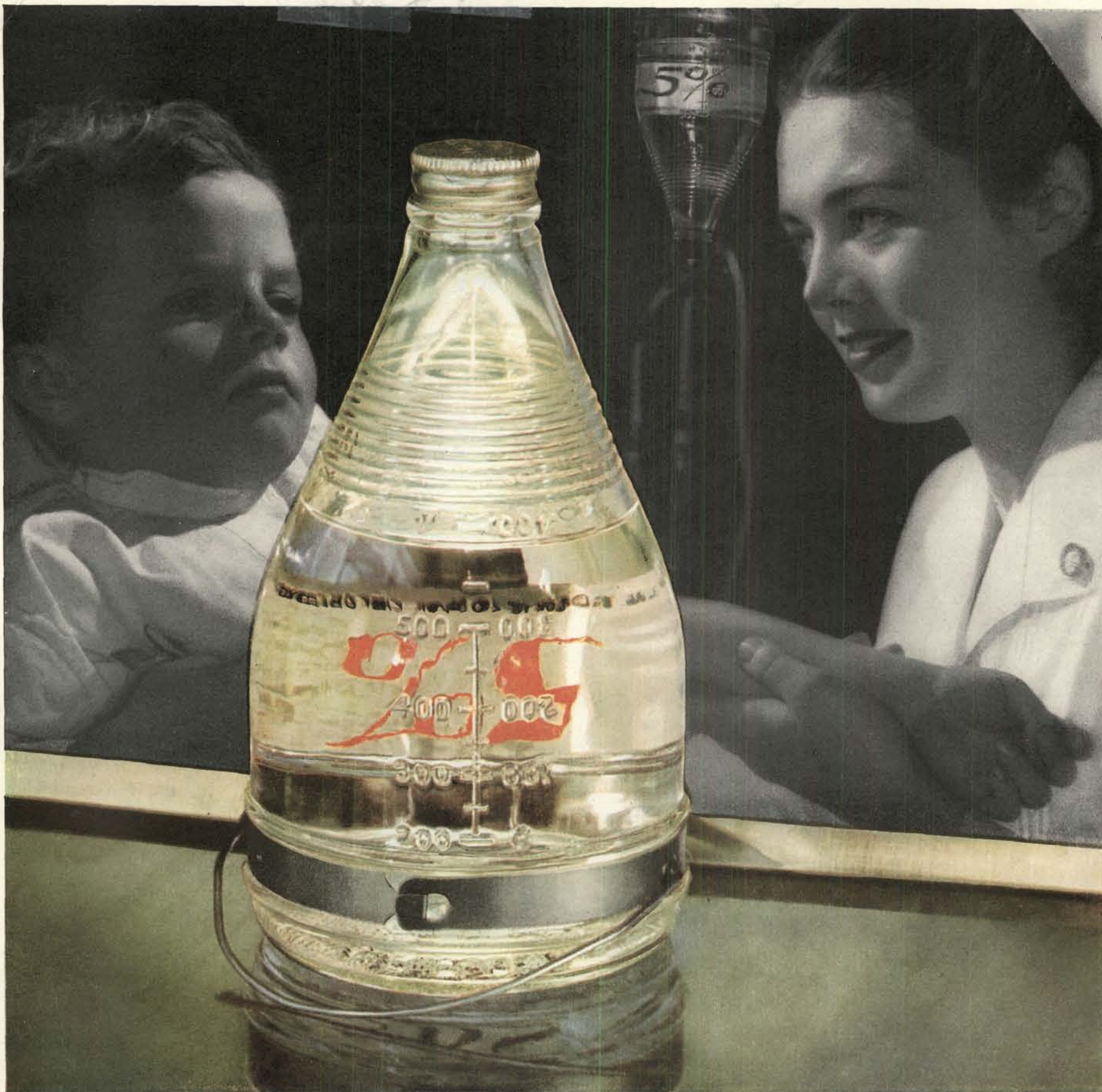
DAVENPORT



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Trustworthy glass . . . it assures protection!

When it's a matter of Life itself—it's in Glass!

YOU: I had an intravenous injection once—like the little boy in the picture is getting.

US: Did it ever occur to you that it was delivered straight into your blood stream—from glass? That's because the glass it comes in just *can't* contaminate it in any way.

YOU: I like being able to *see* what's inside the bottles when I look in the medicine chest at home. Gives you a nice, safe feeling.

US: Also, glass keeps dry medicines safe from moisture in screw-capped vials and jars. And you know how steamy a bathroom gets sometimes.

YOU: Uh-hm . . . glass certainly *does* take good care of its contents.

You'll find that there are a thousand and one other things—drugs, foods, beverages—for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides ideal protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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CONTAINERS LEAVE THEIR CONTENTS STRICTLY ALONE



Summerproof your Hair with **Vitalis**

Here's how →

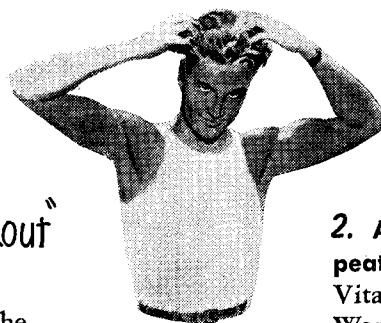
Your hair gets sunburned, too, in summer. Summer sun bakes it dry. Wind and water complete the job, leave your hair dull and brittle, hard to manage.

But now that Vitalis is back, you can "summerproof" your hair!

Here's the simple, sun-defying treatment. The way to have better-looking hair than you've had for summers and summers...

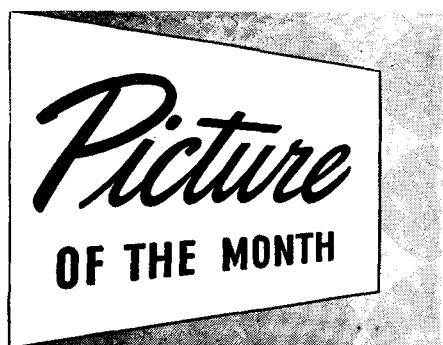
Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. **Before you exercise** use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." For 50 seconds, massage Vitalis with its hair-shielding pure vegetable oils on your summer-beaten scalp. You're protected — *summerproofed* — come sun, come wind, come water. Then ... 10 seconds to comb ... and look who's the handsomest man on the beach, boardwalk or ball court. You! Then ...



2. **After you exercise ... repeat.** This follow-up with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" replaces the protective oils that sun, wind, or water took away, routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair. Then ... 10 seconds to comb ... and your hair looks vigorous, alive ... you've got a "going places" look and you're set to *keep* looking that way! Get that bottle of Vitalis today!

Product of Bristol-Myers



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THREE WISE FOOLS" MARGARET O'BRIEN

LIONEL LEWIS EDWARD
BARRYMORE • STONE • ARNOLD

Ray Collins • Jane Darwell
Charles Dingle • Cyd Charisse
Harry Davenport

and THOMAS MITCHELL

Screen Play by JOHN McDERMOTT and JAMES O'HANLON. Story by JOHN McDERMOTT. Based upon the Play by Austin Strong. Staged by Winchell Smith. Presented by JOHN GOLDEN.

Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by WILLIAM H. WRIGHT



We are writing this *from Hollywood!* A few days ago our boss stood in our cubicle, pointed his finger, said "Go West——" and a purring Constellation did the rest!

Within minutes after our arrival, M-G-M sent around an invitation to see a preview of "Three Wise Fools". So we dashed over, and by some odd chance seated ourselves in the screening room almost directly behind a pair of pigtailed.

Well, friends, we like to think of ourselves as being seasoned and unsentimental—but "Three Wise Fools" transported us right out of this world. Not only is it one of the most unusual stories ever filmed, but it has a quality of joy and magical merriment, a facile way of blending laughter and tears, that makes it a rare and delightful entertainment experience. There are simply not enough sparkling words to describe Margaret O'Brien's performance as Sheila O'Monahan, the bewitching darling who brings sunlight into the lives of three hard-bitten bachelors.

Later, when we congratulated Margaret (for the pigtailed were hers!) she could only talk of the three wonderful men in her picture: Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Edward Arnold. As the Three Wise Fools, all do magnificent character portrayals. And Margaret added that she has a special place in her heart for Thomas Mitchell, who, as O'Davern the Man-Servant, creates one of his most lovable roles.

All Hollywood is talking about "Three Wise Fools"... putting it in a class with "The Green Years"... praising its acting, its story (by John McDermott and James O'Hanlon), its wonderful cast, with bravos too for its producer, William H. Wright, and its director Eddie Buzzell.

So to M-G-M three cheers for "Three Wise Fools", a rare and delightful picture.

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KENNETH LITTAUER • Fiction Editor FRANK D. MORRIS • Executive Editor WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

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GEORGE CREEL	San Francisco	EDW. TOMLINSON	The Other Americas	LEONARD A. PARIS	Articles	MACLENNAN FARRELL	Fiction
		HELEN P. BUTLER	Syntax				

this week

any week

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NO SOONER had the British Foreign Office announced that it regarded four American cities "unhealthy for the purposes of leaves of absence" for British consular officials than we began to receive telegrams from American voters that their localities were "unhealthy for our congressmen who do not desire permanent leaves of absence." Thus far we have sixteen.

AND Mrs. Cora Dubblee Asphurst, of Denver, Colorado, reports that she quickly overcame her sister's objections to becoming president of her literary club. Sister thought the job would be too much for her. "Oh, go ahead," said Mrs. Asphurst. "It might be much worse. Suppose they were making you President of the United States."

THE Argus-eyed Mr. Frank Dufresne of Chicago, Illinois, was reading his favorite newspaper, the Wrangell (Alaska) Sentinel, published by his friend Mr. Lew Williams. Therein he saw the following ad, sending it to us immediately: "Fertilizer \$3.50 per load. Shoveling over fence \$2.00 extra."

WE HAVE here, too, the sworn statement of a former G.I. that "At the St.-Lô break-through we captured a Heinie sniper under most aggravating circumstances. Papers in his jacket revealed that his name was Otto B. Schott. So we did."

AND among the first-important things which seem to have got lost in the current succession of national crises is the outcome of the Soup of America Contest. The last we heard of it, three or four weeks ago, (Continued on page 84)

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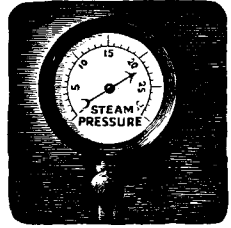
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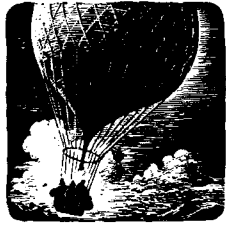
BLOOD

like steam pressure



in a boiler, goes up and down, so don't worry if yours is

temporarily high,



particularly during periods of

stress. However, if it frequently gets *above normal*, or

the heart



must work harder and ul-

timately may be impaired. The blood vessels are also put

under greater strain which may affect brain, eyes,



kidneys, and other organs. Fortunately, medical science

is on the march



against high blood pressure.

The likelihood of having high blood pressure may be lessened if you follow your doctor's advice as to normal, healthful living and have regular, periodic medical examinations.

If an elevation of the blood pressure develops, these examinations will detect it in the early stages and permit measures which may keep it in check. Your doctor may advise as to diet, rest, reasonable exercise, elimination of infections, avoidance of continued mental or physical strain, and *getting your weight down to normal*.

Medical scientists are continuing to study new methods through which high blood pressure may be even more effectively combated. Some authorities believe the kidneys play a vital part in certain high blood

pressure cases and that these patients may be helped through special diets and limitation of liquids. New surgical techniques at times have proved effective for selected cases. Psychotherapy is another method under consideration. There also is hope that new drugs may be developed which will be helpful.

One hundred and forty eight life insurance companies have formed the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. This is making grants to help finance research projects relating to diseases of the heart and blood vessels, including high blood pressure.

To learn more about high blood pressure, its effect upon your heart, and how to guard against it, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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 Please send me a copy of your booklet,
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HOW TO FIGHT A.F. DANGER!



7 OUT OF 10 ADULTS get unsightly Athlete's Foot yearly, at worst in summer! Now Quinsana is being used by millions with great success. Most Chiropractors advise that entire family use Quinsana fungicidal powder.



ATHLETE'S FOOT DISAPPEARED among practically all persons using Quinsana (in records of thousands). Great success in Armed Forces. Watch for symptoms of Athlete's Foot—cracks, peeling between toes, itching, soggy skin.



DO THIS EVERY DAY: Use Quinsana on feet, then in shoes (absorbs moisture, reduces chances of re-infection from shoes). So pleasant to help prevent and relieve A.F. with Quinsana.



USE ALSO FOR FOOT COMFORT, excessive perspiration, foot odor. Cooling to hot, tired feet. Get Quinsana powder now—to enjoy healthier feet this summer. **THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.**

Keep up with the world



by Freeling Foster

Among America's professional wrestlers today, more than 25 claim to be "The World's Heavyweight Champion" and at least a dozen employ the title of "Angel," such as the Irish Angel, the French Angel and the Swedish Angel.

When the British liner Titanic sank in 1912, so much money was contributed to a fund for the relief of the dependents of the 1,517 victims that, although still paying out a total of \$58,000 a year to 167 persons, it is expected to last until 1987.

Among the outstanding exhibits of glass-case ship models is the Hampshire Collection in the Institute of Marine Engineers in London. The lifework of one man, it consists of 13 miniature reproductions of famous vessels built on a scale of one inch to 64 feet, or about one eighth of the usual size of decorative ship models. Most unusual of them all is a faithful reproduction of Sir Francis Drake's three-masted *Golden Hind*, which is one inch in over-all length, or so small that it can be hidden behind a half dollar.—By Jeanne Marks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

No town in history ever commemorated a legend as Hamelin, Germany, has its story of The Pied Piper, who supposedly freed it from a plague of rats in 1284 and, in revenge for not being paid, lured the town's 130 children into a cavern where they perished. Besides dating many of its records from that year and holding annual celebrations, Hamelin has several monuments to the legendary figure and a large Ratcatcher's House whose clock tower contained, until destroyed during the war, a turntable on which the Piper emerged on the stroke of the hour followed by the rats and the children.

Probably the largest cigar ever made was the Cuban "Fonseca Special," which was featured at an exposition held in 1932 in Seville, Spain. Requiring nearly five months to produce, this cigar measured eight and one half feet in length and 16 inches in diameter, weighed 121 pounds and was valued at \$2,500.

Most great distance runners have made their records because their bodies had unique functional powers, one of which was a heartbeat slower than the normal rate. For instance, Glenn Cunningham's heartbeat is usually around 49, Gunder Hägg's 47, Paavo Nurmi's 45 and Leslie MacMitchell's 40.

During the past 150 years, hundreds of different ballets have been presented by ballet companies throughout the world. Yet today, only about 30 of these dances are standard classics, the oldest being Giselle, which had its première in Paris in 1841.

Some of the oldest records in the world today are genealogies of the Chinese, who for numerous centuries have supplemented the history of their ancestors with facts about their own families and passed on the documents to their descendants. One of these genealogies, published in 1535 and now preserved in the United States, covers 81 generations of a family that originated before 1100 B.C.

Besides being the world's largest living bird, the African ostrich is the only bird that has but two toes on each foot and can also outrun virtually all four-footed animals over long distances. Moreover, ostriches are believed to be the only birds that, in small flocks, will occasionally join and travel with herds of mammals such as zebras and antelopes.

An unusual musical instrument is the aeolian harp, which was very popular in Europe in the early 19th century. It consists of a long narrow wooden box over the front of which are stretched from 6 to 15 strings of varying thickness, tuned in unison. When set in a window, this harp is automatically played by the wind with a mysterious and elusive effect. Several attempts have been made to develop a keyboard instrument on which similar tones could be produced by compressed air, but without success.

In the region around the mouth of the Catatumbo River in Venezuela, the sky is illuminated every few minutes each night of the year by a mysterious form of sheet lightning that is so bright it can be seen at a distance of 200 miles. Known as the "Catatumbo Lightning," its cause has defied scientific explanation ever since it was discovered centuries ago.—By Roy DeLay, Fort Collins, Colo.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission.

Collier's for July 13, 1946



AMAZING NEW RADIO THAT REMEMBERS

Wakes you up pleasantly—and automatically turns on your favorite program anytime

Faintly, comes the music from afar . . . *dream music* . . . waking you to a bright new day! Last night you set your new Wake-Up-To-Music Clock-Radio to your favorite morning program, at arising time. Gentle, considerate—so much kinder than the sleep-shattering jangle of alarm clocks.

Won't Let You Cheat

And your G-E Clock-Radio—your Wake-Up-To-Music Radio—won't let you *cheat*. If you doze back for just forty winks it plays on patiently. Then after five minutes it will *buzz—buzz—buzz* you awake. Getting up is no longer the hardest thing in the

day. For your Wake-Up Radio starts you off with a smile.

Set It For Any Program

All day long the new Clock-Radio is your personal friend. Set it whenever you want to be sure to catch special programs. Clear in tone, ample in power, it is a worthy member of the General Electric family. And the quiet G-E clock always tells correct time.

In a gem-like ivory plastic case, it's the smartest little radio of the year. Post-war from tip to toe, with more uses than any set you ever saw. Everybody in the family will want a new radio like *yours!* Wake Up To Music!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS
RADIOS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
"WAKE UP TO MUSIC"
CLOCK-RADIO

*Dozens
of
uses*



IN THE KITCHEN

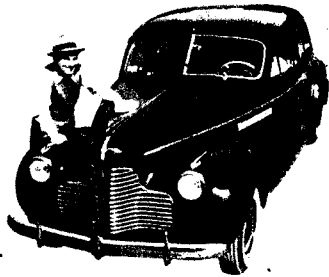


IN THE OFFICE



IN THE LIVING ROOM

SIMONIZ ALWAYS GIVES YOU A "Good Looking" CAR!



New or Old... There's Longer Lasting Beauty for Your Car

If your car's worth driving... it's worth SIMONIZING.

You can restore its "good looks" with easy-to-use Simoniz Kleener... thorough, fast-acting, safe always.

Then to keep the beauty sparkling through to "Trade-In Day", apply Simoniz immediately. This prevents the finish from dulling again... makes car washing seldom necessary. Dust and dirt wipe off with a dry cloth. There's new beauty for your car from the moment you use Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener, liquid or paste. Get them today!



SIMONIZ FINISH METAL

Gritty mud, corrosive airborne chemicals and scorching sun can't penetrate the glass-like hardness of Simoniz on the finish of your car. Use Simoniz paste Kleener first if the finish is exceptionally dull... Simoniz liquid Kleener if it's in average condition. Then apply Simoniz for finish beauty and protection.

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to \$1, auto accessory and department stores—and by linoleum dealers everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS
Recognized for over thirty years as authorities
on preservation of fine finishes



DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations and genuine thanks for the article by the Earl of Halifax: a farewell message. Once Hitler sneered at this man's ideas as being no more than "pious platitudes" and completely lacking in "realism." Doubtless other critics will sneer at the "message" in much the same way. But, happily, they, too, may be mistaken.

J. M. RAYMOND

Jacksonville, Fla.

For another view of Lord Halifax's article, see below.

DEAR EDITOR: Lord Halifax, whose Message to Americans appears in your issue of May 18th, made a much-discussed speech in Toronto in 1943, in which he advanced the same thesis as the one in his article: That the Commonwealth is a political unit or nation and that an Empire Council should be formed. That speech—blatant propaganda—was condemned throughout Canada.

Canada is a nation in its own right and Empire policies and ideals are not ours. We are sick of the politicians in Downing Street barking at us: "Go to Hong Kong," "Go to Timbuctoo," and so on.

JOHN R. SPENDLOVE

Montreal, Canada.

DEAR EDITOR: That Illinois feller, Mister Beatty, said in his letter in your issue of June 1st, that the governor of Kentucky receives a salary of \$6,500 per year. He was therein in error, in correcting your error, as our governor receives \$10,000 per year.

L. C. TURNER

Frankfort, Ky.

\$10,000 it is.

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Digney Has a Dream, in your issue of June 15th, is a swell story but why did the artist who illustrated it put two gloves on Mr. Digney? No golfer ever wears two gloves. Some wear one, where it is needed—on the left hand. Ask Byron Nelson, Sammy Snead and the rest.

IRA T. WITHERS

St. Louis, Mo.

Seems to us we've seen some tender-handed golfers use two gloves. Have we?



DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial, Time to Broaden Social Security, suggests a question over which I have long pondered: Why should certain types of workers be denied the privilege of the Social Security Act, as for instance, schoolteachers and librarians, among the most poorly paid public workers in the country?

It is certain most teachers and librarians, to say nothing of the other "exemptees," cannot save enough from their meager salaries to provide for the future.

ISABEL R. BOYER

Deadwood, S. D.

There are about 21,500,000 of Miss Boyer's "exemptees" in the U.S.

DEAR EDITOR: It was indeed a pleasure to read Jim Marshall's Asleep on the Deep. For the past seven months, I've been engaged in decommissioning the U.S.S. LST 32, and in my opinion that article was the first I have seen which gave an accurate, unglorified picture of what is actually taking place.

ROBERT E. BILLMEYER, Ensign, USNR
Jacksonville, Fla.

DEAR EDITOR: It is highly proper that you should print Frank Gervasi's propaganda article Boom-Bust or Bowles; but if your editorial policy is free and honest you should also give your readers the other side—the opinions of those who prefer a government of, for and by the people, rather than the managed economy of Germany, Russia and Japan.

ERNEST W. TOWNE

Wollaston, Mass.

Collier's, believing its editorial policy honest and free, welcomes articles on both sides of any controversial subject.

DEAR EDITOR: I was interested in Burges Johnson's revision of the bedtime prayer, "Now I lay me..." in The Week's Mail, May 18th.

I have also taught my little girl a revision (not original) which goes like this:

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
May angels watch me through the night,
And wake me with the morning light.
Keep me through the coming day
When I am at work and play,
And, Blessed Lord, help me to be
A kind and happy child like Thee.

Amen.

RUTH GALLUPE

South Portland, Me.

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Quentin Reynolds' article on the re-education work carried on at Fort Eustis, Virginia, is very interesting. The success of this experiment will, however, be decisively influenced by factors beyond the control of the earnest and competent educators. German reaction to democratic teaching will reflect whatever peace settlement is finally made. Any settlement embodying injustices of the Yalta and Potsdam brand, however understandable from the

(Continued on page 81)

Collier's for July 13, 1946



The Pigmy . . . that Pulled a Giant to its Knees

Mightily . . . relentlessly . . . the giant pile driver strained . . . trying to pull loose the timber secured to the granite coping of the bulkhead.

Slowly . . . slowly . . . its towering derrick tipped. Down . . . down . . . the huge scow holding it was pulled, until one end was forced completely under water. What held the timber fast? What held it despite a pull of 90,000 pounds? Ingenious little anchors . . . weighing a mere pound or two and imbedded only 6½ inches into the granite.

HERE'S a mighty midget of modern America . . . the Ring Wedge Cinch Anchor.

This stubborn little device . . . developed to anchor machinery and fixtures to concrete and

other masonry . . . secures overhead shafting to the ceiling as firmly as it fastens theater seats to the floor.

The almost unbelievable holding power of the Ring Wedge Cinch Anchor is based on a scientific method of wedging a bolt into a drilled hole, with lead, in such a way that the more the bolt is pulled, the more tightly it is held.

As illustrated at the lower left, the greater the pull, the tighter the grip. In fact, the holding power of the Ring Wedge Cinch Anchor, from the smallest to the largest, can be built up to exceed the tensile and shearing strength of the bolt itself. The

bolt may give . . . but the Cinch Anchor is there for keeps. In actual tests, a 4-inch size has withstood a tension of 239 tons! Not even vibration can loosen its grip.

It is no wonder, then, that Ring Wedge Cinch Anchors are so widely used wherever objects must be anchored to masonry: giant marine cleats, massive machinery, railroad tracks, electrical cables, metal fences, fire escapes, signs and theater marquees, to name only a few.

For further information on Ring Wedge Cinch Anchors, write, on your business letterhead, to National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

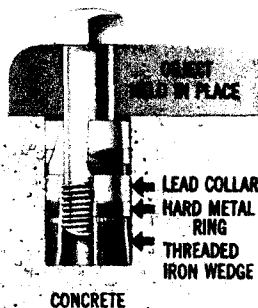


Get to know

NATIONAL LEAD Company's

Many Products

The Greater the Pull, the Tighter the Grip: Here's a cross-section showing the secret of the Ring Wedge Cinch Anchor's incredible holding power. The anchor to hold the bolt is set in a drilled hole. Then the lead collar is driven in place so that it expands over the iron wedge and snugly grips the wall of the hole. The metal ring dams the lead. As pull is increased, the wedge forces the lead to grip tighter and tighter.



Miners, smelters, and refiners of: Lead, zinc and other ores. Manufacturers of: Lead, titanium, barium and calcium pigments; linseed and castor oils; brass, bronze and babbitt bearings; sheet lead, lead pipe, solder, printers' metals and other lead products; non-ferrous alloys; oil well drilling mud materials; acid reclaiming equipment.



It took 7 years to take this picture

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

FOR CENTURIES, people have walked on leather. But, over the years, the supply of hides in proportion to the need has decreased. Critical shortages of leather have developed. The problem was to find some other material.

Out of Goodyear Research—after seven years of hard work—comes the answer to this problem—Neolite—"the world's first and only perfect shoe sole." Neolite outwears leather, is waterproof and non-skid, forms a firm platform for the foot, is the most comfortable shoe sole you ever wore.

Probably most of all, Neolite answers the question asked by parents: "Why can't I get soles for children's shoes that will wear longer?"

While Goodyear, the largest builder of tires, is also a leader in rubber shoe products, *Neolite is not rubber*. Its basic ingredients have never before been used in soles.

The formula is a secret, but the manner in which this new material has been received is no secret. Millions are now walking on Neolite—and liking it!

Pioneer in rubber and world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear also is an experienced worker in many other fields — metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics . . . using years of research leadership to bring you better products.



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Two for A Nickel

BY

IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

They were the two most disenchanted people in the city. But at 3 A.M. there is magic almost anywhere, even in the subway

THE uptown local rattled slowly to the subway platform and yawned open its doors. Mark watched a tired workman shuffle aboard, blinking his eyes, but he made no move to follow. The doors slid closed; the local sighed and rolled away.

He felt annoyed that he hadn't taken the train. Locals don't come along very often at 3 A.M. He stood on the deserted platform while an express roared through the station, beating his ears and body with repeated waves of shock. He stood until the train disappeared down the dark tunnel, and the sound eddied and died in its wake.

Mark turned and slowly climbed the stairs. He pushed through the turnstile and stood beside the change booth while he lighted a cigarette. A late party from one of the night clubs passed through from the street, and the women's shrill laughter echoed bleakly from the white tile walls.

Mark approached the change booth, and put his mouth close to the circular opening in the glass. "You sure you can't tell me anything about the regular man?" he said.

The man in the booth shook his head. "Look, Mac," he said. "I told you. I don't even know who the guy is. All I know is he didn't show up for work, so they sent me down. That's all."

"I just thought you might know."

"I'll tell you something," the man said. "This is my home town, and it's a wonderful place, and I wouldn't live no place else. Only it ain't like some other places. Everybody don't know everybody else around here."

"I know."

"It's like this. You sneeze in New York and everybody in the street turns around and says 'God bless you.' Okay. Fine. Only you can drop dead in Times Square and nobody will even look at you."

"I just thought you might know about the regular man here."

"That's what I'm telling you. Whatsamatter? He a friend of yours?"

"Sure," Mark said. "I guess so." He moved off, and leaned against the white tile wall. It would be some time before another local came along.

You didn't care about anyone else in town, and nobody cared about you. It was a good deal, Mark thought. Perfect. The whole town could drop dead, and it wouldn't touch him. The town returned the compliment, and that was fine.

He felt a return of his sense of annoyance. He shouldn't have let the uptown local go by. The fact that the regular Change Maker wasn't there was surprising, but no more than that. Whatever might have happened to the Change Maker, it was no skin off his nose. The guy was just a habit, a gag that grew into a habit.

Missing the train meant that Marylin would come along, on her way home from her job at La Rhumba, and it would be awkward. That was a habit, too, and he'd let it go too far, but it was all right now. Just stay out of the way. That's all there was to it.



Maybe he never would have met her if it hadn't been for the corny gag they both had pulled on the Change Maker

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

She was no different from the rest of the people he knew, and held at arm's length. That's the way to know people. The less they mean to you, the less they hurt you, and that puts you way ahead of the game.

Maybe he never even would have met her, if it hadn't been for that corny gag. "Two dimes for a nickel." He used it as sort of a running thing with the regular Change Maker. The guy always thought it was funny, but then he was probably too old to know any better.

Marylin had pulled the gag, too, and the Change Maker had thought it was a wonderful coincidence, and had insisted on introducing them.

"My friend, Mr. Forrest, works on the New York Globe," he said, and Mark wondered how he knew. "My friend, Miss Morrow, is a dancer. It gives me pleasure to introduce you."

Marylin was a dish, a dancer, with a wonderful dancer's body, and smooth, coal-black hair she wore down to her shoulders, and clipped straight across her forehead. She worked in a night club, hoofing in the line, but she didn't look like a hooper. She looked like a dancer who was serious about it.

They rode uptown together that night, and found that they got off at the same station. Mark had his guard up, but it wasn't necessary. On the train, she only answered his questions, and kept her dark eyes to herself.

They got to talking over a cup of coffee in a joint outside the subway stop.

"In case you're wondering," she said, "I don't make friends. I found out it doesn't pay. I just go my way, and let other people go their way. It works out fine."

He'd been a little shocked to hear it from her. He had no right to be, because it was his own angle. It didn't sound right coming from her, though. Like seeing a movie of Greer Garson and having the sound track play Donald Duck.

"You're right, only you probably don't know why," he told her. "I know. You get all wrapped up in somebody, and then it goes sour, and you're beat. You didn't do anything. You're just beat, because it didn't work out."

She laughed. It was a good laugh, but a little puzzled. She had a way of moving her head so that her smooth black hair swayed like a hula dancer's skirt.

"There are plenty of other girls," she said. "Maybe you just stopped looking too soon."

"You suggesting somebody?" he said.

She hesitated a minute. "Nobody," she said.

They walked together to the corner of Broadway and Eighty-eighth, and he didn't offer to walk her home. Before they parted, he told her.

"You're not such a hot guesser. Maybe you're just out of touch with people."

"What do you mean?"

"It wasn't a girl. It was a guy I knew."

THE next night, the Change Maker asked him how he liked Miss Morrow.

"Okay," Mark said.

"A lovely girl," the Change Maker said, and he shook his gray head. "I think she must have had a disappointment. She isn't happy."

"What are you running there, Change Maker? A booth for advice to the lovelorn?"

There was always time for a few words with the Change Maker. He was a character. A philosopher. It doesn't take much to make a man a philosopher if he's up at 3 A.M., just sitting.

"I think it must be a disappointment in a man," the Change Maker said, screwing up his wrinkled eyes. "Don't you think that could be the case?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Well," the old man sighed, "I always say it's all for the best."

"That's not original with you," Mark told him.

She came along then, moving down the stairs with her flowing dancer's grace.

"Waiting for somebody?" she asked Mark. She wasn't being coy. She was throwing it up to him.

"Miss Morrow, please," said the Change Maker. "Mr. Forrest is a friend of mine, and not a fresh guy. He always talks to me for a few minutes."

"Thanks, Change Maker," Mark said. "I hate to see young girls getting the wrong idea."

They rode uptown together again, because there didn't seem to be any way out of it. It went better, though. She told him something about her dancing, when he asked. She wasn't doing too well, but she knew she could make it come out all right.

"You've got to steer clear of entangling alliances, and make contacts," she said. "It's a simple system."

"I'm on the city desk, nowhere near the drama section," he said. "You're wasting your time on me."

"You never know," she said. "I have to ride uptown, anyway."

Mark thought about her, and it didn't make sense. It was all right for him. He'd had it, and he wasn't having any more. But it was vaguely annoying to have this kid tell him all about it. It sounded false and unnatural, the way she said it.

At the corner of Broadway and Eighty-eighth, where they took different directions, she asked him:

"Look, I'm not getting nose. But what was that you said about you and a man, instead of a girl?"

"Don't be nose," he said.

"Don't be silly."

"Okay," he said. "Good night."

THE late edition of Mark's paper was socked away to bed about the same time her show did its final turn. When they didn't arrive at the change booth at the same time, the Change Maker would tell him if she'd gone down to the platform or if she hadn't showed up yet.

"Maybe her show went on a little late," the Change Maker would say. "Wait, she'll be here in a minute."

"Look, Change Maker," Mark said. "Nobody asked you about anybody. Don't sprout any cupid wings in there. You'll crowd the booth."

"What cupid wings?" the old man said. "Is it Cupid to ride uptown with a young girl, so she shouldn't be bothered with fresh guys?"

"She can take care of herself."

"She tells me the same thing, but I know better."

"She's not my headache," Mark said. "I don't want her. You ought to get smart and forget about her troubles, too."

"Listen. Everybody has to be interested in other people. It's human nature."

"It's one man's theory."

"You don't like people, is that it?"

"Crazy about them. At a distance. Like you and me, Change Maker. With bars between us."

The old man shook his head, and sighed. "Well, you know what I say. Maybe this also is for the best."

The night Mark came down with Calvin Willard, from the paper, he shoved his dime under the wicket, and said, "Two dimes for a nickel," as usual.

The old man laughed, as usual, and said, "Some day you will catch me, and get two dimes."

"That'll be the day," Mark said. "Where's the heart throb?"

"Miss Morrow? You're asking?"

"Relax. I have a contact for her, that's all."

The old man squinted his eyes. "That's nice," he said. "She just this minute went down on the platform."

He introduced Marylin to Willard, editor of the Globe theatrical page. Willard was going uptown, too.

"Don't tell me you've been hiding this girl down in the subway all this time, Mark," Willard said.

Marylin laughed, and showed her even white teeth. She kept smiling, and it was the first time Mark had seen her smiling for any length of time.

"Mark is the shy type," she said. "He's never even come to see me dance."

It was the first time she'd ever used his first name. He felt a rising sense of irritation.

"Where are you dancing, Miss Morrow?" Willard asked. He sounded interested. Marylin told him all about herself. She had a smooth, provocative line of chatter that Mark hadn't heard before. The platform trembled under their feet as the local pulled into the station. Marylin took Willard's arm as they got on.

Mark fought a growing core of anger. He sat beside Marylin, with Willard on her other side, and read the bright-colored ads above the opposite windows.

Marylin laughed at something Willard had said, and turned to him. "Mark, this man's wonderful!" she said.

"Wonderful," he said.

He studied the six-word text of the black-and-yellow ad. The local jolted along, and its wheels shrieked as the track forced them in a turn. It was an irritating sound.

"But, darling . . ." Marylin was saying. ("Darling" doesn't mean anything in the theatrical business. It's the same as "mister" in the hardware business.)

Mark wanted to say, "Feed it to him, chippie. He's got what you want, and you might work an exchange." Willard whispered in her ear.

"Oh, now, really," she said, and laughed again. Her black hair shone in the uncertain light. "Mark, I'm afraid your friend is a wolf."

"I'll bet that scares you to death," Mark said, and shut his mouth to keep from saying more.

It was all right. She was just doing what she said she would, and that was all right. It was nothing to him. Mark felt his temper swell, and he couldn't reason it down.

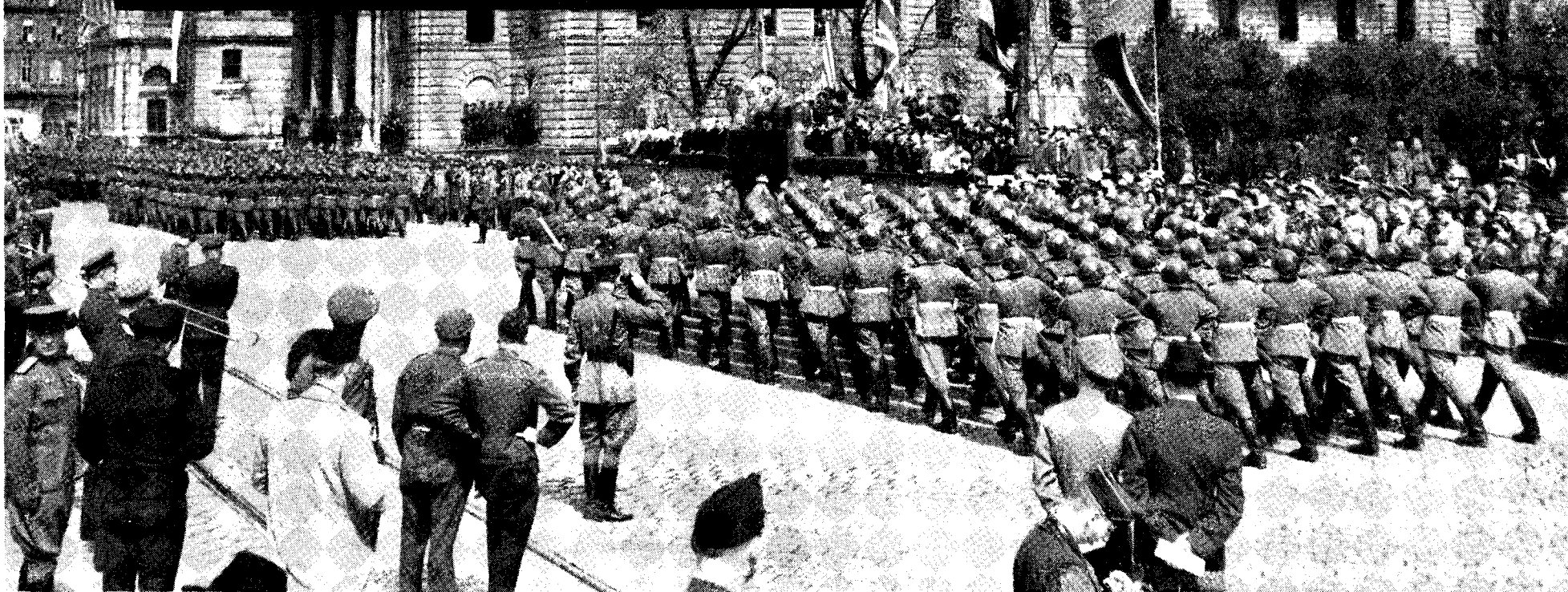
Maybe her arm's-length business was a gag. She was approachable from the right angle. Maybe he was just a jerk.

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Willard whispered in her ear. "Oh, now, really," Marylin said. "Mark, I'm afraid your friend is a wolf." "I'll bet that scares you to death," Mark said and shut his mouth to keep from saying more

AUSTRIA'S IN THE MIDDLE

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Caught between Russia's ambitions and the West's affection for the status quo, Austria is chastened, bedraggled — afraid even to joke about its liberators

OVER the reviewing stand in Vienna's broad and sunny Schwarzenbergplatz, the flags of the Big Four snapped smartly in the spring breeze. It was April 13, 1946, and the occasion was a large and gusty if somewhat synthetic celebration of the first anniversary of the Red Army's capture of the city from the Germans. American, British and French troops joined in the parade but the Russians, of course, carried the day. (The name of Schwarzenbergplatz, incidentally, would soon be changed, according to the newspapers, to Stalin Square.)

Above one end of the reviewing stand, set apart from the four other flags, the streaming red-and-white banner of Austria was raised too, but it was so long that it kept reaching out and flicking the hats of officials on the platform. Finally a Red Army soldier seized it and with a bulging knot tied it down securely to the pole.

"There's Austria for you," a cynical bystander remarked; "lashed to the mast."

Back in the good old days when Hitler was acquiring European real estate with the ease of a Florida speculator, hundreds of thousands of Austrians exulted

in the *Anschluss* achieved by their native son. But the Allies decided the nation had sinned less than it had been sinned against, and the Moscow conference of Foreign Ministers in 1943 pledged to work for a free, democratic and independent Austria. The country was not to be conquered, but "liberated."

Today six and a half million Austrians are tasting the full bitterness of disillusionment. In what few of their cafés are open, the forlorn Viennese, trying to savor the memory of coffee, sip a witch's brew of soybeans and barley and observe wryly that they might be able to stand another war but never another liberation.

Instead of being free, Austria, which is only a little larger than the state of South Carolina, is cracked up into four parts controlled by the Russians, Americans, British and French. The government is beholden to the Allied Council and until very recently had been saddled with an occupation cost of some 350 million schillings (35 million dollars) a month. In May, following a Russian concession, the Council reportedly agreed to cut this figure 75 per cent. But the resulting one billion schillings a year, of which the Soviets are expected to collect about half, represents nearly 35 per cent of the Austrian national budget and is a backbreaking burden because the nation faces the loss of a tremendous amount of resources in reparations.

The Austrians will tell you that the occupying powers are more preoccupied with watching one another than with the welfare of Austria and that the nation has become a battleground of power politics between Russia and the West.

Convinced that Austria will become a "nation of beggars" if things go on as they are, President Karl Renner recently suggested that a force from the United Nations organization take over the occupation from the four Allies so the dispute on reparations could be resolved, zonal boundaries erased and the country united for recovery.

With a black cigar stump set against the white foliage of his broad mustache and trim spade beard, the seventy-five-year-old socialist conceded in an interview that Austria now was in a ticklish position, caught "between the interests of London, Paris, Washington and Moscow." For Austria to look exclusively one way or the other would make somebody angry, Renner said delicately. "We must be careful about our friendships. What we want is direct relations with the United Nations."

The Americans and British and, less bluntly, the French accuse the Russians of trying to pull Austria completely into the Soviet orbit under the guise of collecting reparations. According to Doctor Karl Gruber, blond and handsome young Austrian Foreign Minister, if the Russians get all they claim, they will wind up with control of nearly 75 per cent of the nation's industrial wealth.

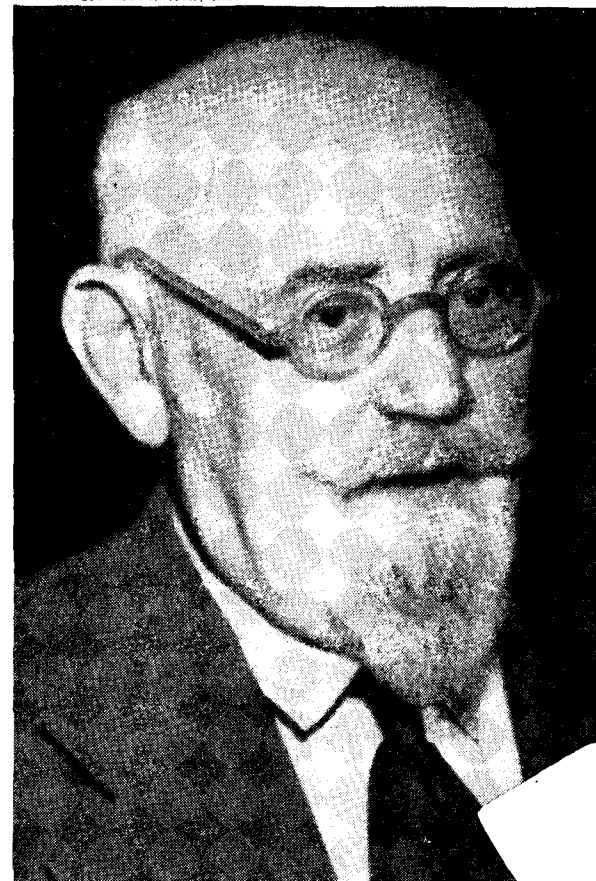
Here in all its dynamism is posed all over again the \$64 question of "What are the Russkies up to?" With devastating simplicity, the Russians repeat they want only security and friends—which they are not so sure they have here. With candor, their Western allies counter with the question: How far from home must you push your lines of defense

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Red Army troops march through Vienna's Schwarzenbergplatz to mark capture of the city from the Germans. Note Austrian flag (right) lashed to pole

Dr. Karl Renner, head of Austria's provisional government, says Austria wants direct relations with the U.N.

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



Collier's for July 13, 1946



HEADACHE DOWN SOUTH

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

INTERNATIONAL

The crosses burn again as white-hooded Ku Klux Klanners initiate new members in Georgia while thousands of spectators look on. The Klan's revival coincides with moves in the South to permit Negroes to vote in Democratic primaries

With mechanization and industrialization, Dixie is suffering all the pangs of economic transition. The early stages are painful

THE fiery cross of the Ku Klux Klan yellows Stone Mountain. A thousand slack-jawed citizens wrapped in soiled sheets shamble in its glow, mumbling something we can't make out. A prayer to an odd god. They plead with Georgia to abandon her regeneration and return to Tobacco Road. Five thousand Georgians jam the surrounding roads drinking beer, jeering, shouting ribald criticism. A girl who doesn't look any too sober stands up in a car screaming: "We want Gene!" She means Ole Gene Talmadge, the hero of the Kluxers, who yearns to be governor again.

A gigantic insurance peddler, turned minstrel for votes, is twanging, crooning and clowning his way toward Alabama's governor's chair. Alabama's economic bosses, her industrialists, her conservatives shudder, not because this Big Jim Folsom banjoes his way to power but because he's endorsed by the C.I.O. Communism is the next, the last step, they say. Big Jim's about as much a Communist as Herbert Hoover.

Dark Mississippi, sorely sick with Bilbonic plague, is scared because her youth—white and black—are deserting her. Incidentally, that's true of Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina, too. Mississippi breeds children, educates them after her fashion, then loses them because she offers them less—much less—reason than other states for staying. Her population is growing old, uncherished by youth. Who's to do tomorrow's work?

Louisiana has just shed the last of its Huey Long rags. A personable young man, De Lesseps Storey Morrison, has almost miraculously become mayor of New Orleans. He wants to make gambling and gamblers respectable, wants to license them, regulate them, siphon money from their pockets into the city treasury. There is some mild applause but you can't hear it for the laughter of the bookmakers, the professional bettors, the price layers, the dice rollers, the shills. Prostitutes poke their machined heads out of French Quarter windows to tell the teeming sidewalks: "Sorry, chum, you can't come in. We're being reformed for a couple of weeks. Don't go far away, chum."

In Texas a few thousand young Democrats are in revolt against the old political

order. Only yesterday they cast straight conservative votes alongside their New Deal-hating fathers. They're topside Texas men and women. It's not the conventional underdog, have-not rebellion. This fight is a clearly defined alignment of what you'll see throughout the South—a battle between the old "traditionalists" and the young "realists." These young Democrats consult with C.I.O. directors. They've allied themselves with labor, urging Texas to elect as her governor a Baptist preacher, an educator whose liberalism cost him his job as president of the University, Homer Rainey.

The old "regular" mouthpieces call them Communists, fellow travelers. But some of these mouthpieces have the grace to blush as they say that. In their ranks you'll find just about as much Communism as you will in the chamber of commerce. Homer Rainey is on the air. His program, Religion and Life, is part evangelism, part crossroads philosophy, part minstrel, but less mawkish than the tory Pappy O'Daniel stuff. The old regulars plead with Pappy to come down from Washington and save them with his Dear Sweet Lil Ole Mammy croonings.

Thus and thus the South on the surface today. But underneath all this capping and belling churns one of the most poignant bellyaches that Dixie has suffered since no one remembers when. From Virginia to Texas and on up to Kentucky, the South is split into two camps—those who yearn for the return of yesterday and those who are preparing for tomorrow whatever it may bring. The latter, the realists, may be in the minority now but they'll win. The all-too-apparent economic forces behind Dixie's reconversion from war will see to that.

King Cotton Takes a Back Seat

The old tyrant, cotton, is no longer king. He is not exiled like so many pre-war human majesties, but the high throne he once occupied alone is surrounded and isolated by such carpetbagger commodities as the sweet potato, cattle, rice, hogs, fruit, dairy products—commodities which before the war were despised incidentals where they were cultivated at all. With this flight from cotton and groping for economic salvation, Dixie is bidding for manufacturing industries. The traditionalists hope they can be had without organized labor. The realists want it unconditionally, know that it must be had.

It is customary to think of the traditionalists as old men and the realists as young. Actually neither years nor wealth are dividing characteristics in either

group. In Georgia an industrialist sits across the desk from his executive vice-president son. The old man tells us with fitting oaths that he'd rather see the South return to Stephen Foster somnolence than that the C.I.O. drive to organize the Southern worker should succeed. His son, his executive vice-president, shakes his head, smiles gently, spreads his hands. The drive will succeed, he says. Maybe not in a day nor in a year. But, he adds, tradition can't stop it.

The son tells us, privately, not to take the old man too seriously. Last week the father threw out of his office a solicitor for funds for Ole Gene Talmadge's campaign to regain the governorship, with all his hates and prejudices.

In Alabama a banker argues with a client young enough to be his son. The young man shouts that for two cents or less he'd join the Ku Klux Klan, racket that it is, to fight the C.I.O. and Communism and Communists and anyone tolerant of them. The older man smiles this time, says the young man is fighting windmills. He says that there is no more danger of Communism than there is that Mobile Bay will be frozen over by morning. As for the C.I.O. drive, well, he says, he has always thought kindly of the old Chinese aphorism: that when the inevitable is no longer avoidable why not relax and enjoy it?

But the South's reconversion is not at all as simple as all that. If it were merely that diversified agriculture and industrialization were to replace the old one-crop economy there wouldn't be much to worry about. However, it's a story of the salvation of an unknown number of human beings. The number may be as high as ten million. No one knows.

Like the rest of the country, the South has had no time to take accurate stock of her dislocated human wealth. A couple of million men and women (a rough surmise) left her farms and farm towns to go into emergency war industries. Authorities who should know, even if they don't, estimate that much fewer than twenty-five per cent have trickled back. The overwhelming majority will never go back. The mechanical cotton picker, almost a complete realization now, will take the place of something like a million and a half families who once lived as tenant farmers, sharecroppers and small-acreage planters—perhaps five million people.

And before going deeper into the subject, more than fifty per cent of the cotton grown in America was produced by these humble folk, the majority of them Negroes. Slowly, gradually, the small farm is being absorbed by the big

plantation. The sharecropped acres and the tenanted sections will be served by the machine and not the vanishing field hand. Whether Dixie is to become industrialized to a sufficient degree to give work to the idle agricultural worker is not yet to be answered; but that her agriculture is to be mechanized is certain.

Walk the South's city streets and roam her country roads if you want to see the larger picture. The traditionalists will scowl at the idleness he sees and at the sneers that he hears from the idle when they're offered eighteen, twenty and twenty-five dollars a week to take common jobs. He sees Communism in every face, hears it in every job rejection. But we found no fact nor facts to give weight to his fears.

A Mild Case of Red Infection

The only place in the South where we found Communist activity with life enough in it to work up a mild tremble was in Houston. There, a few wandering Reds had been engaged in a small and furtive *Putsch*. They said that they had enlisted three thousand, seeking twenty. But they were holding no recruiting meetings. We found no printed propaganda. Calm and responsible authorities told us that five hundred recruits would be nearer the truth than three thousand and that inquiry had revealed that only one person in ten in the five hundred had become an actual Communist Party member. And almost all of these were college undergraduates, none wage earners or workers.

Political radicalism or suspicion thereof has been repudiated by the C.I.O. in its Southern drive. Van Bittner, pilot of the drive, has denounced political radicalism and its agents, naming names. Nor is there any evidence that he is not wholly sincere. For example, he repudiated the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. The Conference, its headquarters in Nashville, Tennessee, is a left-wing organization working diligently, ceaselessly and intelligently among Negroes and the poorest of poor whites bent on making them race, class and politically conscious, exhorting them to protest as a group against their too frequently dismal lot.

At any rate, they are suspected of Communist sympathies and Mr. Bittner does not want his far from easy job to be made all the heavier in the South by a share of such sympathy. We mention all this only to get rid of it. The real story in Dixie today is much more important.

Billions of dollars built immense war emergency industries in the South. To

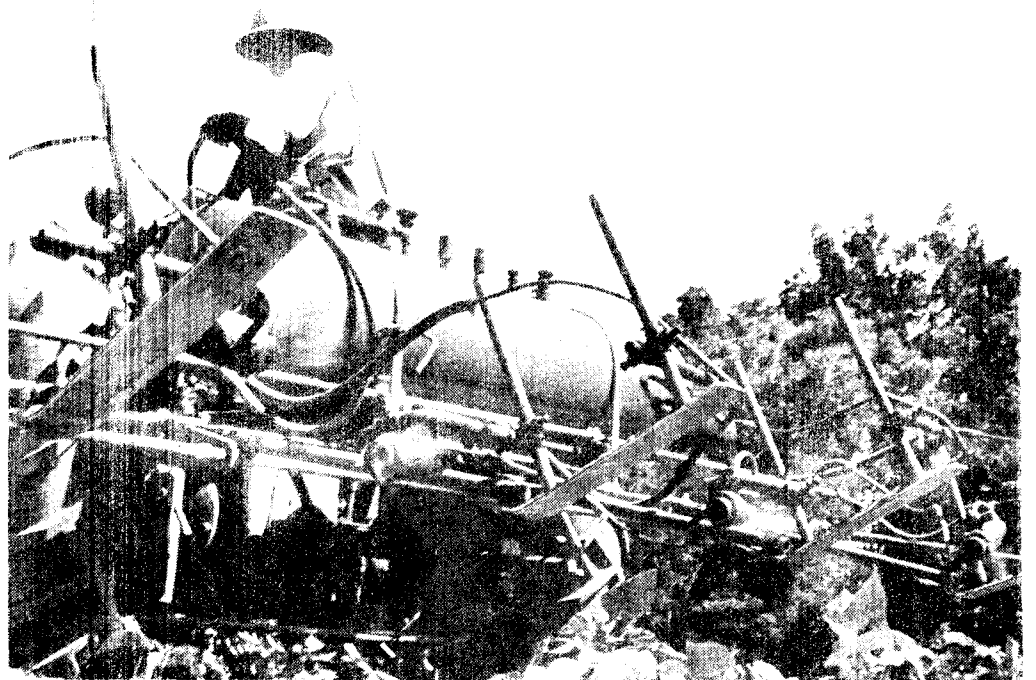
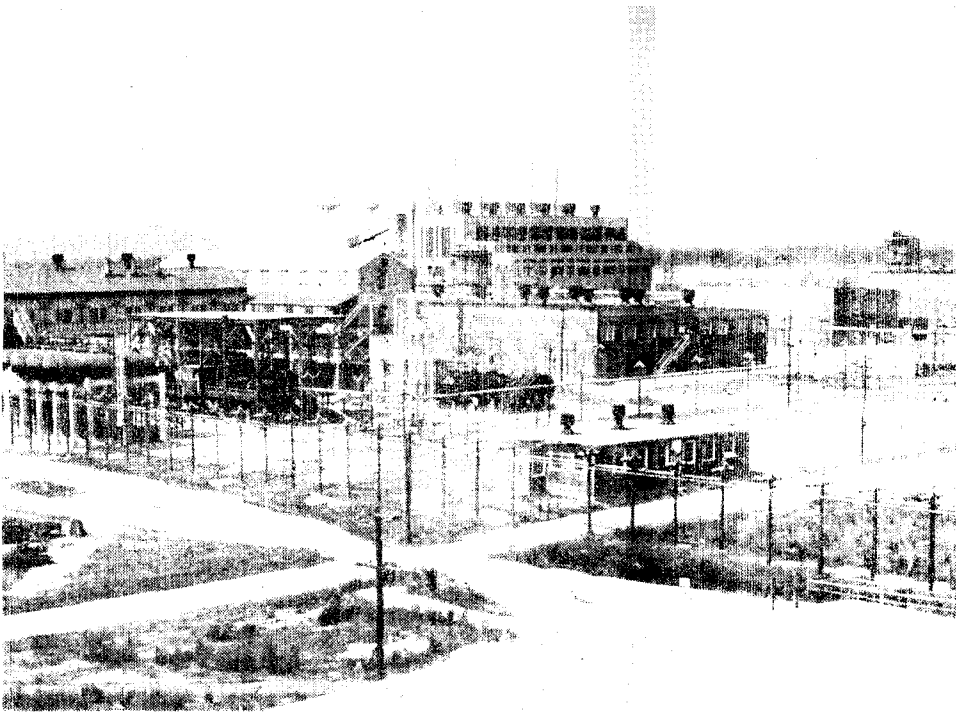
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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM SHROUT



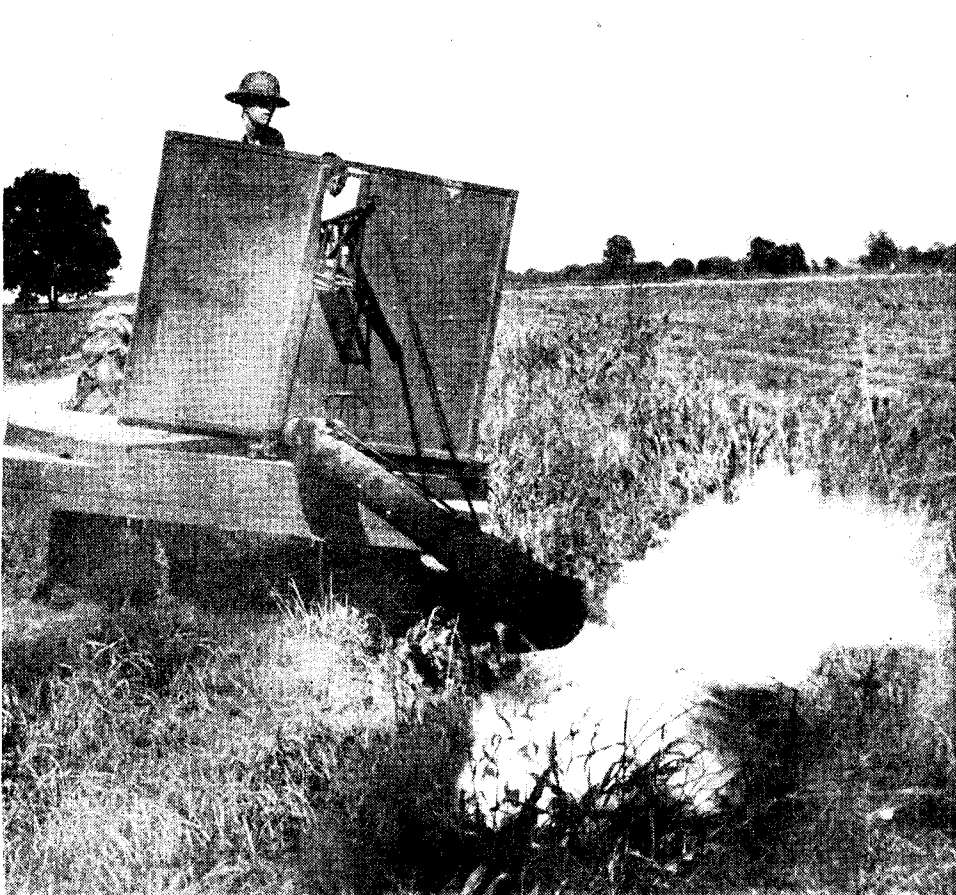
There's none of the old-time bombast in the C.I.O.'s organization drive. Above, Carey Haigler, president of the Alabama C.I.O. Council, addresses Fairfield steelworkers

The Alabama Ordnance Works at Childersburg (below). A newsprint mill, one of the largest industrial plants of the South, will be operated here

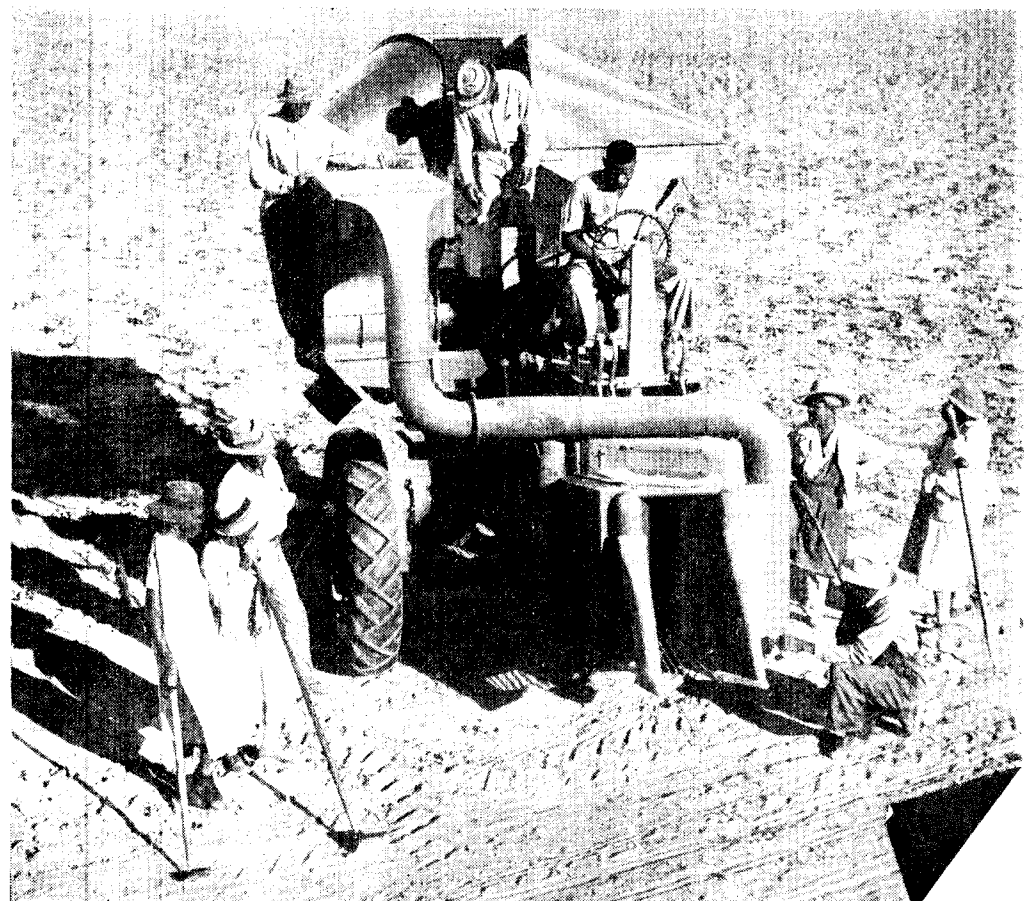


The flame cultivator (below) burns grass and weeds while a rotary hoe attachment cultivates around the cotton plant

Sign of the times in agricultural mechanization: A ditch-bank and fence-row burner for eradicating grass and weeds (below). It burns kerosene. The operator is protected from the heat by the screen of heavy metal



The mechanical cotton picker (below) is revolutionizing the economy of Southern plantations. These machines can pick cotton for about a fourth of the cost of picking by hand, and do the job in half the time



THE DARING OLD MAN



At 67, Frank Otaris still thrills circus fans with his spectacular trapeze performance. And the youngsters in his family are every bit as sensational

EVERY night, Frank Otaris, his four sons, his daughter and his daughter-in-law step to ring-side in the great circus arena. With brisk, rhythmic movements timed to marching music, they mount the rope ladders that lead up and up to four small wooden perches, suspended some 50 feet high in the air.

For a moment they stand, poised and graceful in their shimmering white-and-orange tights. The orchestra shifts to waltz time, and the Otarises, six of them, swing out into space, up and up and over, let go of one bar, turn a somersault, pass your partner, catch the bar from the opposite side—swing, swing, one, two, three, swing, catch. It is precision dancing in the air.

Hold your breath while you watch; hold it. The movement grows more intricate. Ah-h-h! That danger is past, and the beautiful Nina is back on her swaying pedestal. Wait! There she goes again! She meets her brother in mid-air. What's that? Impossible! The brother turned a corner in the air, changed his direction completely! See him swinging on a trapeze he could not have reached.

Rub your wet palms together; the worst and best is yet to come. They're getting ready now for their crisscross flying spectacle, the one you've heard about, the only aerial act of its kind in the world. Two men on one swinging bar face two men on another. The bars are 30 feet apart. At right angles, two more bars, one for Nina, one for the fifth man. They all swing now, in a four-way formation, facing each other like players at a bridge table. Above the music, a shout, a signal: Ho! and the air is dense with catapulting bodies, six flying at once, in all directions, missing collision by inches. It's over. They are safe. Now your heart can resume its beat. Now you can give your applause as

Two pairs of Otarises in a flying exchange of trapeze bars in mid-air. The arrow points to Frank

the flying Otarises swoop down, one by one, into the net and onto the ground.

After the act the other evening, I went backstage to the dressing rooms to meet the Otarises—Nina, the youngest, and Edna, the daughter-in-law; the four sons, Frank, Bill, George, Alfred; and the father, Frank, Sr., age 67. "Is that right?" I asked. "Is he really 67?"

And the mother, Luise Otaris, who is not in the act, said, "Well, he will be 68 next October." Aerialists usually retire around age 40 to 45.

"You saw us?" said Nina. "Could you tell, watching, which one was Papa?"

No, I could not tell.

Now I spoke with the papa, the creator of the act, the one who trained all his children from babyhood to regard a high trapeze as a place where one sits as casually as in an upholstered chair. His face was not young, and I assumed that his black hair had been dyed to hide the gray, but his well-proportioned body was sleek and slender, well muscled, flat of stomach. He moved with the elastic ease of a little child. How does the song go? O-o-oh, he floats through the air with the greatest of ease, the daring young man . . . 67 years old! I looked at him in awe.

"I suppose you stick to a rigorous training routine," I said, "like a prize fighter before an event? No smoking, I suppose, no drinking? So many hours of sleep?"

Mr. Otaris, who is less skilled in the English language than the rest of his family, looked puzzled for a moment.

"The smoke, does it bother you?" he said, making a gesture as if to throw away the stub of a black cigar, which I had not noticed before.

"Oh, no," I said. "I just wondered how many of those you smoke in a day."

"Ah-hah," said his wife, laughing. "Now we catch up with Papa. That is something we was never asking him. How many, Papa?"

Papa smiled and said it was no secret that he smoked ten or twelve a day. "But if I run out of cigars I always have my pipes." He pulled three pipes from the pocket of his robe. It seems that the papa has smoked since he was six years old and does not think of quitting now. Drinking? (Continued on page 26)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN-PIX

THE MARRYING KIND

BY DAVID CHANDLER

The hero of this story loved the heroine all right. But he understood her, too, and he knew what was best for both of them

TEN years ago Leonie used to be my girl. But that was long ago and now she's a friend, perhaps my best friend. At least, I don't know anyone else who still talks to me after ten years. Leonie and I were to be married in that dimming past and I'm afraid I did a beastly thing. I once told Leonie I wasn't sorry for having done what I did and she agreed. "Yes," she said, "weren't we lucky? We were so madly in love I'd have hated you in days." Leonie had just about persuaded me that the marriage of a young newspaperman and a young actress would do wonders for both our careers—and weren't we in love? Critics have always called Leonie a sincere actress, have noted how persuasive she is and how believable. I was frightened of I-dos then, just as I've always been, but Leonie knew how to get me to say, "Yes, let's."

"It will be so wonderful," she had said. "My darling, my very darling. I shan't see you for two horrid, hateful days, but Saturday morning I shall ring your doorbell and we shall drive to Connecticut and get married. I'll be frightened, my darling, but it will be terribly wonderful." With Leonie things are always terrible and wonderful in the same breath.

Well, that Saturday morning arrived and, in the years since, I've never had the courage to ask Leonie just what she'd done when she found I'd packed and left town. I'd left no note because no words I could write could explain this thing to her and because I'm something of an emotional coward anyway. I moved to Massachusetts where I worked on a Boston paper and studied the casts of the shows trying out there to make sure Leonie's name was not among them.

The next spring I went to Germany where I did a series of pieces. When I came home there were cocktail parties in New York, and at one of these I saw Leonie.

She bore me no grudge. She did not hate me. She was madly in love with the most wonderful boy and she made me promise that we would all have dinner

(Continued on page 75)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

"Good night and goodby, Leonie," Henry said. Then he looked down on me. "As for you," he said, "I'm too much of a gentleman to tell you what I'd like"



Free Choice

BY NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

YOU take a man of Tom Blaine's character, a strong man, and you put him on a job and fix him so he has to stay there while he's still too young to wish to have responsibility; and then you give him a brother ten years younger, and tell him he has to bring the boy up, too, and make a man of him—you put a man like Tom Blaine into such a box and you have the beginnings of tragedy.

Tom poured himself some coffee from the pot on the stove, and wondered if he'd have a full crew for haying this year. Men were home from overseas in numbers now, but he hadn't had much chance to talk to them. He hadn't had much chance to do anything but overwork since Hank had gone into the Army.

"Coffee's pretty bad again," Ev Peterly said mildly. He sat at the table with Joe Bailly.

"You'll be doing the cooking next week," Tom said grimly.

"Hank'll be back by next week," Ev said. "We'll tie him to a skillet. It'll feel good after what he's been through."

"Don't tell him it'll feel good," Joe said. "You'll set him dead against it."

"War's likely taken most of the kinks out of him," Ev said hopefully. "He's a good kid. Hank's always been a good kid, but he likes his own way."

"Last stack of wheats coming up," Tom said. "It's six o'clock. Day's half gone, and you two sit there gabbing."

"We're two old men," Joe said, but he stood up.

Ev was younger. He didn't have the streaks of gray in his hair Joe had. He was quicker, too, in spite of his stiffened leg, result of a shooting fray he'd got into when he was a kid and before he'd made up his mind what he wanted to be, decent or dangerous.

Tom looked older. He was thirty-two, but the edges of his hair where his saddle-leather face quit were whitening. He was big and spare, with steady eyes, and too grim a set to his lips for a man still young. He'd been through three years of overwork and overworry, trying to hold the ranch in shape till his brother Hank got back home to help him.

There was a knock

at the door and Hannah Grueby came in, a letter in her hand.

It always stilled something deep in

Tom to see her. He'd been in love with her even before Hank had picked her out to come home to. She was of medium height and her dark hair was almost straight, but not quite. It had enough curl to frame her face becomingly. Her eyes were steady, too, and gray, and her skin was brown but not weathered. This early in the morning, with a ten-mile ride behind her through the chill of predawn, her face was carved into its essential pattern by the pinching the wind had given it.

"A letter from Hank," she said. "He'll be here tomorrow."

Tom had planned to start the feeders to the other ranch tomorrow. He had planned to leave Ev there with them, to ride the pole fence he had had to sub-

stitute for the wire he couldn't get. Later, he'd thought, he'd send Hank over to relieve Ev—after Hank and Hannah were married. The feeder ranch was higher in the mountains, and they could have a summer to themselves up there.

There was no explanation in the letter. Hank would get into Monroe tomorrow on the afternoon train, that was all it said, and then—"Expectantly yours, Hank." He had written few letters in these years he'd been away, and all of them to Hannah.

After he had gone off and enlisted without telling Tom his plans, he had sent his explanation to Hannah. His explanation for Tom, that is. Hannah had known a month before he left that he was going, but Hank had made her promise not to tell, and she hadn't told.

"He should have spoken to you first," Hannah said, and her brows drew together in anxiety. "He's so young. And he doesn't understand you. He was afraid you'd hold him here. He thinks first of himself."

"He thinks about you, too," Tom said.

"Yes," Hannah said, and looked away from him. "He may outgrow that, too."

THERE were many things it was past time for the boy to have outgrown, Tom thought, but Hannah wasn't one of them. He had driven into town as often as he could, to take Hannah to a movie. She lived with her parents behind the post office where her father had been postmaster for thirty years. Occasionally Tom brought Hannah to the valley to grange meetings. Other times she rode her bay Morgan to the ranch to bring cookies she'd baked, or to give him news he might have missed. She loved the ranch and its old house, built in the years of affluence before Tom had been born, a farmhouse with big, low-ceilinged rooms and wide porches. Tom's father had built the house to please Tom's mother, but she hadn't been happy there.

"Hank's like his mother," Ben Blaine had warned his older son. It was after Mrs. Blaine had died and while Ben himself lay in bed, gaunt and grim and spent, waiting for his own release. "She was flighty as a colt, always wanting to leave the land. You watch the boy. You'll need him here to help you."

Ben Blaine had gone on reviewing his life, telling the story Tom had heard so many times before, of how he'd laid by money, year by year, to buy more land. The house was evidence of his obsession. Its shabbiness was its outstanding feature now, but Tom had scarcely noticed until lately when Hannah had been urging him to fix it up. There had always been more land that needed buying.

"You're like me," Ben Blaine had said in satisfaction to his older son, "there's nothing means so much to you as land."

Even then, however, Tom had made a reservation in his heart. Hannah meant more to him than land. Hannah had been fourteen then, eight years younger than himself, and he had waited for her to grow older, but with each year

his burden of work had grown heavier, and, too, he had seen how often Hank's young eyes were on the girl. From that time on, Tom had not known much happiness, but he had come to understand what land could mean to a man. It gave you peace to ride across it, knowing this was yours.

Hank had been as ornery as his father had predicted, but in those last two years before he'd gone into the Army he had seemed more reconciled. Tom's hand had never wavered in its firmness, but he had been as just, too, as a man could be, and toward the end he had begun to think that, given time, he and the boy would grow to be good friends. Word through Hannah of Hank's enlistment

had astonished Tom until he had had time to think the matter over, and then he'd seen that Hank was still a kid, eager as any other kid for drama. Of course he had enlisted.

IT WASN'T a kid who stepped from the train the next day. Tom could scarcely believe at first this man was his young brother. Hank had never been as big as Tom. He had his mother's fine bone structure and her quiet manner. Hank now had widened through the shoulders and deepened through the chest, and the shrapnel scars that had required plastic surgery around one ear and across one cheek had taken away his childish look forever.





Tom, stretching out a hand to greet him, felt a respect he'd never known for the boy before.

"You old goat," Hank said, and brushed past the outstretched hand and put his arms around Tom's lean shoulders, and gave him a hug that bruised the flesh. He turned to Hannah, and Tom had a moment to collect himself. A man his age had no business taking such throat-choking pleasure from the greeting of another man. Except, of course, that they were brothers. It was a thought curiously new to Tom. Hank, up to now, had been his duty.

It worried Tom the whole way home, this new feeling awakened in him by Hank's frank emotion. He wanted to

lean on it, but he had had ten years of leaning on nobody but himself.

That night, after Hank had taken Hannah home, Tom lay in his bed. It had disturbed him to hear Hank talking of places Tom had read about only in the papers. It had given Hank a new dimension, as though some intangible part of himself were still attached there in the South Pacific. He had spoken of Tokyo as though it were a near-by town. What worried Tom was the thought that Hank would have to be retied to the ranch. Hank had scarcely listened when Tom had tried to tell him how much more land they had now.

"That so?" Hank said. "You've worked too hard, and you show it. I

shouldn't have done that to you." But when he'd said it his remorse was spent. "This place has sure gone to the dogs."

During those next few days it was the same. He thought Tom had used good judgment in his choice of bulls to build up his herd of cattle, but he didn't see much sense in riding up to look at the herds.

"I don't want to do anything I don't have to do, for a while," Hank said. Tom held his silence.

"Suit yourself," he said at last. He had sent Ev and Joe to the new ranch with the first bunch of feeders. He had counted on Hank to help him round up the second bunch for the next drive, but he could wait.

It always stilled something deep in Tom to see Hannah. He'd been in love with her even before Hank had picked her out to come home to

Hank had always been handy with the stock, and it was good to have him home to help with the milking and with the new calves. Tom took a day to clean and oil the windmill, and Hank worked beside him. He talked easily and eagerly, and the day was almost gone before Tom thought of Hannah. He couldn't understand why, with a car in the barn and Hannah only ten miles away, Hank let

(Continued on page 41)



Ginny Simms marvels at the choice offered mothers-to-be, as she shops for her own waiting wardrobe

Wardrobe for Waiting

By Dee Lowrance



Keeping you attractive while expectant has become an industry — a business of lush figures, financially speaking

NINE years ago, Eloise Glover plaintively exclaimed: "Who do they think have the babies—grandmothers?"

As Mrs. Thomas Glover, Washington matron, she was on the way to motherhood. As Eloise Glover, fashion artist, she was stricken by an acute attack of "But I've nothing to wear!"

After going through the few meager racks of "awaiting garb" at the local stores, where maternity clothes were a neglected side line, she branded them all drab, dull, dowdy and uninspired. And being a woman of action, Eloise Glover started designing and making her own maternity wardrobe. Completed, it was as gay, as fashion-wise, as chic as her trousseau had been two years before.

Her friends picked her as the best-dressed mother-to-be in the nation's capital. They begged for copies and she tried to oblige. When her baby was almost a

year old, her husband, wearied of watching her slave over dress forms, sent her to New York. "Try it as a wholesaler," he said. "I'll back you for five years."

For two years it was tough going, then she clicked. She stayed in business seven years. When she retired, she had done a business of \$800,000 for the first six months of that year—1945. Today, others in the business are lavish in their praise for Eloise Glover. They say she took an industry out of the doldrums, was the first to give glamor to maternity clothes. For more than 30 years before she appeared on the horizon, maternity clothes had been manufactured—never designed. They had remained much the same as when the first maternity line appeared in 1903.

This first line, made by an immigrant seamstress with an alert needle, Lane Bryant, was just one Empire-inspired tea gown with "an elastic insert at the waist." "No. 5," as it came to be known after hundreds of re-orders, started her on the way to what later became a business wholly identified with clothes for the expectant woman. Others followed suit—but slowly.

In fact, only five years ago, the entire output of the manufacturers of maternity clothes amounted to only \$1,500,000 worth of business.

But the most conservative estimate on the business done last year—1945—is \$10,000,000.

The increase is far out of proportion to the jump in the birth rate during the war. While that went up, with 3,000,000 children setting an all-time, all-high record for 1943, the birth increase is only a partial reason for the more than 500 per cent rise in manufacturers' sales.

Big Business with Sentiment

Despite this sudden leap of the industry into the realms of big business, the names of the lines retain a sentimental, greeting-card flavor. Cuteness abounds. For instance, Joyful Event, Stork-a-Lure, Maternity Miracles, Lady-in-Waiting, Infantidings, Maternally Yours, Smilin' Thru, Coming Attractions, Mom-to-Be and E-Z-On Dresses, to list a few.

Because they intend to keep on selling more and more maternity clothes, makers repeatedly analyze their market. One of the factors presently booming it, they find, is that pregnancy has become fashionable as a subject for chitchat.

Some of the impetus can be traced to the fact that movie stars are now having their children with publicity, and holding their glamor *status quo*: Witness such famous mothers as Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, Rita Hayworth, Rosalind Russell, et al.

When style suddenly discovered maternity clothes, the skilled designers took over. An old-timer in the business feels this last is the most important factor. "Time was," he said, "when a woman bought one wrap-around maternity dress, stayed in bed the day it was at the cleaners. She knew its use was limited. But now she will buy a complete wardrobe—and have it cut down to wear after."

Fashion-perfect maternity dresses have had an important effect on American habits. Not so long ago as you might imagine, the expectant mother stayed home all day, enveloped herself in a cloak at dusk and went for a short walk on the arm of her husband.

One of the first selling points for maternity dresses stressed this.

"Sunshine or shadow?" asked the 1920 Lane Bryant mail-order catalogue. "Which will you choose? False modesty urges you to hide. . . ."

Nowadays, expectant mothers wear the gamut of fashion. If they want bare-midriff bathing suits, slacks or play suits, these are available. Suits, lounging gowns, day dresses, from the most formal to the simplest cottons, are right at hand.

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



HOME from the SEA

BY CHETWOOD SCHWARZKOPF

Some spell of nature drove the great fish to an unknown destination. Ahead lay a perilous voyage. Ahead lay home

THERE was excitement along the north California beaches wherever rivers flowed into the somber Pacific. Now that the October moon was on its wane, the steelhead trout and salmon were running. Clouds of gulls wheeled and screamed in the wind, and sea lions churned the long rollers near shore. Sportsmen, equipped with all manner of tackle, were casting into the stream mouths. Now and then a big, silvery fish would show close in, and some reckless individual might plunge thigh-deep into an undertow-twisted surf to hurl a spear. Occasionally an inbound salmon would strike a spinner, and the angler would brace himself against a tugging rod while others rallied about to abet the kill.

The runs were coming in from the sea to spawn. And they had scarcely a friend on earth. Man, bird and beast were pitted together in the pursuit of a common prey.

Now on this October afternoon a run was coming into Eel River. There had been rain, and the stream flowed milky from its lagoon, touching the sea water with a mysterious call. Up from the deep they responded, steelhead trout and salmon, making for that source where first they had known life. Others which had come from near-by streams—the Klamath, the Mad, and the Mattole—paid it no heed. But Eel River summoned its own, and they obeyed the command.

Among the steelhead legion was a twelve-pound male, or "buck," distinguished from his fellows by a mark upon his side. This brand came from the year before, when he had taken issue with a spinner trolled from a boat on one of Eel River's pools. An awkward slash from a gaff hook had freed him, spoiled the day for an angler and spoiled the season for the fish.

Now, bigger and more powerful by a year's growth, Buck of the Gaff Mark cruised through the dim water outside Eel River's mouth. The birds did not concern him; they were after small fry and leavings. But a herd of sea lions was making the situation difficult for him.

One of the seal herd raced after him,

and he dodged a set of serrated jaws by a hair-miss. A detour brought him onto his course again. A fish hawk swooped at him but changed its mind—thirty inches of trout bulked too big. Quicker than thought Buck shot ahead, crossed the river bar, and leaped high out of water as he entered the lagoon.

With the surf safely behind, the big trout was in no hurry, for the warmer water of the lagoon swarmed with shrimp. All afternoon he gorged to satiety, and next morning found him in one of Eel River's upper tidewater pools where the sea water verged upon fresh. Incoming fish milled with him, getting their preliminary taste of the river. Buck felt exhilarated, and rolled and leaped

One of the seal herd raced after Buck, and a fish hawk swooped at him. Buck shot ahead, crossed the river bar, and leaped high out of water as he entered the lagoon

about, shedding his sea lice (tiny banjo-shaped parasites that let go and die in fresh water). Steelhead trout were feeding at will, but many of the salmon had begun to darken in color as though aware of the death to come, and they refused food in any form.

The long pool was crowded with small boats, for this was one of the river's best

(Continued on page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL BURGER

MIGHTIER THAN THE ATOM

BY KURT STEEL

The earthquake is one of nature's deadliest weapons. Compared to it, the atomic bomb looks puny indeed—for man stands little chance of controlling or even predicting temblors

A FEW months ago the floor of the Pacific Ocean south of Alaska gave a heave and sent a huge wave of water sweeping 2,000 miles into the Hawaiian Islands. In Alaska, the Aleutians and California there was death and damage that rivaled the destruction of Hiroshima.

This reminder of man's ancient enemy—the underwater earthquake—came at a time when the human race had gained possession of its most terrifying weapon. Yet in comparison to the destructive force of seismic energy in earthquakes, the atomic bomb is but a firecracker.

Man has always known of earthquakes. He has studied them, measured and charted their occurrence, and even constructed buildings which are supposedly proof against them. But actually he has about as much chance of starting one or stopping one as a colony of ants has of jarring one of the Pyramids off its base.

Man has discovered, for instance, that the islands of Japan are just about the uneasiest spot on the globe. They experience more than 25 small shocks every week, serious destruction every six or seven years, and a cataclysm every half century or so. Within the memory of living men there have been two giant quakes in Japan. The first, in 1891, all but cracked the main island of Honshu squarely in half. The second, in 1923, killed more people than have died in any other disaster in recorded history.

Geologists have estimated that the earthquake of September 1, 1923, hit Tokyo broadside with a force equal to the muzzle energy of twelve billion 16-inch naval guns.

In the light of her past record, Japan may soon be due for another catastrophic shock. And there is absolutely nothing that can be done to prevent it. To appreciate this, it is enough to consider what an earthquake really is.

For one thing, the word "quake," which suggests a quivering, is not an accurate name. An earthquake may feel like a quivering, but primarily it is a jolting effect caused by a break in an upper layer of the earth where huge rock formations have been mashed and jumbled together

through millions of years. The cause of earthquakes has been one of nature's best-kept secrets, and only recently, as sensitive instruments have been perfected and accurate data assembled, have geologists begun to plumb that secret.

For a long time one theory of ocean basins and continental land masses held almost complete monopoly over our thinking about earth changes. Students and readers of popular treatises were told that the present features of the globe resulted from the earth's cooling and shrinking, just as wrinkles and deep depressions appear on an apple as it shrinks. This was a nice simple theory which could be easily grasped, but we now see that it had two defects. For one thing, there is good evidence that the interior of the earth is not cooling but is actually developing heat because of the presence of radioactive elements. And the theory of a uniformly wrinkling surface failed completely to explain one curious habit of earthquakes.

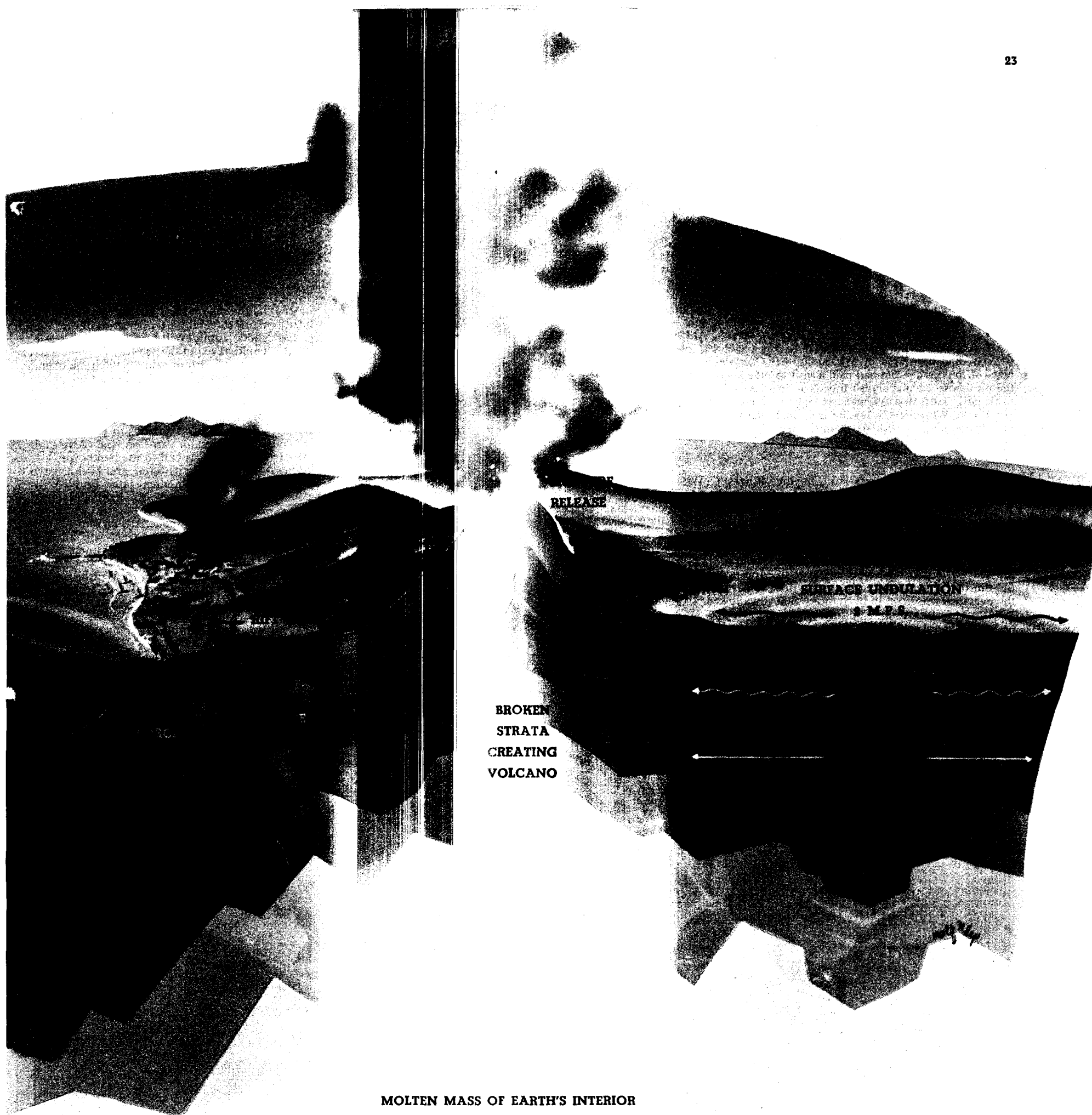
For earthquakes do not occur helter-skelter over the face of the globe, as they should if that entire face is shrinking. They are chiefly limited to two main belts. The more active of these is a vast loop which encircles the Pacific Ocean. Starting at Cape Horn this runs up the west coast of the Americas, swings out across the Aleutians and then south through the Kuriles, Japan, the Philippines, and Australia to the ice-crusted continent of Antarctica and back to Cape Horn. The second earthquake belt extends through the Mediterranean and on across southern Asia to China. Quakes occasionally happen elsewhere, but the overwhelming majority occur in these two narrow strips, one around the rim of the Pacific with Japan its hottest spot, and the other across the lower edge of Europe and Asia.

Perhaps the greatest catastrophe in earthquake history occurred in Japan 1,262 years ago. On a day in 684 A.D., with one tremendous plunge, an area the size of Delaware cracked off the western side of the Japanese island of Shikoku and dropped below the sea. Here in America, too, along an ancient crack in California known as the San Andreas Rift, (Continued on page 79)

As this article was being prepared for publication, the editors of Collier's received with regret the news of Kurt Steel's untimely death. Only 41, he had enjoyed a distinguished career as an educator and author



These are the two main earthquake belts. The larger of the two encircles the Pacific with Japan its hottest spot. The other extends across the lower edge of Europe and Asia



The jolting effect of an earthquake is caused by a break in an upper layer of the earth, where huge rock formations have been mashed and jumbled together through millions of years. When sufficient force has been built up to create a rift or fracture, two distinct kinds of vibrations are set up: a horizontal impact effect, which travels five miles a second, and an up-and-down bouncing motion at three miles per second. On the surface a heave, like an undulating water wave, moves two miles a second. When the quake occurs at the bottom of the sea, a huge wave of water is tossed up and sweeps everything before it. Volcanoes result from the same basic cause which produces the snapping of sub-surface rock layers, but buried gases and molten rock are spewed forth

DRAWINGS BY
ROLF KLEP

Slug It SLAY!

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story:

FORREST C. WILLSHIRE, publisher of the New York Courier, was shot in his penthouse on top of the Courier building. ARTHUR LESLIE, young city editor, suspecting that the suicide note had been clipped from the prepared obituary in the files, tried to check the original copy of the obit and found that it had been destroyed. He knew that WILLSHIRE had been murdered. Neither ARTHUR nor BILL MADIGAN of Homicide knew whom to suspect. JOE BECKETT, a reporter assigned to the trial of BOOKIE SAM CLYMER, had been fired by WILLSHIRE the night of the murder and had paid a visit to the penthouse, leaving an ash tray as a sarcastic gift. JACK MORTON, managing editor, and HARRY WHITESIDE, a rewrite man, had both had arguments with WILLSHIRE. Sev-

eral others had the opportunity—BOB FARLEY (night city editor), CARL ROME (his assistant), ROGER JAY (another rewrite man) and MARK TITUS (church editor)—but who had the motive? Did PERCY CHAMBRON, the night managing editor? Or had SAM CLYMER himself paid a visit to the penthouse? And what lay behind the actions of EMILY WILLSHIRE, who appeared in the city room the day after her grandfather's murder and got herself a job, using the name MARILYN CARTER? ARTHUR didn't know. But when he quit his job, got drunk, ran into SAM CLYMER, and woke up the next morning in the apartment of SUE WHARTON, a reporter, he discovered something that looked like a clue. In SUE's icebox, well hidden, he found the ash tray that JOE BECKETT had given to WILLSHIRE on the night of the murder. . . .

III

ARTHUR stood very still in the quiet of Sue Wharton's kitchen and turned the ash tray over and over in his hands. It had been a stunning surprise, finding it hidden in her refrigerator, and it was beyond his understanding that this conscientious, repressed girl could have had any part in the murder of Forrest C. Willshire. But the evidence was here, in his hands. Sue Wharton must have gone up to the penthouse that night and carried it away, and

Forrest C. Willshire *must* have been dead when she took it.

He could not believe that Sue had shot the publisher of the Courier; but if she had been there, and taken the ash tray, she must know who had done it. Obviously, then, she had taken it to protect Joe Beckett.

Arthur poured a cup of coffee and swallowed it down, then put on his hat and coat. He slipped the ash tray into the pocket of his topcoat.

As he walked the few short blocks to his apartment on Christopher Street, his hand clutching the ash tray in his pocket, Arthur found himself thinking of Sue Wharton's hands with their stubby, workaday fingers. He thought that those honest, loyal hands reflected her character and it was impossible that they had held the murder gun. But she was loyal, so very loyal. It was perfectly understandable that she had taken the ash tray to protect Joe Beckett. But why, for God's sake, had she been in the penthouse that night?

AS SOON as he reached his apartment, he telephoned the Courier and asked for Miss Wharton. He was told that she was working on an assignment. He asked to be transferred to the city desk. When Steve Bell, the day city editor, answered the call, he said, "Steve, this is Arthur. When will Sue Wharton be in?"

"Arty?" Steve Bell said. "Say, haven't you got any sense at all? Didn't anybody tip you off?"

"Forget it," Arthur said. "I want to get hold of Sue."

"Look, Arty, Miss Willshire wants to get hold of you. She wants you to call her in the penthouse. Want me to have operator shift you there?"

Arthur hesitated. "What does *she* want?"

"Why don't you talk to her and find out?"

"When will Sue be in, Steve?"

"Not until eight or nine o'clock. Want me to switch you over?"

Only then did it come home to Arthur. Emily Willshire was living in the penthouse now, but she *had* been living with Sue in Sue's apartment. Emily Willshire had come on the staff under an assumed name the night after her grandfather was shot. Emily Willshire, as easily as Sue, could have put the ash tray in the icebox.

"Yes," Arthur said. "Switch me over."

Steve Bell began clicking the telephone to signal the operator, saying, "By the way, some guy called you about a half-dozen times, Arty. Wouldn't say who he was, but he was anxious to get you."

The operator came on, and Steve said, "Transfer this call to the penthouse."

The butler answered, and Arthur gave his name. A moment later, Emily Willshire's voice came on, light and clear. "Well, Mr. Leslie."

"You called me?" Arthur said.

"I've been trying to get you all day, downstairs and at your apartment."

"I wasn't home last night."

"Now listen," Emily Willshire said. "Are you trying to make me out a heel? I had a talk with Sue, and she said you knew all the time who I was."

(Continued on page 53)

There was a bright flash, and tremendous noise filled the barroom. Arthur ducked, dropped to the floor, and saw that Clymer was there too



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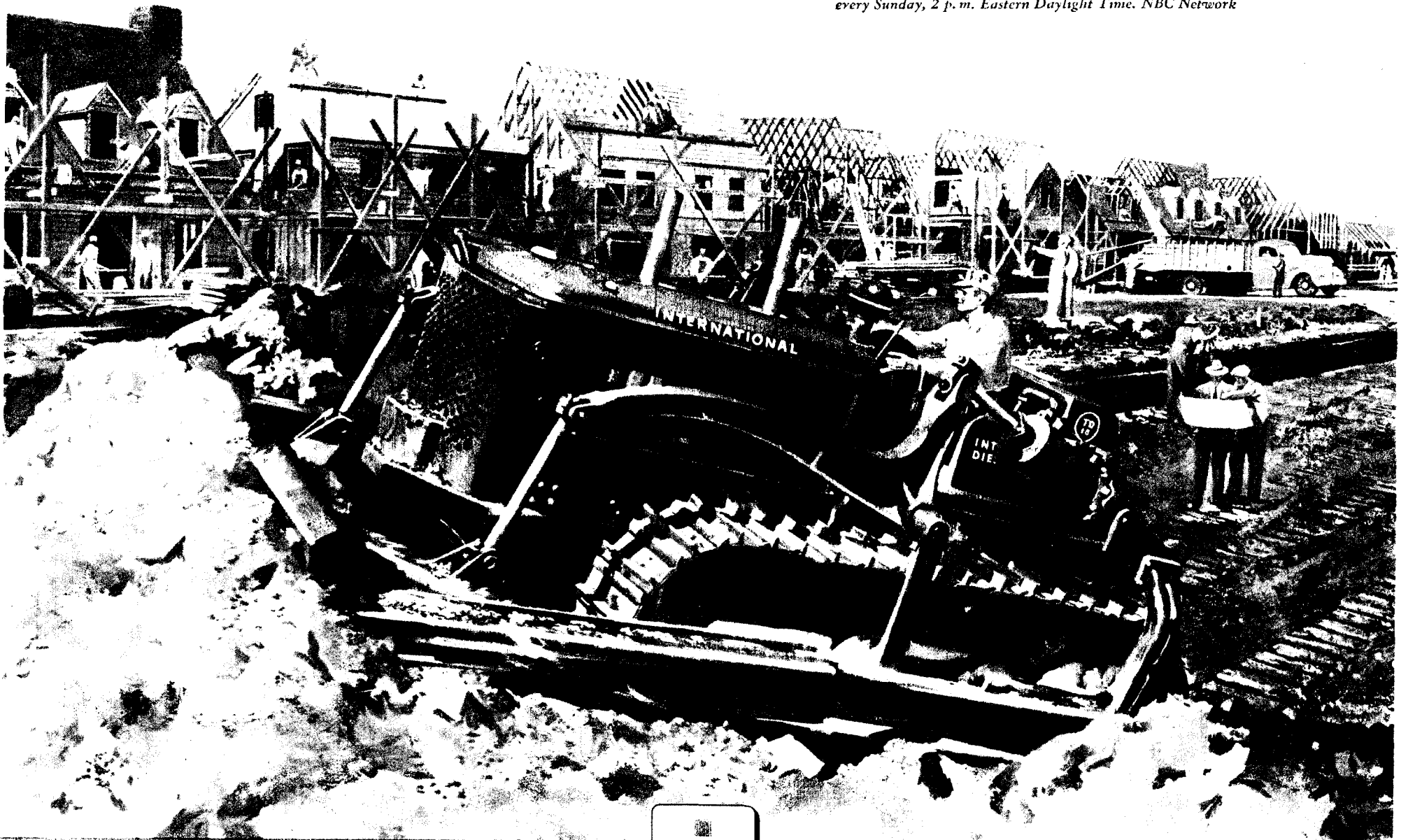
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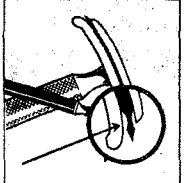
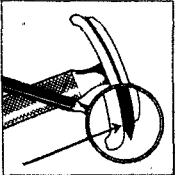
"She likes 'em as much as I do..."



..those smooth-shaving PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES"

You'll pass her cheek-to-cheek test with flying colors when you use Pal. Nothing like it for a smooth, clean, velvety shave!

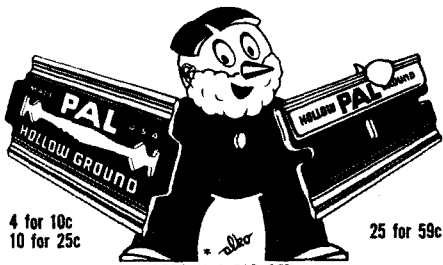
You see, other razor blades are ground like a pocket knife, and the edges are rigid in the razor ➤



But Pal blades are different—Leather Stropped and Hollow Ground like a barber's razor, and edges are flexible in razor.

Result: Pal Hollow Ground Blades follow facial contours effortlessly. Your shave is cool, quick, no "bearing down." And delicate edges last longer, too. That's why millions call it the

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MONEY SAVING ECONOMY SIZE 50 BLADES \$1

*** PAL**
Now—RUST-RESISTANT
**HOLLOW GROUND
RAZOR BLADES**

Oh, yes, now and then, after the last performance. A little rum, or vodka, perhaps. A strict schedule of rest and exercise? Oh, no, no! He rests when he is tired and takes long walks when he feels logy. Sometimes, in the morning, he may chin himself a few times and do some push-ups. Nothing special.

For relaxation, Papa Otaris likes to read and sew. "He carried his sewing machine with him everywhere in Europe for 27 years," said the mama.

During the revolution in Russia, when clothing was scarce, he made all of the clothes for all of the children, as well as all of their costumes. Who taught him to sew? "Why, nobody," he said. "I just did it." Mama does not sew.

"I will tell you a secret," said Nina. "When they were first married, Papa had to teach Mama how to cook. She is a fine cook now."

Edna spoke up. "All of the boys can cook and sew," she said. "Frank makes wonderful suits for me, and he knits all my sweaters. He is a good husband."

The Otarises, as I got to know them on this and several subsequent occasions, are a delightful family. There are ten of them altogether, counting two wives, Edna, the wife of Frank, and Skee, the wife of George. Either of the daughters-in-law can serve as the seventh member of the act, whose duty it is not to fly, but to release a bar at the right moment. A grandchild, Sylvia, age 11, daughter of Edna, is training for trapeze work. One son, Constantine, who used to be in the act, was killed in the war.

On the road, the Otarises depend mostly upon one another for between-shows sociability, and last winter, in Sarasota, Florida, the circus' winter quarters, they all lived together in the big house the family owns there.

"We are close family," said Mrs. Otaris. "We have good times. Such music. Such feasting." Each of the children plays some musical instrument. And when it comes time to make the imposing holiday dish called salad vinaigrette, they all help the mama cut up the 25 ingredients that go into it. Their Sarasota home is paradise, the mama says: "Any kind bird you want in garden, so beautiful, and flowers!"

The father was born a Hungarian, the mother a Russian, and Russia was home to them until 1934, when they came to this country for one season with the Ringling Circus, and decided to stay. It was a unanimous family decision, the mother said. "I told all the children, your papa and I must be thinking of a rest sometime, and we like this country best of all. Should we stay? I ask them one by one, and they all say, 'Yes, we stay.' Then I say, 'That is not all. Now, you, Frank, and you, George, go ask your wives, for all must agree.'"

A War Record to Be Proud Of

All did agree and all became citizens. When the war started, the five sons offered themselves for military service. George was rejected as overage and became a war-plant machinist. Frank trained to be a paratrooper but was discharged for physical disability (high blood pressure).

The other three boys served in the worst of the European fighting. Constantine, with the 30th Infantry, was killed at St.-Lô, where his brother Bill was severely wounded. Alfred, who was with the 4th Infantry, has five battle stars, the D-Day arrowhead, a unit citation; Bill, four battle stars, the Purple Heart and a certificate of merit. With their knowledge of languages—the Otarises all know at least four languages besides English—the boys were useful to the Army as

The Daring Old Man

Continued from page 16

interpreters, and with their agility and trigger-quick reactions they made good fighters.

"My children are all good children, brave and strong," said the mother. "They know they must not never jump over that line from right to wrong. That way, they be happy. Let someone knock at my door. 'Come in, come in,' I say, and not afraid who it can be, because my heart is clean."

Mrs. Otaris wishes she could tell all the mothers in America to train their children in gymnastics: "Not to act, but the simple things, so good for the body, and good for develop courage, too. Courage for all through life, not just for show off. You understand?"

Nina treasures the letters she received from Constantine. "He and I used to make fun of that saying, 'The show must go on.' Why must it go on, we would say. Well, he could have left the Army, after his 38th birthday, but he would not. He wrote me from France. 'Nina, this is one show that must go on, and this time I understand why.'"

When the news of President Roosevelt's death reached them, the Otarises wept as they had wept for their lost son and brother.

The Girl Who Stayed Home

Throughout the war, pretty, dutiful Nina kept her promise to her brothers and stayed home in Sarasota to take care of her mama and papa, refusing Ringling offers to go on with the show in a solo act. In the four years, she learned the decorating business, not just the buying and selling part of it, but how to upholster, and so on. Her spare time went to war work. This year the Otaris state-rooms in the circus train are bright with Nina's decorating knowledge.

The father did not start out to be a circus performer. He was a typesetter for a newspaper in his native Budapest.



Frank Otaris and his daughter Nina

But he contracted tuberculosis, and his doctor advised him to change to some more healthful occupation, preferably out of doors. He was 16 then. He went to Russia and joined his brother in a circus, and by the time he was 18 was a full-fledged aerialist, with healthy lungs.

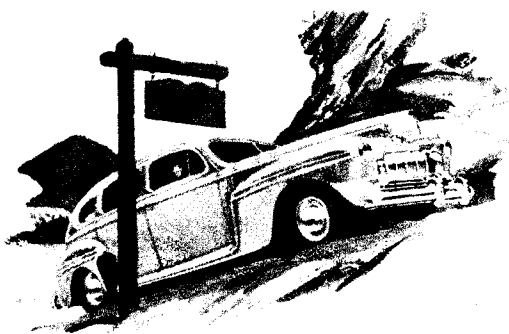
Luise was a ballet dancer, and the proud daughter of a singer in the Russian Opera Company when she met the daring young man of the flying trapeze. After the marriage, she continued dancing in the small, theaterlike circuses of Europe. The Otarises were in Tokyo in 1903, when the Russo-Japanese War broke out. It happened so suddenly they had to rush away, leaving all their belongings and even their precious aerial rigging behind them.

Children came, one after another, and the aerial act grew, with each child making his flying debut at age five or six. The tours became triumphal. The Otarises were entertained by persons of rank and title in Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen—in every capital of Europe. King Alfonso of Spain received them. "We have known big people," said the mama, "but everybody, the workman, everybody, calls me Mom. They say,



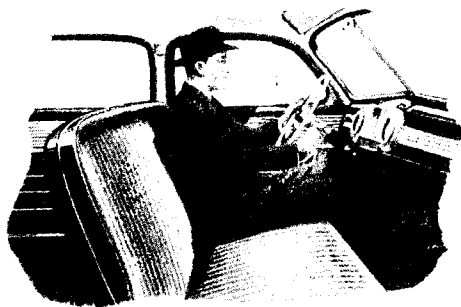
"Well, another day, minus another ten bucks!"

Collier's for July 13, 1946



MORE SPIRITED!

A planned ratio between motor and car weight gives Mercury its famous high-spirited liveliness. And it has such boundless reserve power!



MORE COMFORTABLE!

Adjustable wide seat moves upward and forward—to form the correct driving angle that's just right for you whether you're six feet or five.



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Colorful two-tone interiors, new luxurious fabrics, new refinements, streamlined appointments. In beauty, too, Mercury definitely gives you more!

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You feel a deep personal pride in your Mercury every time you see it. Such graceful, low-sweeping lines . . . and it's so big . . . so completely thrilling inside, too! Your pride of ownership never wears off. For the longer you pal around with your Mercury . . . the better you get to know it . . . the more you get to like it! For smartness—sm-o-o-th performance—all-'round satisfaction—Mercury is the car that gives you *more* of everything you want!

— MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY —

TUNE IN... The FORD-Bob Crosby Show—CBS, Wednesdays, 9:30-10:00 P.M., E.D.T... The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P.M., E.D.T.

In this issue, Collier's publishes the first of a series on United Nations, the delegates who run it, and the respective countries they represent. See

UNITED NEIGHBORS

BY FRANK GERVASI

Page 72

"Hello, Mom, hello, Pop. I like that."

Mrs. Otaris had a half-hour audience with Pope Pius. "He gave me this," she said, extracting a coin-sized medal on a chain from the folds of her dress. "It is the Holy Mother." Every member of the family, she said, always wears a religious keepsake of some kind. "My children know that when they are up there so high they need the protection of the good God."

Religion is important to the Otarises. "We do not always get to church," said the mother, "but we pray all the time. We pray that our accidents not be bad ones."

Little accidents the Otarises take for granted. Not one of them but has had his share of sprained muscles, torn ligaments, major and minor fractures. Nina, working without a net, fell from a 30-foot trapeze and broke an elbow. In St. Louis, in 1939, she bounced against the far end of the net, the apron they call it, and was thrown from there to the cement floor, 27 feet below. She got up and took her bow, before the ambulance arrived to take her to a hospital. Next day she performed. Flowers poured in upon her and the newspapers carried her picture with captions about "Red roses for courage." In Cincinnati, she hurt herself in a rebound on the net. Her toe caught in the mesh and the ligaments of her knee were torn. That meant six weeks in the hospital and a year away from the show.

The Cincinnati doctor who attended her was a real circus fan. He begged to be permitted to try a jump into the net himself. He said that ever since he was a little boy he had wanted to swing on a circus trapeze. "We let him do it," said

Mrs. Otaris, "but first we asked him to sign a paper in case he was hurt. A net is not a soft place if you hit it wrong." The doctor landed safely.

Papa Otaris shrugs at the mention of the many injuries he has suffered, to neck, hip, arm, toes, hands. It seems he never once has missed a show in spite of little mishaps. When his shoulder was dislocated in the middle of an act, he climbed right back up the ladder, pushing his shoulder into place as he went along. Thereafter, before each performance, he rubbed a special horse liniment of his own compounding into his shoulder, both to reduce the swelling and, by inflicting exterior discomfort, to take his mind off his interior pain.

"This liniment you make of white of egg," the papa said, "with turpentine and essence of vinegar and alcohol and other things, all strong like fire. It takes the hair off a horse, but a man's hide can stand it."

Papa has one crooked finger tip. "The doctor in Germany said he could reset the break and make it straight but it would be stiff. I said no, leave it this way, crooked but so I can use it."

"He says these hurts were nothing," says Mama Otaris, "but sometimes when he raises his arm to comb his hair I have heard him to scream."

Once, for nearly a week, he had a sinus infection which partially blinded him. He continued to perform by feel.

Not Such Good Insurance Risks

No life insurance company will write a policy on the lives of the flying Otarises, but they are very merry all the same. They were very merry one evening at the Russian night club, Skazka, in New York, and I was with them.

"Another vodka cocktail, yes?" said the papa, smiling and keeping time with his shoulders to the fast dance music. "More caviar?" It was 3 A.M. now, but the faces around me were not tired, and if anybody was worrying about the hard day coming up at the circus tomorrow, it was not the daring old man.

Out on the dance floor, there was a great stamping of feet as the customers swung into a Slavic folk dance. "Good, good!" said Mr. Otaris.

"Next year," said the mama, "Papa will be 50 years a flier. What a celebration we have then. You come?"

I said I would do my very, very best to be there.

THE END

BUTCH

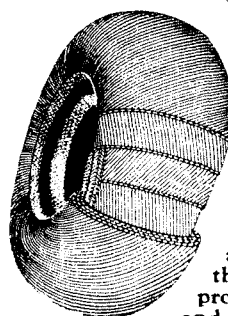
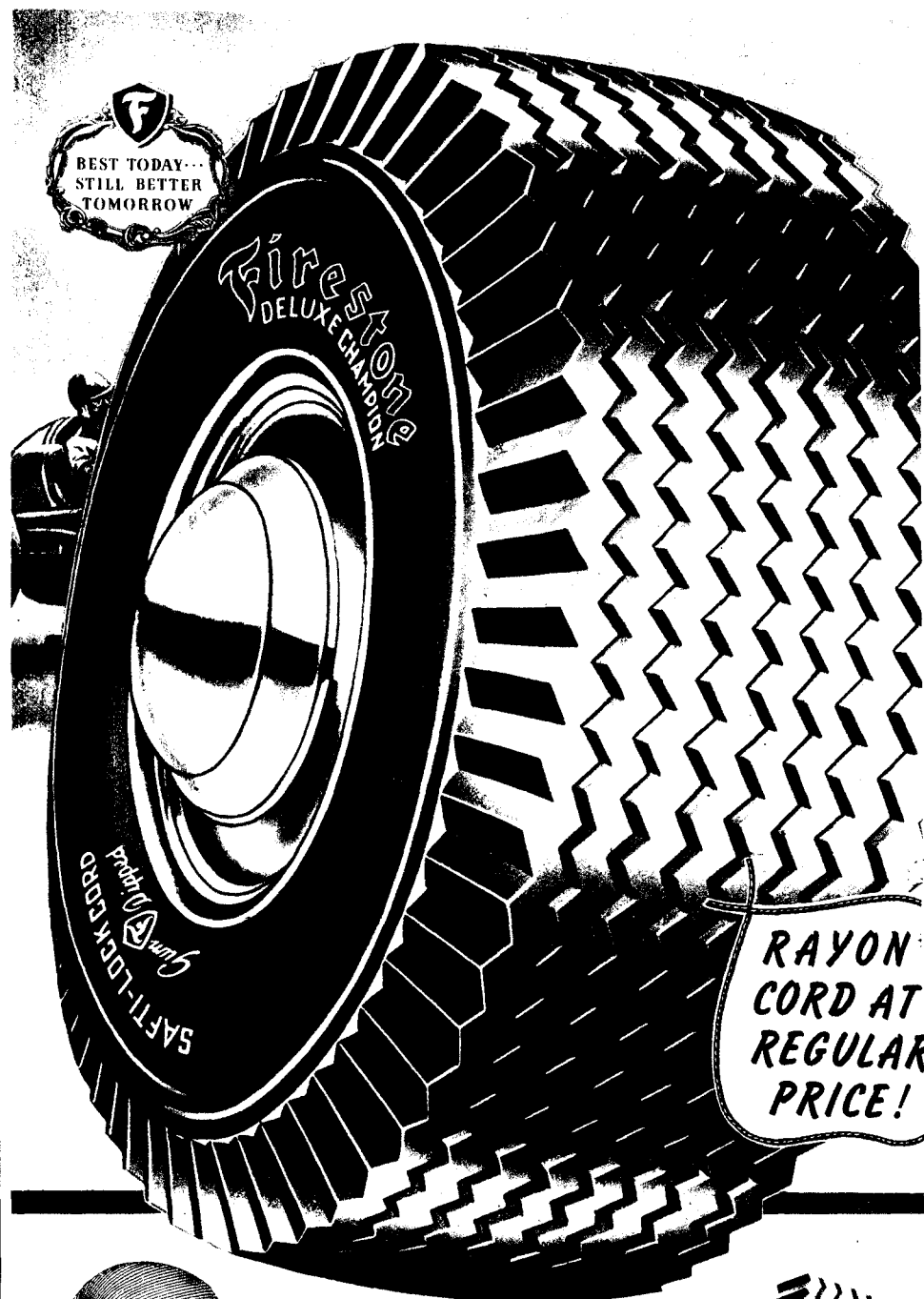
by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S

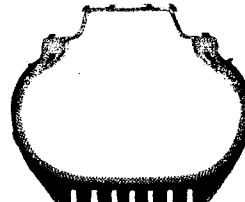
"You left your flashlight on Daddy's bureau, mister"

... GEORGE ROBSON WINS



UP TO 55% STRONGER ...

Firestone special rayon cord is stronger and cooler-running because the rayon fibers are locked together by the Firestone Safti-Lock process, then Gum-Dipped and calendered with Vitamic Rubber containing Vitalin, the rubber vitamin. Firestone Safti-Sured Construction welds all of the body plies and the tread together into an inseparable unit of greater strength. These patented features give EXTRA PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS.



UP TO 32% LONGER MILEAGE

Cross-section shows how the new, wider, flatter, silent Gear-Grip Tread grips the road. The large area of tread in contact with the road means slow, even wear. Precision balance and uniform flexing of the tread and cord body mean less internal heat. Especially compounded Vitamic Rubber assures EXTRA MILEAGE.

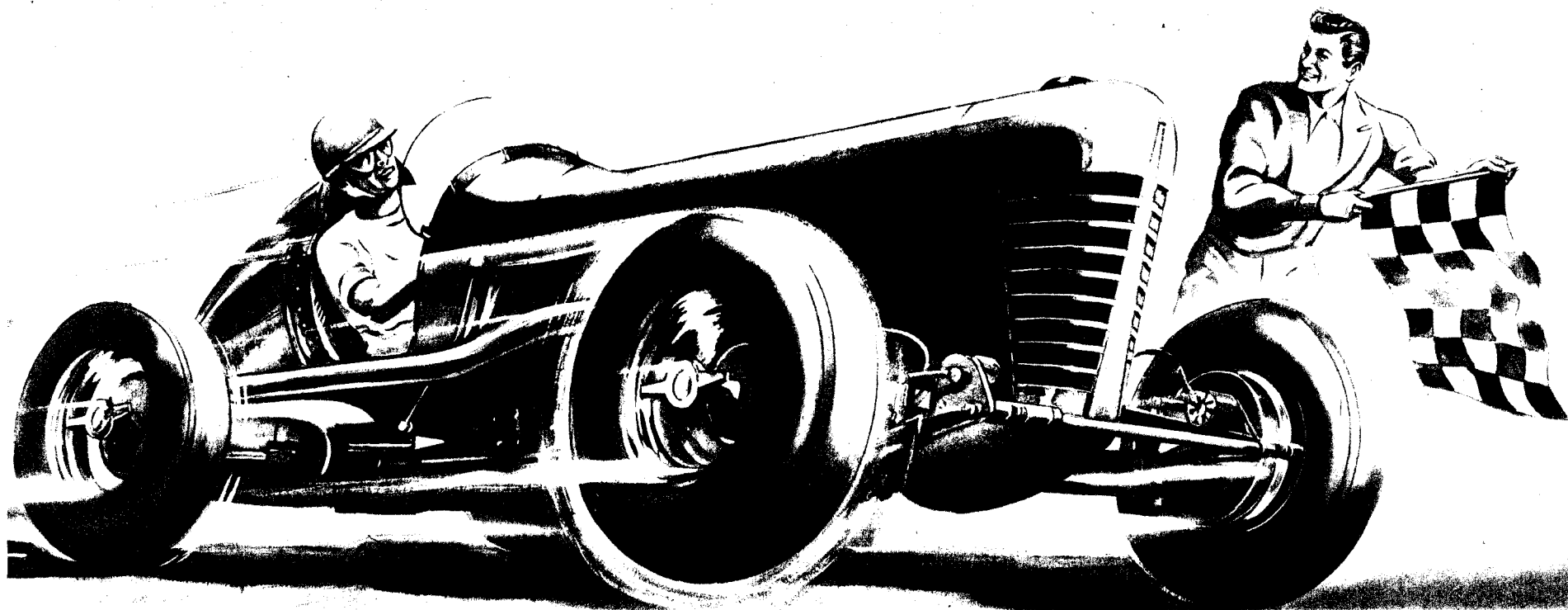
UP TO 60% MORE NON-SKID ANGLES ...

The new Safti-Grip Tread is especially designed for the new rayon cord body. It has up to 60% more non-skid angles for greater traction and EXTRA PROTECTION AGAINST SKIDDING AND SIDE-SLIPS, assuring EXTRA SAFETY.



THE ONLY TIRES MADE THAT ARE

INDIANAPOLIS RACE AT AVERAGE SPEED OF 114.82 MILES AN HOUR



on Firestone *De Luxe* CHAMPIONS

THE THRILLING Indianapolis 500-mile Sweepstakes is equal to 50,000 miles of ordinary driving. This year's race was the first since the war. And, for the twenty-third consecutive time, Firestone Tires were on the winning car.

**FIRESTONE TIRES HAVE
BEEN ON ALL THE WINNING
CARS AT INDIANAPOLIS FOR
23
CONSECUTIVE RACES**

Imagine the punishment those tires took as they pounded and pulled over the grinding, tearing, blistering pavement at speeds far faster than you will ever drive! Could you ask for any more convincing evidence of extra safety and extra wear? Could there be any greater proof of the superiority of

Firestone's patented and exclusive construction features? What a triumph for Firestone Research, for Firestone "know-how," for Firestone precision workmanship!

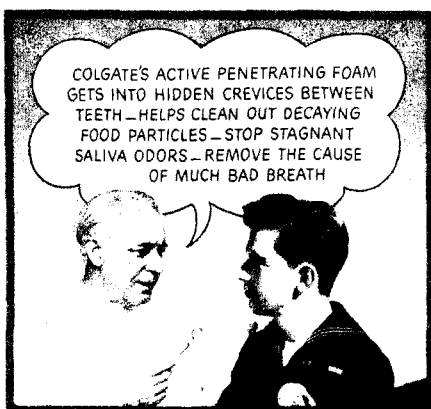
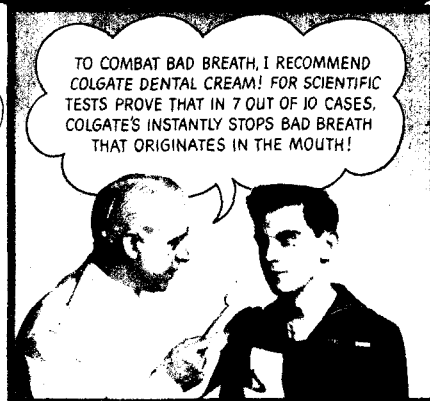
When you buy new tires, remember that your life may depend on their safety. Why take chances when Firestone De Luxe Champions cost no more than ordinary tires? See the new rayon cord Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires today at your nearby Firestone dealer store or Firestone store.

*Rayon cord bodies in size 6.50 and larger, extra-strength cotton cord bodies in smaller sizes until more rayon is available.

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SAFETY-PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

*Woe is Me!
I've Got No She!*



Headache Down South

Continued from page 14

man these plants, to populate government-financed, jerry-built, tinder towns that sprang up like mushrooms, a million men and women—perhaps more—deserted Southern farms and villages. They received wages which seemed fabulous to them at first—thirty-eight, forty-five, fifty-five dollars a week. They became skilled and semiskilled workers, incidentally repudiating traditionalists who said (and still say) that the Southern agricultural worker was not material from which skilled labor could be fashioned.

For example, there was the Bell airplane plant near Atlanta. Of the 28,000 workers, turning out from forty to seventy B-29s a month, eighty per cent were Georgians, ten per cent from immediately adjoining states and, at first, ten per cent were imported Yankee supervisory personnel. This latter ten per cent were presently reduced to three. The seven per cent who took over those supervisory jobs were Georgia countryfolk.

Some of this Southern emergency labor saved money but not a majority of them. Those who did are living on it now, unemployed, scorning lower pay while waiting for new jobs in new industries—at war wages. Those who did not save are drifting from job to job, working only when the need for a few dollars is imperative. Negro women are trickling back into domestic work, not willingly, and only for three and four times the wage they got before 1941—twelve, fifteen and even twenty dollars a week. But the colored man who used to mow the lawn, weed the garden, wait on the family table—the general chore boy—has all but vanished from his old setting. He's driving trucks. He's working in garages. Or he has simply picked up and gone north, east and west.

The emergency war worker abandoned something in addition to the farm—his old isolationism. He has lost his old suspicion of labor organizations and organizers. The C.I.O. has picked these organizers with extreme care, none of the regional directors of the drive being in the old bull-voiced, ham-handed, slug-it-out school. They've been carefully trained for this particular job. They're all Southerners, most of them by birth, the rest long-time adopted. They conduct their meetings solemnly, quietly, with logic rather than propaganda.

The traditionalists say they dissemble, that their fireless program is camouflage. But the realists accept it as something to accommodate themselves to, a trend to be followed, not bucked. It is not to be accepted, however, that the drive to or-

ganize the Southern worker is not meeting difficulties. In no human element in the South is racial and political prejudice more pronounced than in the people from the rural sections. In Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas the C.I.O. drive is in danger of enlisting too many Negro recruits.

In Mississippi, Senator Bilbo and Representative Rankin are winning popular approval in their announcements that if re-elected they will "drive Sidney Hillman out of the country." Not only is Mr. Hillman a C.I.O. leader and honorary chairman of the C.I.O.-PAC, but a Jew, too. This latter makes the Messrs. Bilbo's and Rankin's "promise" all the more appealing to important numbers of Mississippi's voters. In Tennessee where the drive has been noticeably successful, several of the C.I.O. leaders advocate a slowdown because "too many niggers are joining." And the Negroes, urged on by individuals and such associations as the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, are becoming louder and more militant in their opposition to Jim Crow locals.

Small Businesses Resist Unions

With more or less success thus far, official state planning boards throughout Dixie are promoting small industries in small towns. A few spokesmen for these boards tell us frankly that small industries in small towns are desirable because they have greater resistance to organized labor. Not only is Little Business in general opposed to labor organizations on principle, but few can afford to pay the union wage scale. Furthermore, small community governments are almost inevitably stanch in the No-Union-Labor tradition.

A section head of a planning board tells us with satisfaction of a shoe manufacturer whose factory was the only industry in his community—a community which he not only owned but controlled—which employed three hundred and fifty people. Presently they were organized and presented demands as a union. The owner's answer was to close the plant, adding that it would remain closed until the union was dissolved. It's still closed. The section head said that there was another shoe factory twenty miles away but that the proprietor of that one had agreed to hire none of the workers from the closed plant unless they would quit the union and only as long as they remained quit.

Another planner says that arrange-



"But, dear, what's wrong with the fur coat I have?" asked Elsie

"WHAT KIND of woman are you anyhow?" bel-
lowed Elmer, the bull. "Discouraging a guy at
the beginning of a great career! Telling me you *don't*
want a mink coat, you *don't* want to bathe in cham-
pagne! What do you want? . . . Suppose I make you
famouser than Borden's ever did?"

AT 1/4 OUT OF EVERY DOLLAR GOES TO FARMERS



"That'll take some doing, won't it?" smiled Elsie,
the Borden Cow.

"And I'm just the bucko to do it. You see, I," an-
nounced Elmer pompously, "am going in the food
business! And what do you think of *that*?"

"I think the idea is fine," answered Elsie. "And I
think it's *doubly* fine that we live in a country where
any one can start a business if he has a mind to—even
you. But, dear, aren't you forgetting we *are* already in
the food business?"

"How can I forget it," thundered Elmer, "with this

ANOTHER 1/6 GOES TO BORDEN EMPLOYEES



Borden's Annual Report staring me in the face? Look
at the money they took in last year! 459,454,000 beautiful
DOLLARS!"

"Don't put it that way, Elmer," said Elsie. "Let's
say Borden's provided people here and in Canada and
our forces overseas with that many dollars' worth of
fine, nutritious foods. And don't overlook the huge
sums Borden's paid *out*. They paid farmers and pro-
ducers alone more than 216 millions of those beautiful
dollars for milk and cream and things like soy beans
and fruit and eggs."

"Ok! ok! ok!" impatiently sputtered Elmer. "I'm all
for giving the farmers what's coming to them. But I'm

26 1/2 GOES FOR OPERATING EXPENSES



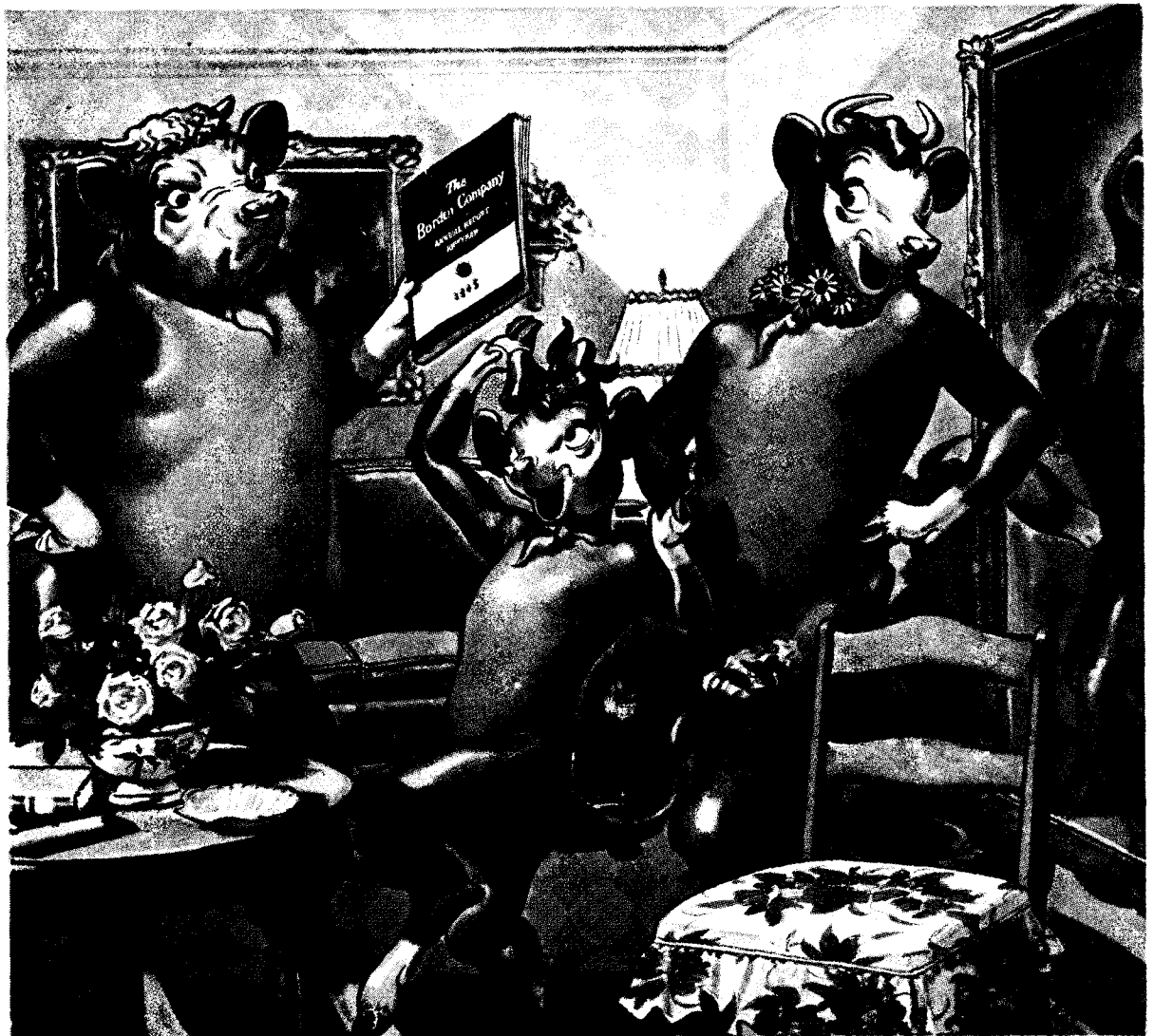
smart enough to find some other way to cut corners."

"You *can't* cut corners," warned Elsie, "when you
turn out *fine* foods like Borden's ice cream, and cheese,
and evaporated milk and get them to city folks. That
takes lots of people and lots of money. Why, last year
28,000 employees worked at processing and distribut-
ing Borden products, and their wages and salaries
totalled 74 million dollars."

"If that's the way Borden's wants to do business,"
said Elmer, "that's *their* business. I got special, private
plans of my own. And I'm *still* going in the food busi-
ness!"

"That's the kind of fighting spirit that makes suc-
cessful businesses like Borden's!" applauded Elsie. "If
you're bound and determined, I'm all for it. But, dear,
I do hope you've thought about operating expenses."

"Operating expenses," puzzled Elmer. "Don't tell
me I'm going to have to shell out to surgeons, too!"



"Don't be an old silly," laughed Elsie. "Operating
expenses in a business like Borden's means money paid
for coal and power and telephones. It means money
for gas and oil for trucks, not to mention such vital
items as sugar and supplies like bottles, containers,
and packing material."

"Chicken feed! Chicken feed!" poohooed Elmer.

"*Chicken feed!*" cried Elsie. "Do you call 118 million
dollars *chicken feed*? That's what all those things
amounted to at Borden's in 1945. Then, there's the
6 million dollars we had to put aside to replace worn
out equipment and buildings."

"Aw, there must be a better way to run a business,"
doggedly persisted Elmer. "There must be some place
you can cut down."

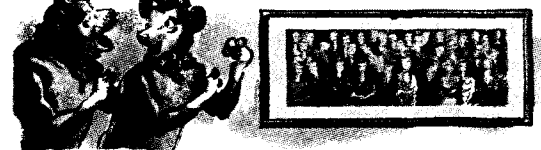
AND 7 1/2 GOES FOR TAXES



"One place you'd better *not* cut down," warned
Elsie, "or you'll find yourself *out* of business. That's
the little matter of *taxes* to federal, state and local gov-
ernments, wherever your company operates . . . To give
you just the *ghost* of an idea how these taxes mount up,
I'll tell you that Borden's tax bill last year was 33
million dollars."

"*Some ghost!*" mimicked Elmer. "To listen to you,
Borden's is down to its last pair of shoes, and they have
holes in them. Better sell that Borden stock you got
tucked away."

ABOUT 2 1/2 IS LEFT FOR THE STOCKHOLDERS WHO
OWN BORDEN'S



"Certainly not," chirped Elsie. "That stock makes
me one of the 49,000 folks who own the company and
share in its earnings. Last year those earnings amount-
ed to 12 million dollars, or about 2 1/2 cents on every
dollar's worth of products sold. Part of this money was
divided among the stockholders as dividends, and the
rest was put back into the business."

"Back in the business!" gasped Elmer. "What in tar-
nation for?"

"To keep it sound and strong in the future," an-
swered Elsie. "A sound company is a good company,
you know. And if it's Borden's, it's *GOT* to be good!"

- if it's Borden's,
it's got to be good!



TUNE IN
THE BORDEN RADIO SHOW
— CBS —

See your paper for time and station

© The Borden Company

QUALITY OF PRODUCT
IS ESSENTIAL TO
CONTINUING SUCCESS

L.S./M.F.T.

LUCKY STRIKE
Means Fine Tobacco

... and in a Cigarette
it's the Tobacco that counts

Yes, L.S./M.F.T.



Never neglect a finger cut



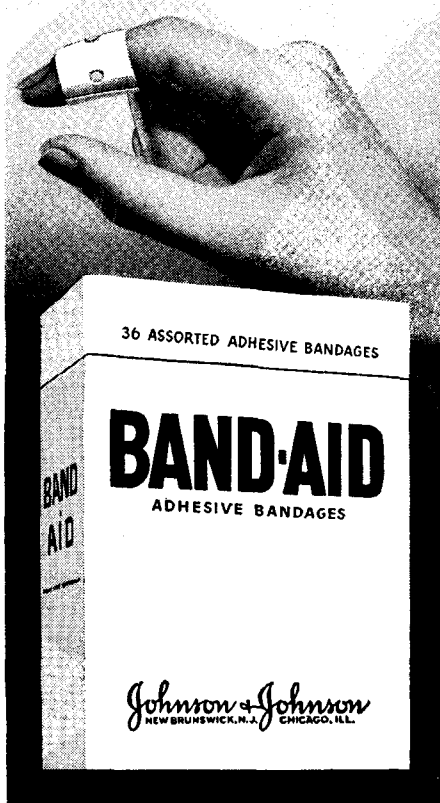
Any tiny cut can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on a **BAND-AID**—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

Four times as many doctors recommend **BAND-AID** as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home — one where you work.

*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.

The quick, easy way to bandage a finger



Austria's in the Middle

Continued from page 13

before you consider the Soviet Union secure?

This four-power tension lies strangely upon once-gay Vienna, which waltzed so lightheartedly through the history of yesterday. The city's ruins cannot compare with the shambles of Berlin, yet somehow they manage to look more depressing. The sight of block after block of shops, empty of goods and tightly sealed with steel shutters, makes you uncomfortable. The city seems to be haunted by suspicion. You are told not to walk the streets alone at night, because "you never know what might happen."

You have to fight this Terry-and-the-Pirates atmosphere to keep it from becoming a state of mind. From Vienna I wanted to drive straight to Prague through the Russian zone—a six-hour trip against the two days otherwise required to go clear back to Bavaria and up through the Sudetenland. In polished English, the Soviet political adviser, Kiselev, former Consul General in New York, assured me affably that a road pass should be simple to get. After waiting four days I took the long way 'round. "The Russians," an American liaison officer explained apologetically, "are holding up your pass because we won't clear one of their lieutenant colonels who wants to travel through our zone."

Some incidents have taken a grimmer turn. Several weeks ago an American train guard shot and killed a Russian captain when he failed to answer a challenge and allegedly reached for his gun. The G.I., a sergeant, was acquitted in a court-martial as acting strictly in line of duty, but General Mark W. Clark, commander of U.S. forces in Austria, is still getting correspondence on the matter from Marshal Ivan Konev, his Soviet opposite number.

"The Russians are trying to go the whole hog in Austria as they have done in the Balkans and Hungary," an American official told me. "They want to tie the nation solidly into a Danube River bloc which they, of course, will dominate."

In our interview Renner had repeated over and over again that Austria could consent to join a regional federation like a Danubian bloc only "with United Nations approval and within its framework."

A Sample of Soviet Reasoning

The Soviet logic is strong and stubborn: In their economic claims they contend they merely are exercising the legal rights conceded them at Potsdam. In their refusal to reduce occupation forces they stress that the job of denazification is nowhere nearly done and that they cannot trust the present rightist government to finish it. There is much evidence to substantiate their accusations that Austria is still honeycombed with Fascism, although responsible Austrians will tell you the Soviets have been as pragmatic as anybody about keeping Nazis employed if replacements were hard to find.

Somewhat archly, Austrians remark that the Russians "lost faith" in the government after only four Communists won parliament seats in last November's national elections, which, it is generally conceded, were free and fair. (Of course it is easy for the Austrians to lose sight of the fact that the Russians deserve as much credit for the freedom of the voting as any of the other occupying powers.)

Questions which the Russians have tossed, directly or indirectly, into the uneasy lap of the Allied Council are matters like these: Early in the occupa-

tion the Russians loaned the Austrian government four hundred million reichsmarks. After the reichsmark had been called in and new Austrian schillings issued in an anti-inflation move, the Russians appeared one morning and requested payment of their loan—in schillings. (On paper the mark and the schilling are each worth ten cents.) The Americans nipped this transaction in the bud by saying that if anybody was getting schillings they had top priority because they were responsible for a loan of two billions.

The Russians seized the Zistersdorf oil fields, as much of the facilities and assets of the Austrian Danube Shipping Company as they could, and, according to government sources, have attempted to get control of the Creditanstalt, the principal Austrian bank. To some observers this is all part of a very human tug of war for power and influence.

"When we get excited about their attempts to latch onto natural resources," one American said, "they are inclined to remember dollar diplomacy in Latin America and British imperialism; and they wonder what all the fuss is about."

Furthermore in appraising the Soviet position, the fierce Russian pride in the Red Army's great share in victory in Europe should never be discounted. At a British banquet in Vienna a few weeks ago, a Russian senior lieutenant arose and in English proposed a toast. "To the friendship between our great Western allies and Russia," he said, "whose glorious Red Army captured Bucharest, Budapest and Vienna without help from anybody." Although the lieutenant's personal reparations program for Austria probably would be based firmly on the old principle of the spoils of war, his government has been somewhat less swashbuckling and is showing some interesting signs of softening its policy.

The Danube Shipping Company is not operating, one of the reasons being that most of the ships and barges, which fled before the Red Army advance more than a year ago, are bobbing at anchor now in the American zone. They are a potential bargaining point on the shipping question.

Operating from the American zone of Germany, U.S. constabulary forces in

mid-May seized or impounded three hundred and seventy-two river craft on their side of the Danube. The operation, which also netted remnants of the Hungarian navy, emphasized the importance of all this shipping as pawns in the game, but it *did* not alter the basic issues. Vienna newspapers failed to get excited about the story, and the Russians have betrayed no reaction.

The Russians recently implied they may recognize certain American claims (principally Socony Vacuum's) in the Zistersdorf oil fields. Royal Dutch Shell is reported to have interests there too. It is not known exactly what the Russians are now extracting from the wells which, according to Foreign Minister Karl Gruber, yielded the Nazis a million tons of crude oil a year, but it is perhaps upwards of forty thousand tons a month. In a burst of amenability, Marshal Konev's staff at a Council meeting the other day agreed to release thirty thousand tons of petroleum products—mostly gasoline—a month to the Austrian government for civilian needs. Among other things this will keep UNRRA relief supplies rolling. The Russians have never revealed how they are disposing of the rest of Zistersdorf production.

Willing to Pay Just Claims

The Austrians do not deny that the Allies have just claims growing out of the war—"and just claims we can endeavor to pay," President Renner said, "including perhaps the relinquishing of shares in certain enterprises. But we need our resources to buy bread." (Ironically enough, Austria's leading "industry" before the war was the tourist trade.)

Where the Allies plainly got themselves into a jam on Austrian reparations was at Potsdam. There the British and Americans specifically renounced all claims to "German external assets" in eastern Austria, where almost all Austria's industrial wealth lies. Eastern Austria is the Russian zone and they seized upon the clear implication that these German assets were for them. The French, who didn't sign the Potsdam agreement, got busy meanwhile and col-



Collier's for July 13, 1946



"SEE YOUR CAR AS OTHERS SEE IT!"

OTHERS KNOW when your car is smoking. But do you?

You *should* . . . because gray-blue smoke means ring trouble and more serious problems ahead.

Better let your Doctor of Motors give you a free "smoke check." And if your car *is* smoking, wasting oil or losing power...remember, it's time for Perfect Circle Piston Rings!

They're used and recommended by that expert mechanic, your Doctor of Motors. He's installed them in many cars, has seen how they restore power, save gas

and oil. And he knows they can do the same for *your* car.

Perfect Circles are available at all automotive repair shops. So why not see your Doctor of Motors soon for that free "smoke check"? Let him show you your car as *others* see it . . . and give it that new-car performance he's given to hundreds of thousands.

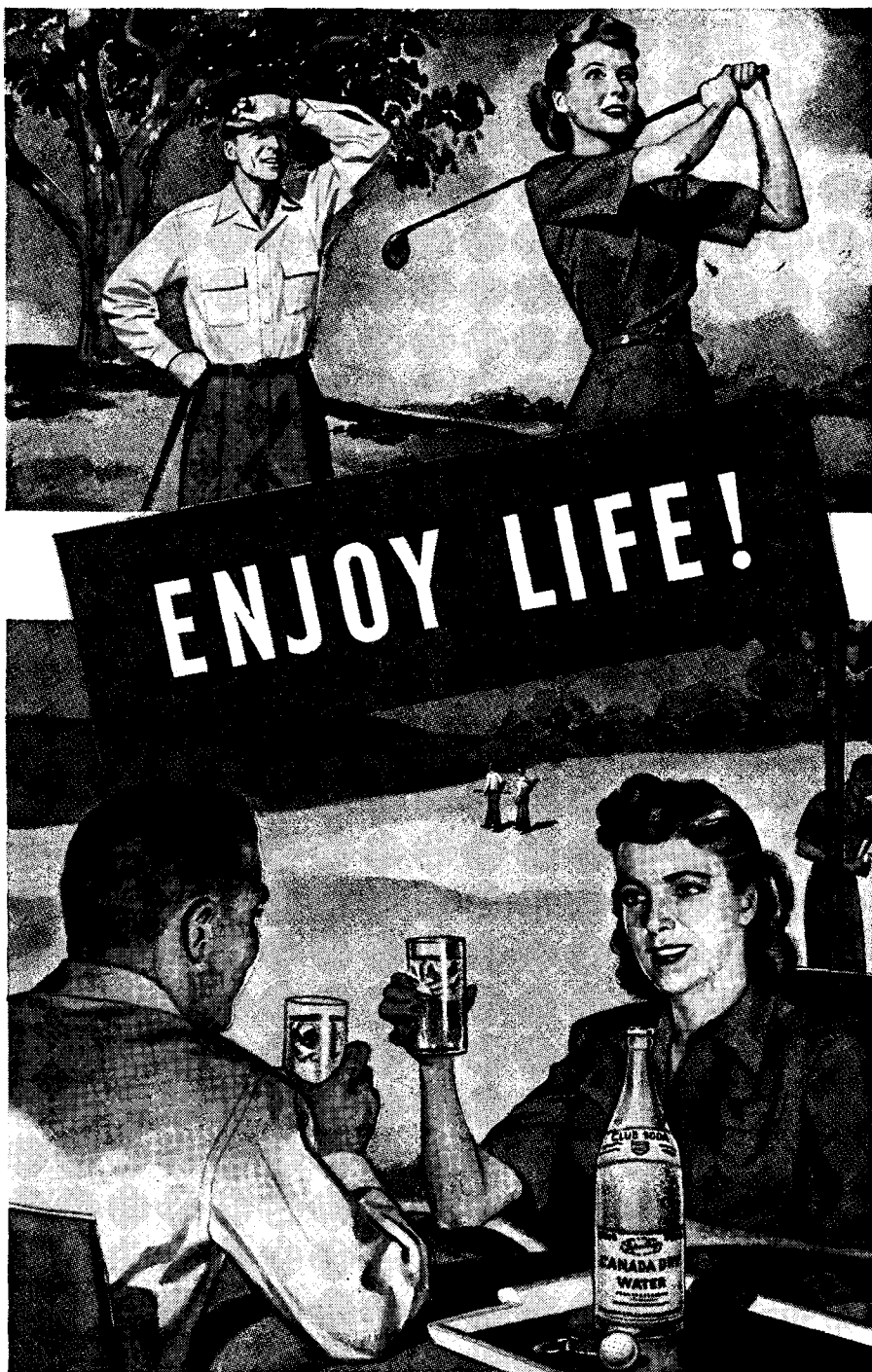
The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U.S. A. and Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Where There's SMOKE...There's WASTE

Your Doctor of Motors Restores Power... Saves Oil... Saves Gas with

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS





DRINKS HAVE MORE LIFE WITH PIN-POINT CARBONATION

Your own taste tells you that ordinary club sodas . . . carbonated tap waters . . . can't compare with Canada Dry Water. Here are four reasons why:

- **Pin-Point Carbonation**—millions of tinier bubbles that keep tall drinks sparkling and lively to the last sip.
- **Exclusive Formula**—scientifically developed and laboratory-controlled to *point up*—not distort or dilute—the flavor of your drink.
- **Special Processing**—water used by Canada Dry is specially treated and multi-filtered to assure purity, balance and clarity.
- **Uniform Quality**—Canada Dry's superior quality is rigidly maintained from bottle to bottle, from day to day, the world over.

WHERE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S
CANADA DRY
WATER

P.S. Mix with fruit juices for delicious home-made sodas.

lected some reparations from their zone on their own hook.

But what a "German external asset" is, Potsdam didn't say. The Russians conveniently assumed this meant everything in German hands when the war ended. The Austrians protested that anything Germanized after *Anschluss* should not count, because the Nazis overlooked virtually nothing. Moreover, they pointed out that in the London declaration of 1942, which Russia signed, the Allies refused to recognize changes of title effected under Nazi occupation. "Restitution before reparations," Gruber cried, and the British and Americans backed him up, calculating that on that formula, Russia might get something like twenty per cent of Austrian resources instead of seventy-five.

Even if Russia agrees finally to that procedure, there will be endless arguments over ownership. For instance, a Jew owned a sugar factory. Apparently seeing the handwriting on the wall he fled to Zurich before *Anschluss*. His bank sold his shares in the firm to German interests and it was "Aryanized." The man died. Now his relatives claim the factory, alleging the original owner was "forced" to sell. The Soviets say it's German and that it belongs to them as reparations.

A Questionable Half Interest

The Russians have no intention of carting all their reparations home. They are interested in doing business with Austrians. On oil, for instance, they proposed to form a new company and go "fifty-fifty" with the Austrian government. The ratio, according to the Austrian version, would be "more like fifty kilos to fifty grams": the Russians would furnish the manager and some equipment and the Austrians would furnish capital. In return they would back a questionable half interest in an enterprise they considered theirs in the first place. This is the Austrian view and, according to the best available information, no such bargain has actually been struck in Austria in any field.

So maybe you don't like what the Russians are doing in Austria. Well, you can find plenty of conscientious Allied officials and well-meaning Austrians who will tell you with pained but proved conviction that we are doing a bad job ourselves. That for every Russian who wants Austria as a buffer against the West, you will be able to discover an American, an Englishman or a Frenchman who clings to the *status quo* or, worse, the *status quo ante*, and wants Austria to be the check point against the rising politico-economic tide from the east.

There is the familiar pattern which finds American and English occupation officers gravitating toward the Austrians with the charming manners and the English vocabularies, only to find that if they weren't just as charming to the Nazis, they were hooked up with the old Dollfuss or Schuschnigg Fascist regimes. They are political anachronisms at best.

From a dozen sources you can hear how last winter French officers whisked Archduke Otto of Hapsburg into Innsbruck where, in French uniform, he allegedly reviewed French occupation troops. Rumors are that some representatives of the Hapsburgs are still hanging around the French zone to size up the possibilities of the pretender's return to the throne.

An American welfare officer was recalling other examples.

"They still talk about the American general who had two automobiles in the Tirol and enjoyed the company of a beautiful maiden," he said. "She turned out to be the daughter of an innkeeper with alleged Nazi sympathies."

"And in the early days of the occupation, some of the British used to spend

delightful week ends on the estates of their Austrian friends. There was some ruddy embarrassment later, when they discovered they had to lock up a lot of their hosts as collaborators. How are you going to water down Soviet distrust, when things like that are going on?"

Although President Renner is a socialist, the present Austrian government is controlled by the People's Party (Volkspartei), which is strongly Catholic. The church has always had a powerful influence on Austrian politics and still has, but since the war many Austrians are bitter that Catholic leaders did not stand up more resolutely against the Nazis. Nevertheless the church remains a potent political force which is, of course, bitterly anti-Russian.

People's Party leaders insist Fascism is broken in Austria. Gruber, who at thirty-six is one of the promising young bloods of Austrian politics, said he'd "resign tomorrow" if he saw a real tendency back toward a one-party state.

Yet officials in several important positions are classified as former Dollfuss and Schuschnigg men and extreme rightists, wearing the stripe of the Mussolini if not the Hitler era. These include Leopold Kunschak, president of the *Nationalrat* (Parliament), a Catholic political leader from 1920 to 1938; Doctor Josef Joham, current president of the Creditanstalt Bank, whom the Nazis retained on the bank's management board, and Doctor Felix Hurdes, Minister of Education, member of the Carinthian provincial government from 1936 to 1938.

"Nazi-minded people consider the Volkspartei their friend," a socialist official in the Vienna city government said, "because it advocated (although unsuccessfully) that nominal Nazis be allowed to vote last November."

On nationalization of key industries, Austria appears to be moving more slowly than almost any other country in Europe.

Jokes and Bitterness Won't Mix

In all these issues the average Austrian seems little interested, at least for now. He is a confused and sorry figure. In Vienna the opera is excellent, but the food is worse than in Berlin and there is less of it. Even the black market fails to yield decent meals. In the Kleine Brettl (little stage) Cabaret, sad comedians make sadder jokes about life, love and the occupation. Jokes about the Russians are singularly scarce. I asked a Viennese why. "About the Russians we are too bitter," he said melodramatically; "we cannot laugh."

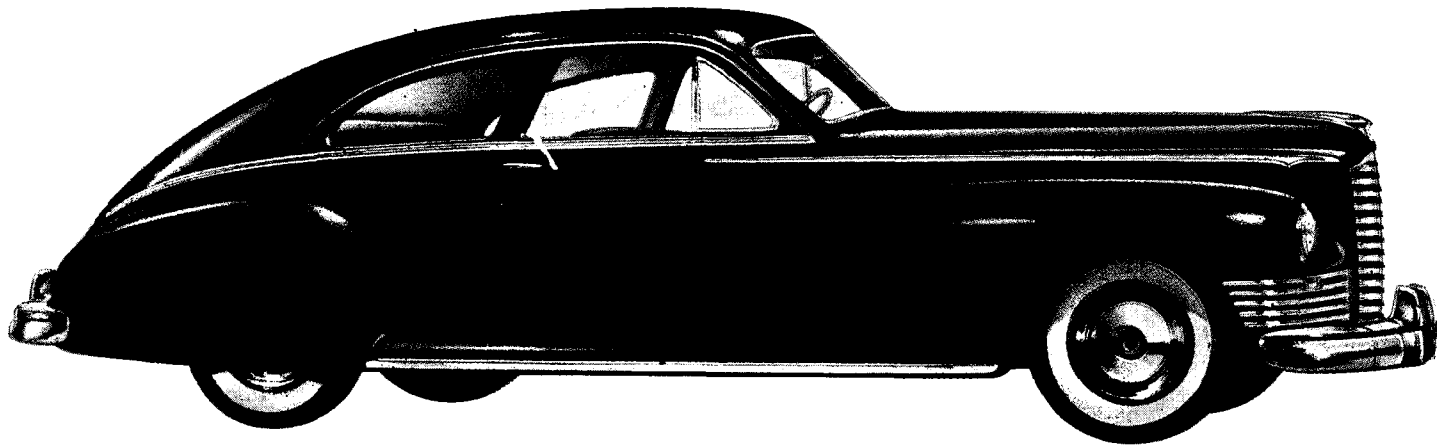
In the midst of this peculiar and strained operation in which four occupying armies are supposed to be achieving the liberation of Austria, little bits of the past come flashing back like pieces of broken glass thrown into the street. One lovely Sunday afternoon, an old man came and stood beneath my hotel room window and filled the courtyard with sweet sorrow from a violin. The hard, vibrating realities of postwar Europe seemed to dissolve for a moment.

He went away after a while, and a friend and I drove up into the Vienna woods, which were swarming with people. In the sprawling restaurant on the brow of the Kahlenberg, hundreds of soldiers and civilians and their girls sat drinking beer and gazing at the city below, shimmering softly in the sunlight.

From a clump of trees near by came strains of music, but this time it was nothing Strauss had ever written. A bunch of Soviet soldiers and their wives and sweethearts were having a picnic, and the full, lusty Russian folk songs they were singing sounded strong enough to echo to the banks of the Danube at the foot of the hill.

THE END

Collier's for July 13, 1946



The new Custom Super Club Sedan

*Never before in Packard's history
has there been an announcement ad like this!*

We don't know, for certain, what other car manufacturers intend to do.

But, here at Packard, we have already made an important decision:

There will be no new "next year's" models introduced this fall. Nor will there be any major changes in the superb Packard we are now building—at least until well into 1947.

There are five reasons for this decision:

1. By continuing to build this superlatively fine motor car over into 1947, we do not have to stop production to "tool up" for changes. This means *more* cars—sooner—for people who are so eager to become Packard owners.
2. By continuing the present styling, Packard fully pro-

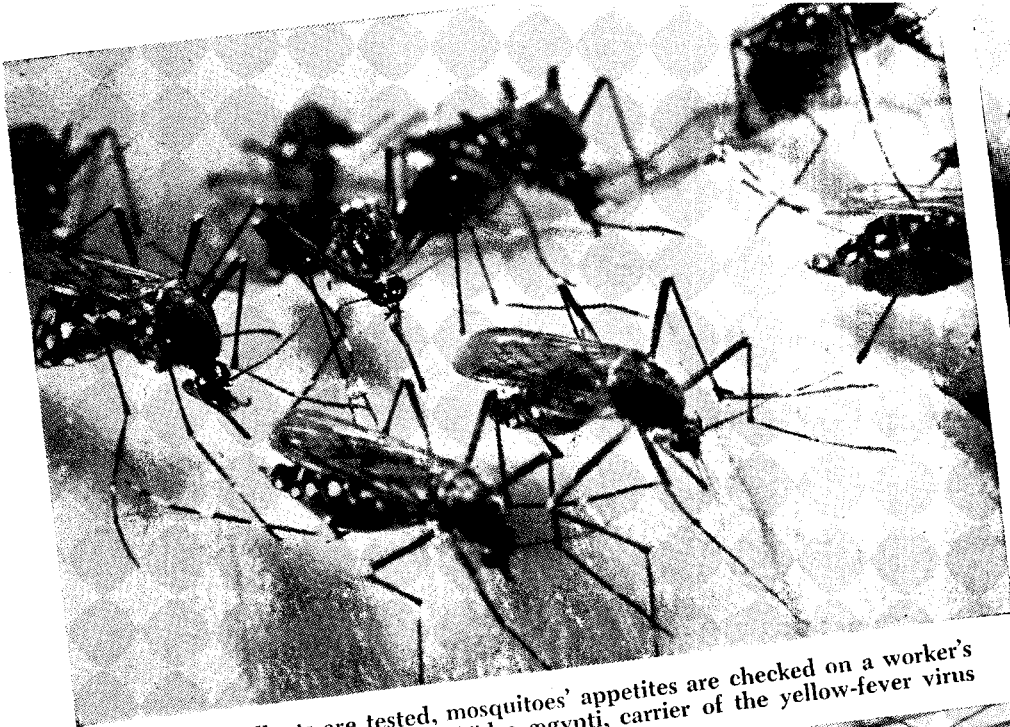
TECTS the motorist who buys today's new Packard. He knows that the stunning new Packard he buys today will not become "dated" in appearance tomorrow.

3. The stacks of orders now on hand are gratifying evidence that today's new Packard is the car America *wants*.
4. Because of its advanced Clipper styling, today's new Packard is not only conceded to be the best-looking car on the road, but is actually ahead of its time.
5. No car we have ever built, in all our 46-year history, ever won such spontaneous, enthusiastic, nation-wide acclaim as today's beautiful new Packard Clipper.

See this brilliant new Packard and place your order—today. You'll soon know why Packard owners are saying, "Packard is a good company to do business with."

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

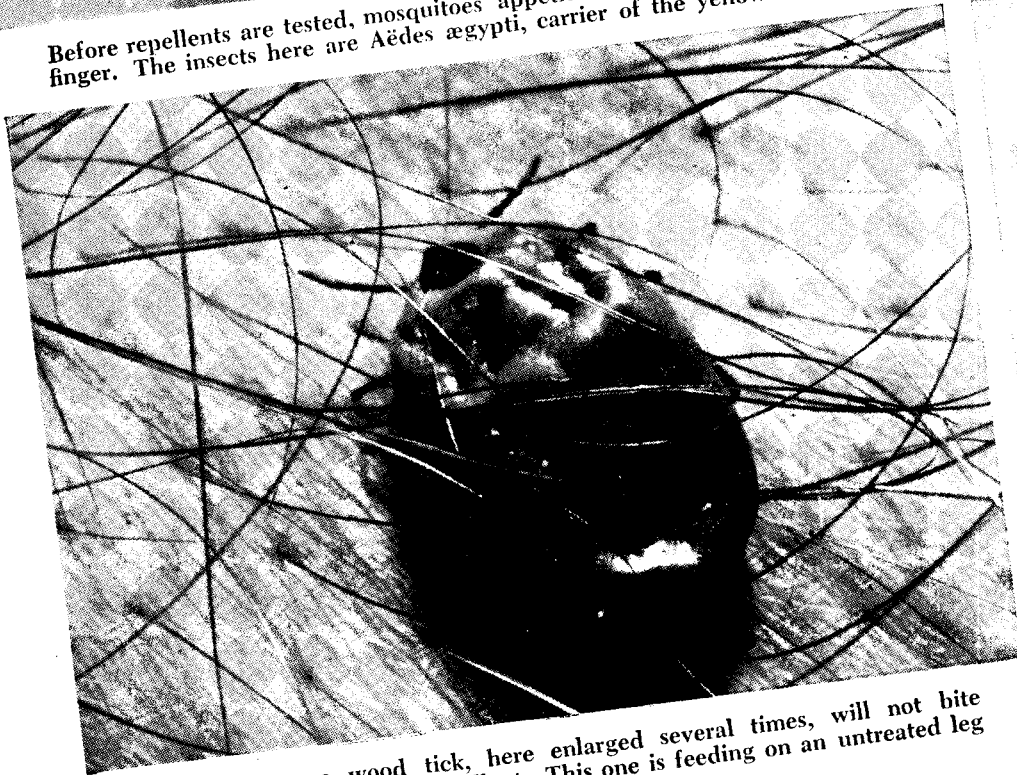
PACKARD



Before repellents are tested, mosquitoes' appetites are checked on a worker's finger. The insects here are *Aedes aegypti*, carrier of the yellow-fever virus



A graphic demonstration of the effectiveness of the new insect repellent: a narrow band of 6-2-2 is clearly outlined by biting mosquitoes



The troublesome wood tick, here enlarged several times, will not bite skin coated with the new repellent. This one is feeding on an untreated leg

Right: Field-testing experimental repellents, entomologists wear four different mixtures, one on each limb, and check the number of bites against a stop watch



HOW TO BAFFLE A BUG

BY ALFRED H. SINKS

Practically everything that stings or bites will leave you severely alone this summer, thanks to a chemical magic

BUGLESS and biteless summers are no longer an idle dream. Through the magic in a plain, two-ounce bottle you can now be as safe from insect bites as though you were encased in armor. No matter where you go, you can forget about mosquitoes, and about the clouds of vicious biting flies that harry fishermen and campers. And if you remember to spray some of the stuff on the cuffs of your trousers or hem of your skirt, on stockings or socks and the cuffs of shirts, you can also forget about burrowing, biting ticks, chiggers and other bloodsucking species. Insects that

crave human blood are going to find it mighty hard to get a meal this summer.

Before the war, there wasn't very much you could do about protecting yourself from insects besides swat, and scratch, and cuss. There was oil of citronella, of course. Even our grandparents knew about that. But it repelled people even more than it repelled mosquitoes.

Four years ago one company had just begun to put out a liquid called 612. A discovery of Professor Philip Granett of Rutgers, it was pretty potent against one particular species of mosquito. Another company was working to improve a preparation called indalone that was pretty effective against certain kinds of flies. But among thousands of species of mosquitoes that inhabit the earth from the arctic regions to the tropics (they even thrive in the oases of the desert) you couldn't always pick the kind you had the right ammunition for. Nor could you carry a separate bottle of stuff for each variety of biting pest in your territory. But from now on, things are going to be different. And you can thank the

war for that. Bugs can raise as much hob with armies in the field as any modern war weapon.

The Army called in the men in government service who know most about bugs: the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology. The first job was to find more efficient ways to clean out the hordes of mosquitoes around military bases, in places where malaria and yellow fever are an ever-present threat. But that wasn't enough.

The Insects Have Their Uses

You can't go out and slaughter every bug in the great out-of-doors, because many food crops require insects to pollinate them, and a bugless world would soon become a foodless one. What the Army wanted—and who doesn't?—was something a man on the march or in camp could use to keep insects from biting him. Not a killer—there are plenty of those—but a repellent.

Early in 1942 the heads of the Bureau looked around for a man who enjoyed

cracking a hard nut. They found him sloshing about the salt marshes on Florida's east coast with a stop watch and a notebook, scratching, slapping, and methodically noting down things like the exact number of minutes it takes a man to collect 1,000 mosquito bites when the temperature is 94, the humidity 79, and it is five-fifteen in the afternoon. They asked Dr. Bernard V. Travis to check in at the Bureau's big insect lab at Orlando, and start finding out what kinds of chemicals, spread over what kinds of people, would keep what kinds of bugs from biting—and when, and where.

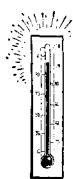
Dr. Travis is short and slight, with a twinkle and a quiet smile, and it is easier to call him Barney than to call him Doctor. Though he was then barely 33, his smooth hair was already silver gray. Perhaps mosquitoes had done that to him—he's abnormally sensitive to them.

His first move was to inform chemical firms and the labs of a dozen universities that he was looking for anything and everything that might repel bugs of any

(Continued on page 50)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE LEAVENS

HEAT GETS TIRES, TOO!



HERE'S a money-saving tip for vacation driving:

Before you start on a holiday trip inflate your tires to the pressure recommended by Lee Rubber & Tire Corporation Load and Inflation Chart. On a long tour, do this same thing every morning.

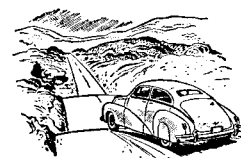
Every tourist knows that after a hard day's run his tires are much harder than they were in the morning. To counteract this pressure build-up, many make the mistake of purposely starting out with their tires a few pounds "light;" others "bleed" some air out of the tires during the day.

Both expedients simply make matters worse! A soft tire flexes more than a firm one. Flexing

heats the casing—excessive heat weakens the fabric, leading to premature breakdown. All of which is minimized by starting out with tires correctly inflated.

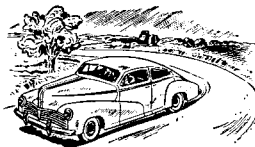
You may pick up four or five pounds per tire in an all-day run, but that's nothing to worry about... especially with LEE DeLuxe tires. For the truth is, you can't build up enough internal pressure to "explode" a sound LEE passenger car tire, no matter how hot the day or how long the drive. But you can ruin any tire before its time by excessive flexing.

Another cause of destructively overheated tires is nagging the brakes in hilly country instead of dropping into a lower gear. "Riding the brakes"



down a long hill can raise the temperature of the brake assembly to 500° or more. Much of that heat is transmitted right through to the tire... and your pocketbook!

Yes, heat gets tires, too. So keep them correctly inflated. Don't punish them needlessly. And for the toughest heat-resisting tires



Replace with **LEE** of Conshohocken TIRE

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION, CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.
Lee DeLuxe Tires, Tubes and Accessories Div., Conshohocken, Pa. • Industrial Rubber Products Div., Republic Rubber, Youngstown, O.



DOUGLAS DC-4s ARE NOW IN SERVICE WITH THE FOLLOWING AIRLINES DOMESTICALLY: AMERICAN AIRLINES • BRANIFF AIRWAYS • CHICAGO & SOUTHERN AIR LINES • DELTA AIR LINES
EASTERN AIR LINES • NATIONAL AIRLINES • NORTHWEST AIRLINES • PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS • PENNSYLVANIA-CENTRAL AIRLINES • TRANS WORLD AIRLINES • UNITED AIR LINES • WESTERN AIR
LINES; AND TO FOREIGN POINTS WITH: AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES • AEROVÍAS BRANIFF, S. A. • CIA. MEXICANA DE AVIACIÓN • PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS • TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

Free Choice

Continued from page 19

two or three days go by without trying to see the girl. He asked Hank.

"Hannah's changed some," Hank said slowly. "Probably I have, too."

"Changed? How d'you mean?"

"That's what I don't know exactly, but it doesn't matter. We're in no hurry."

"You've talked it over with Hannah?" Tom asked.

"Well, no," Hank said.

Tom put down his tools and wiped his hands on a piece of waste. He felt an unaccountable anger rising in him, and he had to remind himself that this boy was just back from a tough interval, that he must have time to readjust himself to being home.

"She's had a pretty dull time of it here," Tom said, "going out with nobody but me. You owe her some fun, even if you don't get married right away."

"The same old Tom," Hank said, "always figuring who owes who for what, and taking it on yourself to let a fellow know." He was smiling, but he was angry, too.

EV PETTERLY rode in through the dusk, leading a pack horse. He had made the seventy miles from the other ranch since dawn and he was tired, but sight of Hank renewed him temporarily.

"Well, boy!" he said, and clasped Hank's hand and slapped his shoulder. "Grew some, soon's you got away from your own cooking. Home for good?"

"I'm out of the Army," Hank said.

"You all set to drive the next bunch of feeders over with me?"

"Over?" Hank said. "Over where?"

"Ain't you told Hank about the new place?" Ev said, surprised.

"Hank's got to it yet," Tom said.

Hank listened with a queer, tense silence.

"What'd you use for money?" he said, at last.

"I took what we had in the bank," Tom said, "and signed a note for the rest."

"You signed the note," Hank said, "and I'm supposed to stay here till it's been paid out."

The strange thing was the control he'd developed somewhere out in the South Pacific. It was harder to meet than his former sullen furies. It awoke in Tom an anger deeper than any he had experienced.

He clenched his hands.

"You've always known," he said, "that any money Dad left us, he left to both of us. Everything was left to us together. There isn't anything that's mine, and there isn't anything that's yours. It's ours. Dad planned for us to work the place together."

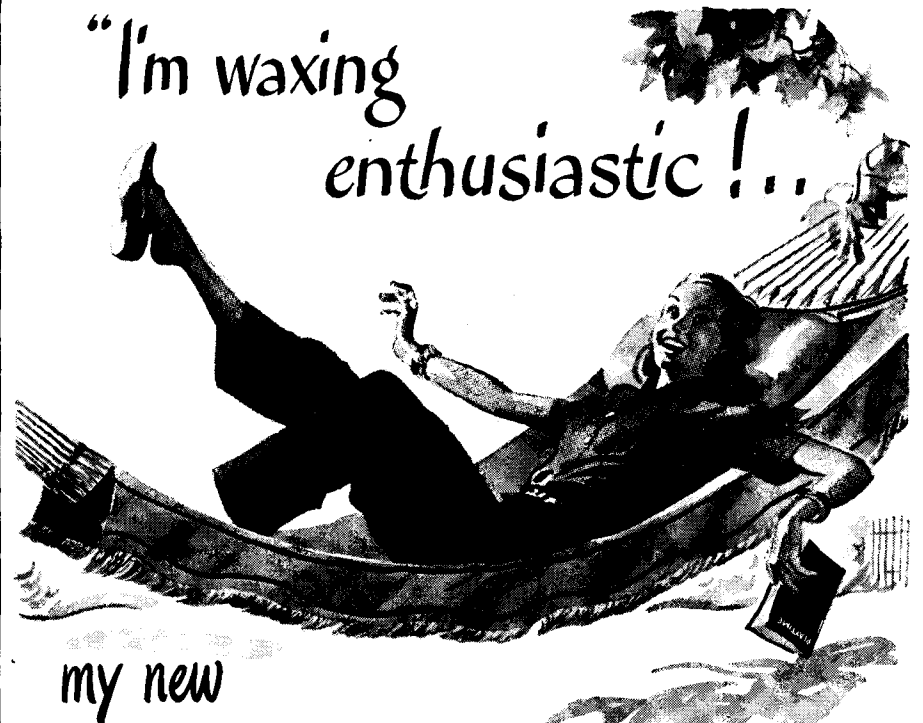
"What if I don't want it that way?" Hank said. "What if I don't want to spend the rest of my life here? What if I don't want to be a rancher?"

"You haven't much choice," Tom said grimly. This was what Ben had warned him about, Hank's likeness to his mother which might lead him to leave the land. It was the thing that had been in the back of his mind all these years, bringing up the kid, but he was sick to have it come up now, unexpectedly, just when he'd thought Hank had begun to be an adult.

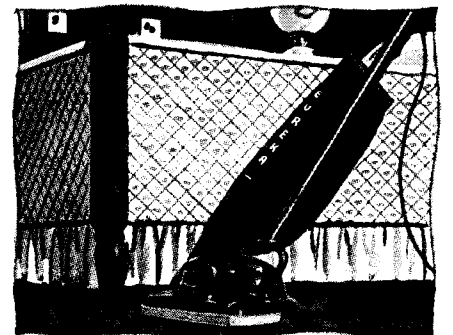
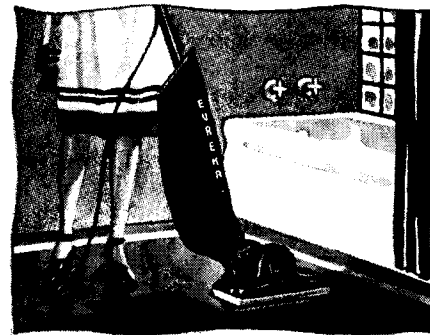
"You going to make my decisions for me all the rest of my life?" Hank said.

"You're talking like a spoiled kid," Tom said.

He turned abruptly and strode off through the gloom, afraid to trust himself. In one revealing, blinding moment he had seen the truth. The kid had had everything Tom had wanted, life on the ranch without the responsibility, a first-hand encounter with war, Hannah. Yet here he was, scarcely home, passing judgment on Tom for guarding his invest-



EUREKA COMPLETE Home Cleaning System even waxes the floors!"



Imagine a way to put a mirror gleam on floors better, faster, easier! Yes, that's just one of the dividends you get with the new Eureka complete Home Cleaning System... a power-driven waxer that puts a professional shine on linoleum, hardwood floors.

It's wonderful! Dusts, brushes, cleans rugs, sprays paint, even controls moths! It's a complete Home Cleaning System all wrapped up in one package. It's a natural! And what it means is a new kind of freedom for you!



It's a system... a fast efficient method of breezing through your cleaning upstairs, downstairs, all through the house. A pair of powerful cleaners, plus a power-driven waxer and a de luxe set of cleaning tools to use with either cleaner... together they clean everything better, faster, easier.



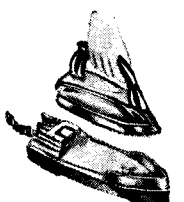
See this time-saving, work-saving modern miracle, the new Eureka complete Home Cleaning System at your Eureka dealer's today! Now you can purchase the new Eureka Home Cleaning System complete or unit by unit. Ask for details of Eureka's special "Add-To" plan.

EUREKA PRODUCTS

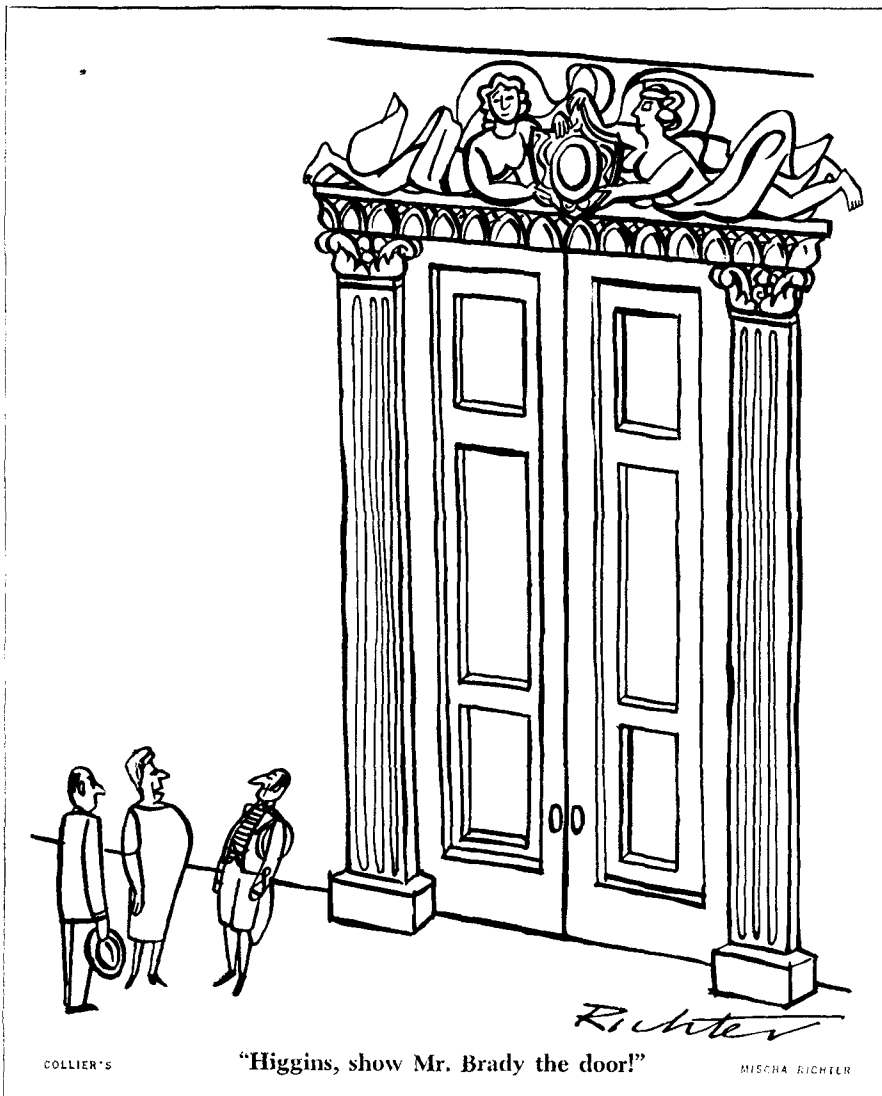
EUREKA WILLIAMS CORPORATION
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Home Cleaning Systems
Vacuum Cleaners • Cordless Electric Irons
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WILLIAMS DIVISION, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
Williams Oil-O-Matic
Heating and Air Conditioning Systems

It's Cordless
It's Electric

SEE THE NEW EUREKA
CORDLESS ELECTRIC IRON



Factory authorized service and genuine Eureka repair parts are available nationally to all Eureka users. Check your Classified Telephone Directory for your local Eureka dealer or nearest Eureka factory branch.



"Higgins, show Mr. Brady the door!"

COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER

Collier's for July 13, 1946

Hollywood Glamour

FOR YOUR HAIR



BONITA GRANVILLE

Featured in Monogram's
"SUSPENSE"
a King Brothers Production

Of course, Kay Daumit's sensational new Lustre-Creme gives an amazing shampoo—makes hair fastidiously clean—rinses out so quickly. But . . . this wonderful new product is more than a shampoo—it's truly a "hair cosmetic."

You see, Lustre-Creme contains secret ingredients that bring out the true, hidden radiance of your hair—that discipline your hair so it stays well-groomed throughout a busy, active day—or all evening long. Look charming, feel charming—with a chic new hair-do that stays lovelier longer. Try this different cosmetic—Kay Daumit's Lustre-Creme.

The whole family prefers Lustre-Creme—once they try it. That's why we're offering this sensational new product in the big, economical, family-size one-pound jar at \$3.50—as well as the regular 4-ounce size at \$1.00. Ask for Lustre-Creme at department store cosmetic counters and at all good drug stores.

Here's proof! This coupon and 25c will bring you a trial-size of Lustre-Creme. Money back if it doesn't please you.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office.....State.....

MAIL WITH 25c TO KAY DAUMIT

Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO

Dept. CW-7, 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago (11)



ments, real and emotional, while he'd been away.

Ev came looking for him an hour or so later. Tom was at the chicken house, shoring up a hole where weasels had been getting through to kill the hens. He heard the car start, and later heard it leave the yard.

"The kid's gone to town," Ev said.

"You'd better get to bed," Tom said.

"Sure," Ev said. He paused. "I got something to say to you first," he went on. His voice was gruff. "You got to quit playing God with that boy," he said. "He don't like it, and I wouldn't either. You've been through a tough time here, all of us have, but the kid's been through worse. I've been waiting for years for the day when he'd stand up to you and tell you to go to hell. What I mean, Tom," Ev said with careful patience, "is there's a limit to a man's obedience to anyone except himself. You're scared of what will happen to the ranch if the kid walks off and leaves you with it. Maybe you'd ought to stop and think a bit of what it'll do to the kid if you keep him here."

Tom said, "It seems to me this is my business, not yours."

"Sure it is," Ev agreed, "but Hank won't stand up for himself. He don't know how to. Every time he starts he gets hog-tied by his feeling for you. The kid loves you, Tom. He always has." Ev was embarrassed by his own emotion.

Tom wanted him to get out of there, to go away, to leave him alone.

"There's a lot of things tied up in this trouble between you two besides the ranch," Ev went on doggedly.

He meant Hannah.

Ev was looking straight at him.

"It makes me sick to see you changin' from what you was to what you will be if you keep on fightin' yourself the way you are, and takin' it out on the kid," he said. Tom waited. "You know how I feel about you," Ev went on steadily. "I'd sell my saddle for you any day you said the word."

HANK showed up the next morning in levis and a tall hat. "Ev says somebody's hauled away the straw you had at the Quirney place," he said. "You want us to take it slow and let those steers eat what they can get off the forest on the way over, or push them straight through?"

"Push them through," Tom said, and went on out to the truck loaded with hogs to be hauled into town. Hank's acquiescence brought him no triumph. He could taste bitterness in his heart but he couldn't explain it.

He encountered Hannah on the street in Monroe.

"There's going to be a dance at the Masonic Hall Friday night," Hannah said. "Hank and I are going. Will you go with us, Tom?"

"Why, maybe," Tom said slowly, "if you want me."

Hannah looked down at her hands.

"We'll always want you," she said.

"Hank must be figuring to get back from the feeder ranch earlier than I'd expected," Tom said.

Hannah put her hand on his arm.

"Let him make some of the decisions himself, Tom," she said. "He's twenty-two. He has a good head."

It was her touch that silenced Tom. It started him trembling and he was concerned with keeping the knowledge from Hannah.

"He reminds me more and more of your mother," Hannah went on quietly. "He has her steadiness, and she was the steadiest person I have ever known."

"Steady?" Tom said violently.

"Why, yes," Hannah said. "She lived for you boys. She could have left the ranch any time. She hated it after your father became obsessed the way he was, with land." He saw that she was calling on her courage to continue. "It was her money your father used to start the

ranch. You must have known that. Everyone else did here in Monroe. She could have gone back East. She could have married again. She was beautiful. But she wouldn't take you away from your father. Hank didn't mean so much to him."

Tom looked down into the upturned face. This is Hank's doing, he thought. Hank's made her believe this stuff.

"I've got to get back," he said. He saw her look of despair. "I'll think over what you've said," he told her. He could not bear to leave her unhappy, but what she had told him didn't tie up with what he knew.

Still, driving homeward, he could recall how often he had seen his mother, forgetting to feed the chickens from the meal sagging her gathered apron, standing in the ranch yard, looking off toward the hills.

He could recall his father's ominous silence when he saw her standing there. She had hated the ranch. Of that much Tom could be sure. . . .

Hank was back in time for the dance on Friday.

They drove into town together, Hank in his Army uniform with his ribbons. Tom had no objection to his swanking. The boy had earned what he wore.

Hannah was ready, waiting. Tom had never seen her look so beautiful, her dress a foam of white about her slender

"What?" she said, so he repeated his question.

"Hank and I aren't going to get married," Hannah said quietly.

He couldn't speak. He lost step and it was an interval before the music came to him clearly again, and by that time the dance was ended.

At his elbow, Hannah spoke.

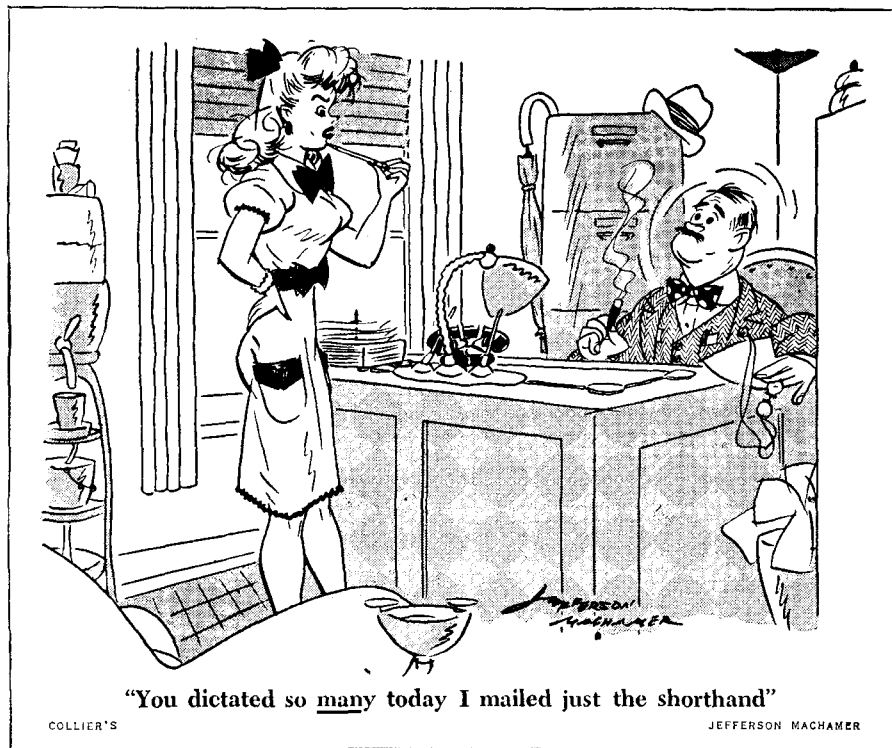
"How can you be so blind?" she said, and moved away from him through the crowd. He couldn't follow. He didn't even want to.

He went outside, to get himself under control. She had waited all this time for Hank, and he had come home to tell her he'd changed his mind.

HE WENT looking for Hank. The girls were grouped in a far corner of the Hall, laying out plates of food on a long table. Hank stood with former friends, talking, laughing. Tom went up to him.

"I'm going home," he said harshly. "You take Hannah home and come on out. Right away, understand me? I want to talk to you. I'll borrow a horse from the stable."

The horse was a good one, and he let him have his head, glad there was moonlight to show the horse clear footing. At the end of the first run Tom took time to think, and he remembered Hank's face as he had spoken to him. Hank's laugh-



figure, but he wasn't at ease with her as he was when she was in riding pants and a battered hat.

"You look swell," Hank said, and put her between him and Tom in the front seat.

The Hall was crowded. Within Tom's memory these dances had become the social thing for the young people in Monroe. He had stayed away from them during the war, unwilling to take Hank's girl to them, uninterested in taking anyone else. He spent the first few dances talking with boys just home from the services.

When he took Hannah into his arms at last, to dance, the evening was half gone. She danced as she rode, without effort, instinctive in her response. After the first time around the Hall she put her forehead against his shoulder, and the senseless trembling began again in Tom's body.

"When are you and Hank getting married?" he said abruptly.

She looked up at him, and he was struck by the dreamy contentment in her eyes. He judged it to be a holdover from her earlier dance with Hank, and it steadied him, and made him stiffen.

ter had stilled as though Tom had struck it from his lips. A flush had spread upward from his collar. Where it had touched the new skin on his scarred face it had been ugly, disfiguring. Tom stirred uneasily in the saddle. Probably he should have drawn the boy aside, spoken to him privately. He was no longer a child. But Tom was too angry to feel acute regret.

At home he stabled the horse, wiped him down, took him out to water when his breathing quieted, and took him back again to a full manger of hay. He went on up to the house, and started a fire in the kitchen stove and made himself a cup of coffee. He waited for Hank, but after a time when the boy didn't appear he judged Hank had been as angry as he'd looked and would take his time getting home.

An old despair assailed the older man. He went wearily upstairs and took off his good clothes and hung them away. He debated getting into his levis, then settled for pajamas, and lay down on the bed to wait for Hank.

Something woke him from a doze, some vague, muffled sound. He waited, listening, but there was no further sound.

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Uneasy, he went to the window and looked out into the moonlit ranch yard.

Hank was down there. He stood almost in the middle of the yard, looking off toward the hills. He was carrying a suitcase. There was no mistaking his intention. He must have left the car down the road, to avoid waking Tom, packed a few things and sneaked out.

Like a weasel, Tom thought, his fury mounting. Like a sneaking weasel. He had thrown Hannah down and now he was running away because he was afraid to face Tom, afraid to tell him.

There was a rifle hanging on the wall in Tom's room. He had kept it there these past few years since the coyotes had gotten so numerous.

He went to the gun and took it into his hands, and examined it to make sure it was loaded. There was no thought in what he did.

He opened his bedroom door and walked along the hall, and started down the stairs. Hank had left the front door open. Tom could still see him, standing there in the ranch yard, looking toward the hills.

Tom stopped on the stairs. The gun barrel gleamed in the moonlight slanting through the open door. What if he got down there and turned the gun on Hank, and Hank defied him? It could happen. Hank had been where bigger guns than this had been going off on every side around him.

Hank would defy him. Tom knew the thought for truth the moment it struck him. Hank would defy him, and Tom would be licked. He was licked now. He had been licked from the moment Hank had come home with his anger controlled, and limited.

Tom turned on the stairs and went back up to his room. He sat down on the bed, sagging the side of it. He let his face sink into his hands, and became aware of the heavy pounding of his heart. Outside in the yard Hank probably was moving on, toward the car parked down the road.

Tom's shaking became uncontrollable. The bed creaked and groaned with his weight, but he lacked strength to rise. He lacked strength to defend himself from his thoughts, and they went back, clear back to his boyhood, and to his father.

HE HAD been afraid of Ben Blaine. He'd always feared Ben Blaine. He could remember when, as a toddler, Hank had defied the man, the same uncontrollable trembling had assailed Tom and he had wanted to strike Hank, to knock him senseless, overwhelmed by his own fear of what would happen to him if Ben Blaine reached out in anger.

He could remember his mother appearing quietly among them, leading Hank away, saying nothing.

Ben Blaine had beaten Tom once, out behind the barn. Tom had been four. He could still remember his mother's white face and her eyes when she had come to find the boy. Her eyes had held to Ben Blaine's face until he'd turned and gone away, leaving the two of them, mother and son, together. Ben had never touched Tom again, but his harshness had increased, his severity had been unrelenting, and in the back of the boy's mind had been the terrified remembrance of that interlude behind the barn. Yet it hadn't been the pain of the blows Tom remembered; it had been his father's face, unrecognizable, a demon's. So Tom had never defied his father after that. He had been overeager to do his bidding, afraid to do anything else.

His thinking was painful, and he began to sweat, but the thoughts still came. It was fear that had made him accept Ben Blaine's burden of responsibility for keeping Hank here, for tying him to the land. And Hank had defied him as he had defied his father, but with a difference. Tom saw with pitiful clarity that

Hank was like his mother. Love had held him here. He saw, too, that he, Tom, was still paying blind obedience to Ben Blaine.

It was dawn when he stood up at last. Ev Patterly was right. There was a limit to a man's obedience to anyone except himself.

He was no longer shaking. Hank would let Hannah know, probably, where he had gone. Tom would get rid of the feeder ranch, right away, as soon as possible. He'd sell half of everything and send the boy the money due him. For himself he'd stay on here. He had one honest kinship with his father, a need to stay near the land.

His stomach was empty and his body ached, and when he thought of Hannah his feeling for her was a pain so intense he closed it from his thoughts. He dressed and went downstairs.

THERE was a fire in the kitchen range. Hank sat at the table, eating pancakes he had made himself. He looked up slowly at Tom, saying nothing.

Tom came into the room and poured himself a cup of coffee and carried it to the table, but he couldn't sit down. He took hold of the back of a chair and braced himself.

"If you want to hit me," he said, "come on outside. I have it coming to me."

Hank's swift concern was visible. He got up awkwardly. "You all right?" he said. He stopped and looked at Tom. "What would I want to hit you for?"

Tom sat down slowly. "I saw you getting set to leave last night. I didn't expect you'd be here this morning."

"I'm a little surprised myself," Hank said. "I was plenty mad last night for a while, after you spoke to me there in the Hall." He pushed the sugar bowl toward Tom. "But I fought this whole thing out before I came home this time, and I guess the battle's over, far as I'm concerned. I could have stayed away if I'd really wanted to. I didn't have to come back."

"That's a fact," Tom said, and he was amazed. The boy had been free to choose, and he had chosen to come home, and there had been no gun pointed at him to force his decision. "You're a better man than I am," Tom said slowly.

"Hell," Hank said, "I'll never be the man you are. I've known that all my life, but I can live and learn." He grinned, and it was a queer grin, tentative and friendly. "You knew more about ranching when you were born than I will when I die," Hank said, "but I've always had to put up an argument, no matter what you wanted to do. I don't know why. It's the way I'm made, I guess."

He went to the stove and poured batter on the griddle.

"I've lost my touch," he said. "Damned cakes come out like leather."

Tom said nothing. He sat stirring his untouched coffee, looking out at the ranch yard and the chickens running around in it. He was possessed by a strange inertia.

"Why don't you take a day off?" Hank said unexpectedly. "Go into town and see Hannah."

"See Hannah?" Tom said, puzzled.

"She's in love with you, Tom," Hank said. "I suppose I knew it before I went away, but I've always thought what you liked must be the best thing of its kind, and so I've wanted it, too. Maybe getting away from here straightened me out in my thinking, I don't know, but I knew before I'd been gone a month that Hannah was for you, not for me, and I wanted it that way. You'd better go talk to her," he said gruffly.

Tom stood up. "You two talked this all out?" he said. "We talked it all out."

Tom picked up his hat. "Maybe I'd ought to change my pants," he said.

"She won't be looking at your pants," Hank said.

THE END

Collier's for July 13, 1946

Home from the Sea

Continued from page 21

trolling places. Both steelhead trout and salmon were striking spinners, but rare was the salmon that would take a fly, for flies simulated food. To Buck, the boats appeared menacing because their dark forms moving about overhead suggested sea lions.

With the increasing taste of fresh water, Buck was aware of a new desire. Not only was he anxious to be on his way upstream, but another hunger was upon him. The savory shrimp of yesterday no longer quite satisfied. Consequently, when he overtook a fat-bodied red fly with streaming white wings, he knew at once what he wanted and snapped it up with a savage lunge. But that fly, instead of succumbing as a normal tidbit should, showed unexpected strength. It stung his jaw, refused to be swallowed, and it pulled back as if it were the attacker instead of himself. Buck fled at top speed.

A reel was screaming in a near-by boat, and a man gripped a rod that quivered and bent as if it must break. "Fish on!" he shouted.

Buck shot to the surface and flung himself into the air, shaking his head to rid himself of the now hateful morsel. He was angry and shocked. That fly continued to hold on and bite, and he couldn't get free of it by racing and leaping. He wheeled around. The enemy seemed to weaken. A feeling of advantage stimulated him. He rushed back at top speed. A motorboat crossed above, thumping and churning as if to attack. He veered from it like a reflected flash of light, and the fly jerked so heavily it whipped him halfway about. Then the fly gave up. . . .

The man in the boat teetered from the reaction and sat down. Idle line slackened upon the water. He shook his head.

"Didja lose him?" someone called from another boat.

"What the hell do you think?" he answered.

Upstream raced Buck, aquiver with rage. He wanted no more of this place with its treacherous food. The fly felt uncomfortable in his mouth, and its broken leader trailed along his side, spurring him on. A spinner flashed, and he struck its blade in fury, missing a siwash hook by only a fraction and causing an uproar in another boat.

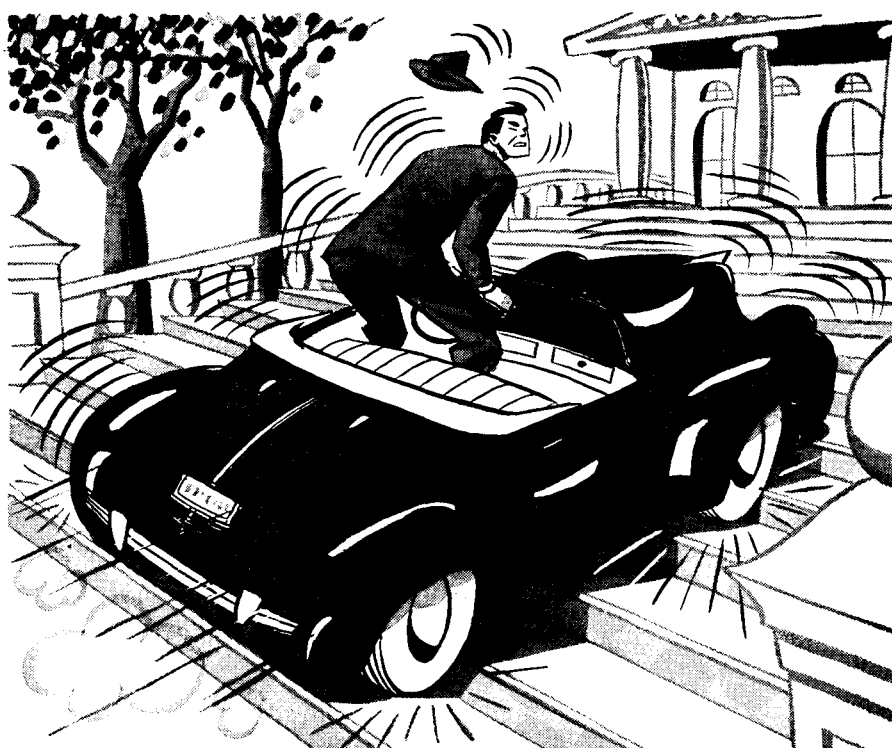
During the night he arrived in Palmer Creek Pool, a place some three miles above tidewater. Here he picked up a few salmon eggs and relished them. He did not know that these had been torn from fishermen's hooks by unskillful casting, and could be dangerous.

Eddie O'Connor, recently of the Air Corps, came down to Palmer Pool next morning at dawn equipped with the best in pre-Pearl Harbor fly tackle. There was a touch of frost in the air, and the stream flowed quietly into the glassy-calm expanse of some thirty acres. Eddie felt annoyed, for it was useless to try surface or "dry" fly fishing with no breeze to ruffle the water. He removed his special fuzzy-bug and tied on a larger, red creation with bulging eyes. Then, with the relaxed stance of an expert he waded in, laid out a long cast and let his popeyed Thor fly sink.

BUCK was cruising just below the surface like a sleek submarine when the lure landed near with a *sotto* plop. He shied away, paused in indecision and watched it sink. Possibly a refreshed memory warned him that all that fell from above might not be manna. A half-dozen little trout rushed at it and began bickering. Then, as if it were alarmed, the fly jerked and began to move. Gone was the warning now. Like a torpedo, Buck lunged after it. . . .

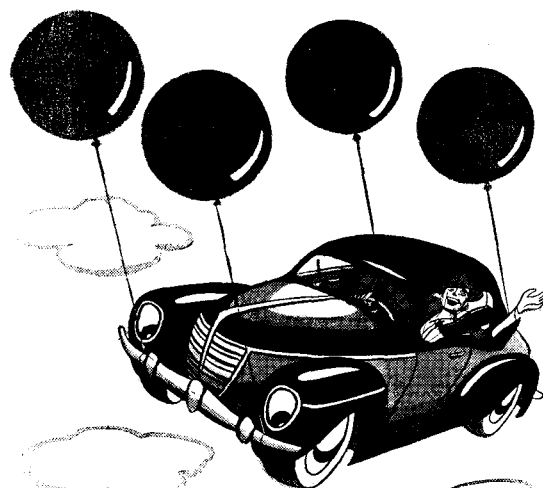
It happened with the suddenness of a shock. One moment Eddie was working quiet water—the next instant he had hold of dynamite! Water churned around a broad tail, and his rod bent dangerously. There was no holding that one. Line whipped through his fingers until Eddie wondered if his two-hundred-yard reel was going to hold enough. At last Buck turned at the far side of the pool, broke water with angry headshaking and the first round was over.

But the gaff-marked trout was in the hands of a finished craftsman this time, and rush, lunge and leap though he might, still that springy pull continued from shore, drawing him always toward it. The thing yielded readily when he raced, but always it was there when he slowed down, pulling with gentle sureness. In spite of his vitality, the big rainbow was beginning to tire. The battle was eating into that reserve of strength and vitamins he had brought in from the



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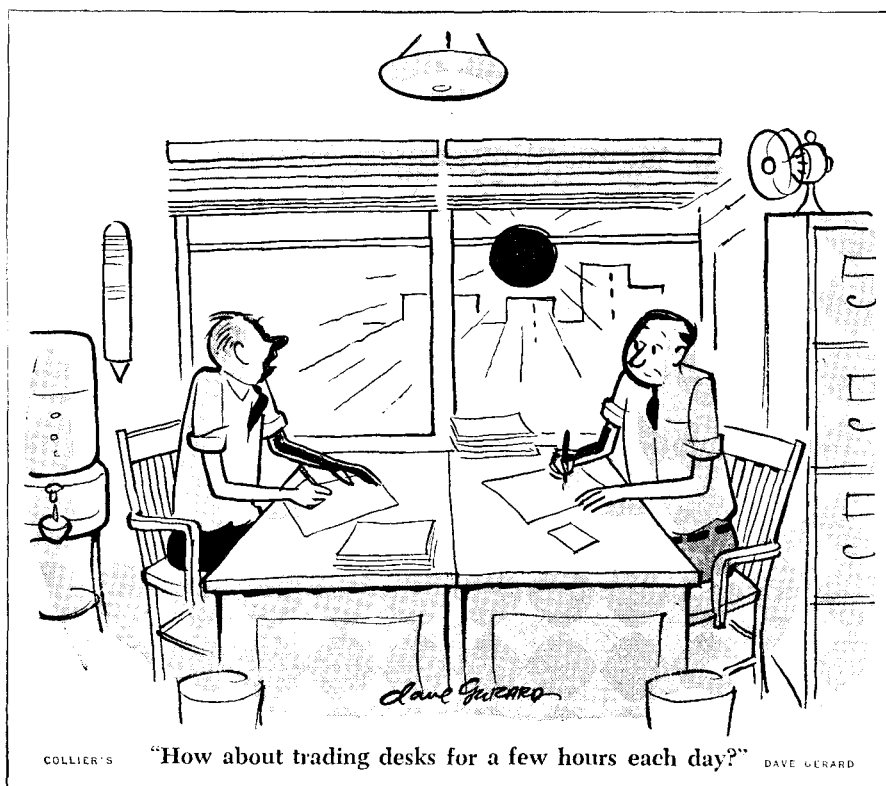
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sea. And all that connected him with the man on shore was a light silk line and threadlike leader. But the man could give and take with never a nervous move.

Then fate rescued an otherwise doomed trout. In what might have been his last leap before tiring beyond such effort, Buck tangled the line with a floating branch. One snap, and it was over.

Eddie reeled in ruefully and examined his broken leader. Then he looked at the pool and began to grin. "Snafu, you wallop!" he said, and started tying on another leader as frail as the last.

The harassed trout sounded deep and headed under a willow bank. There were two flies in his mouth now, and he sought seclusion.

More fish came into Palmer Pool that night. Some rested, for this is a favored layover point. Others left, and all night a line of steelhead trout and salmon moved up Eel River. Buck joined the first exodus of the evening and started upstream. For reasons no one understands, he did not want to feed, nor did any of the others.

During the night he came upon a commotion in a riffle. Salmon and steelhead were floundering about, apparently unable to proceed. Strange creatures were walking in the water, which was tinged with blood as if the sea lions were killing again. A salmon ahead of him began to struggle and Buck turned sharply—which was all that saved him from a gill net. A feeling of dread came over him and he fled upstream for a hundred yards to join a group that had escaped like himself. No longer did he feel at ease. This was not like the sea.

Toward morning he entered Weymouth Pool, several miles farther upstream, and came to rest under a ledge. This place, although deep, was small, covering hardly three acres. Darkened salmon, showing the ravages of their trip, were swimming about, some of them wounded by nets and spears. Steelhead were milling and passing through, but Buck, tired from yesterday's battle with Eddie and the night's excitement, felt he had traveled far enough. This was his third day in fresh water now, and his color was beginning to show change. However, he was not turning black like the salmon, already in the first stages of death.

But for him, this was not the end. This was an odyssey to the life sources of his race and, though he did not know it, nature was tinting him in iridescent hues for his nuptials. His cheeks were turning crimson and a pinkish stripe ran down his sides. That metallic sheen which gives the steelhead rainbow its name in salt water was becoming less dominant. His back was showing gold-violet, the spots on his body were darkening and he was looking more and more like the true rainbow he was.

FOR a night and two days he stayed in Weymouth Pool. There was an oily fish-egg taste in the water at times, and salmon roe seemed abundant. Steelhead were feeding upon it, and frequently they would disturb the pool with their distressed dashing and churning about. On the bank were those creatures he associated with nets and trouble. Their presence made him afraid to feed, and he lay quietly in his shelter. Too, the hooks in his mouth bothered him, and he would try to rid himself of them by nosing against roots and gaping his jaws.

The second evening found him feeling refreshed and reassured, for he had sloughed off both the flies. That night the call returned when another run passed through, and he headed upstream once more. Thereafter he traveled steadily and kept out of trouble.

Upon the seventh day he arrived at the division of Eel River, and without hesitation turned up the south fork. For it was from there he had come as a six-inch troutling when he first made his way

down to the sea. No reason or memory were involved in this; rather, he was like a train upon rails; he could go over no other route. The main fork of the Eel was as removed from his existence as the Los Angeles River, seven hundred miles to the south.

The south fork was roily and high, and he swam against it with more effort, for this was no longer the tranquil level of the lower valley, but a hilly country where the water ran swift. For some ten days Buck continued up this tributary, passing now through the very heart of the redwood forests.

Buck ran into an enigma at Benbow Dam, where the south fork seemed to end in a waterfall which he found too high to leap. A fish ladder was alongside, terraced in concrete weirs by careful men who knew there was no way of making the fish go over until and unless the fish chose. He milled with hundreds of others in the pools downstream, urged by an all-impelling power that here was not the climax to his pilgrimage. True, he had been over this obstacle before, but the instinct which had brought him thus far took no account of man-made hazards. These were still too recent in the evolution of his kind.

At an appointed distance below the dam, unwary trout were lured into feeding. These seemed to disappear quite

mate. And by unerring selection and ancestry, this sleek, clean-lined female was his true consort, for that same tributary creek was their birthplace and they belonged together. Another male rainbow tried to interrupt their tryst and Buck drove him out of the pool in savage rage, and did not stop pursuit until the interloper sought refuge under a log pile upstream. His mate was waiting when he returned, and side by side the pair of trout left the south fork of Eel River and started up the creek of their nativity.

THE little stream was rough now, and progress was slow. On the third day, his mate inspected a riffle, found it satisfactory and began to dig in the sand with her nose and tail. Buck circled on guard at first, watching for other fish that might interfere or eat spawn, and then he helped. When the nest, or rud, was several inches deep, his mate settled over it. Buck pressed against her side with a great churning of water, and as the eggs were laid, secreted his life-giving milt over them. Soon they had covered their first cache with sand to await the warmer water of springtime to hatch. During the night they drifted to a pool below to rest, but toward dawn came back to their riffle and resumed spawning.

Sunrise had touched the mountain-tops when a large animal loomed on



unhappily. But food did not interest Buck now, nor would it until his mission was fulfilled.

For nearly a week he fumed back and forth, dividing his time between attempts to jump the dam and sulking in deep water. Then a late November storm blew down from the north, and winter's rains began in earnest. The stream rose overnight, and a deluge of muddy water tumbled down the terraced weirs of the fish ladder. There was a summons in that not to be denied. Buck headed into it at once and charged the spillway of the first weir.

Ten minutes later he was over the top and swimming up Benbow Lake.

The leader jumps the fence, and the sheep follow. In the next few hours many fish ascended the ways, while men watched with mixed feelings and a game warden kept count. . . .

For a number of days the big rainbow coursed ahead faster than at any time before. He was miles above Benbow Lake when he slowed down and drifted into a pool formed by the mouth of a tributary creek. For a day he lay in this junction, and then was joined by one of his own species, but different. Both of them were red striped, but he was quite the larger and had a savage underhung lower jaw, unlike his smaller-mouthed

the stream bank above them and ran back and forth making a loud clamor. Buck was alarmed at first and went back on guard. But when the animal showed no signs of attack, he rejoined his mate at the job of excavating their final rud. Then came some different creatures—the kind he knew meant danger at any time. He and his mate fled downstream.

"Aw, leave 'em be," said one of the men. "They ain't fit to eat when they're laying eggs. Here, Butch! Come away now! Come on, I say!"

But the dog had other ideas. Soon after the trout had returned to their spawning riffle, he was on the bank again, watching. And this time he had sense enough not to bark.

When their last rud was covered over, the pair of trout moved off the riffle and started downstream. They crossed a shallow place with their back fins showing, and the dog rushed in ayelp. He seized Buck by the base of his tail and began shaking him with much splashing and growling. The dog's owner heard the uproar and arrived on the run.

"Hey!" he shouted, aiming a kick at his pet. "Git outa there, you dad-blamed fool! Wanta get fish poisoning?"

Buck plunged downstream, beside himself with shock and injury. Once he ran out upon a shallow bank and flopped

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WHISKERS AWAY! Scene at EVERSARP Schick Shaving in New York City. Of five contestants . . . the winner, Schick-user Richard S. Bean in 1 minute 4.3 seconds—second place, Schick-user Thomas A. Doyle, 1:12. Fastest competing razor—2 min. 21.4 seconds.

**50% Faster
100% Safer
200% Smoother**

- Automatic repeater blade change . . . Click! Click!—new blade instantly ready to shave you.
- New blade automatically locks into precisely correct shaving-angle . . . feels twice as smooth on your skin.
- Each hair . . . held erect by patented guard bar . . . is cut with maximum closeness.
- Close, no-nick shaving under nose and lower lip twice as easy.
- Double thick blades are 16% sharper—last three times as long.
- Fingers never touch blades . . . no cuts . . . no messing with paper wrappers!
- No time-wasting knock-down or re-assembly of razor.
- Cleans instantly—just rinse, shake, and put away. No cut towels. Can't rust—sanitary.
- Extra Eversharp Schick Injector with 20 blades—75¢.

For just \$1.25 you can take home *tonight* the world's all-'round finest shaver . . . and *tomorrow morning* enjoy the sweetest shave you ever had in your life! Today stop by your favorite store and get your . . .

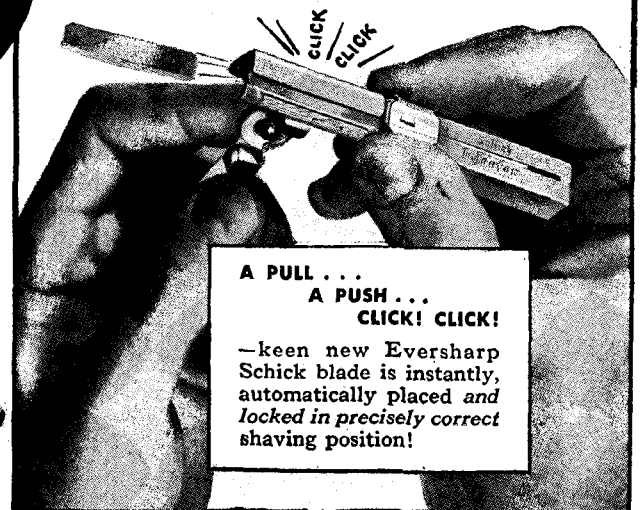
**EVERSHARP
SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR
WITH 20 BLADES**

RAZOR \$1.00
20 BLADES 75
TOTAL \$1.75

**SPECIAL
\$1.25**



**MAGIC
NEW-BLADE "REPEATER"**



A PULL . . .
A PUSH . . .
CLICK! CLICK!
—keen new Eversharp Schick blade is instantly, automatically placed and locked in precisely correct shaving position!

Copy, 1946, Magazino Repeating Razor Co.

CAPTURED FLAVOR

from NEW YORK STATE

Taylor's New York State Sauterne is a perfectly balanced wine with exquisite bouquet... true flavor and clean dryness—result of years of exacting quality standards in growing choice varieties of grapes and producing quality wines.

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
Vineyardists and Producers
Hammondsport, N.Y.



TAYLOR
Wines

FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

NEW! SULFA DRUG FORMULA USED FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT!

Itching Feet, Red, Raw, Cracked, Peeling Or Soggy Skin Between Toes Or On Feet

FOOTSTEPS THAT PERIL
THE WHOLE FAMILY

GUARD AGAINST THIS
INVISIBLE ENEMY



Noted Doctor's New Powder Preparation
Wonderfully Effective In Combating It.

Danger lurks on every surface not hygienically clean. Don't let your feet and your family's feet be infected by the spores of this invisible enemy!

Use Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex to help prevent Athlete's Foot and fight it if you have it. This remarkable new powder preparation of America's noted authority on diseases and deformities of the feet, contains the miracle drug, Sulfathiazole, so helpful in preventing as well as fighting secondary infections, frequently occurring in Athlete's Foot.

Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex quickly relieves intense itching; kills the fungi it contacts. Helps heal red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between toes and on feet. 50¢ at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and by prescription in states requiring it. Use exactly as directed.

Dr. Scholl's
SULFA SOLVEX



about in an inch of water. After that he proceeded more cautiously and in a couple of days he rejoined the south fork at the creek's mouth. But his tryst pool held no memories and he sulked in its depths.

Other fish were there, including his recent mate, but none of them interested him now. His part in the season's spawning was done, and his vitality was low. After a day, he left and started downstream. Occasionally he would swim against the current in order to breathe more freely, but always he drifted farther down. Food, in his hurt condition, was unattractive to him. A fortnight passed, and he was in Benbow Lake again. And there he stayed.

Spring came slowly to the redwood country and lingered into summer. In Benbow Lake's quiet shelter, Buck had recovered. Now, with warming water bringing abundant food and with his strength returning, came a restlessness—this despite the fact that some of his kind elect to remain there the year round and become what are known as "landlocked steelhead."

One evening when a late season rain had swelled the lake, he dropped over the shallow dam as easily as he might have gone down a natural waterfall. Once in the stream again, his progress was slow. Food was plentiful. Larvae, hellgrammites, and young crawfish swarmed the water. Occasionally he would spurt upstream, but always he fell back, farther down each time.

And so he entered the main Eel River at its junction with the south fork, and some days later brought up in the big hole at Scotia Bluffs. This is one of the

river's deepest places, and its coolness pleased him. Several large sturgeon in the pool did not please him, however, for they looked like sharks. An unseasonal urge came over him the second night, and he started upstream again. Morning found him in the pool at Timber Bend, several miles above Scotia Bluffs. There seemed to be more privacy here, and he decided to stop.

What Buck did not know was that this pool is a fisherman's idyl all season long. On the other hand, a certain honeymooning couple—Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Connor—did know! They had stopped at Scotia for the spring trout fishing. The world and its woes far from their minds, Colleen and Eddie were fishing the riffles upstream. Colleen was first to arrive at the head of the big pool where Eel River deepens into a slow-turning eddy. She put a lone salmon egg on a small hook, cast out and let it sink.

BUCK was loafing in deeper water where the eddy joins the pool, feeding upon whatever drifted by and took his fancy. So when a large, luscious salmon egg came along, he picked it up with no more ado than a tame goldfish browsing upon the bottom of its tank.

Colleen felt the gentle pull, and thinking it must be a sucker or a bullhead, jerked her rod in annoyance—and hell broke loose!

The combined shriek of his bride and her reel brought Eddie on the run. A vivid apparition exploded out of the water, shaking its head and lashing a broad tail.

"Great saints!" gasped Eddie. "Honey, listen—"

"Take my rod quick!" Colleen cried. "He's getting away!"

"No!" Eddie protested.

"Here!" She thrust it into his hands. "Oh!"—as the big rainbow leaped again—"hold onto him, darling!"

Eddie strove with every skill at his command to turn the giant. "Not a chance!" he lamented. "We haven't ten yards left, and this wallop is just taking off!"

In a matter of seconds it was over. With less than a yard of line on his reel, Eddie braked to a crawl. The heavy trout lunged on, and freed silk snapped back and lay in kinks upon the surface.

Bride and groom looked at each other. Eddie laughed. "Snafu!" he acknowledged. "Wasn't expecting one of those big bombers this time of the year. Doesn't he know that's against the rules?"

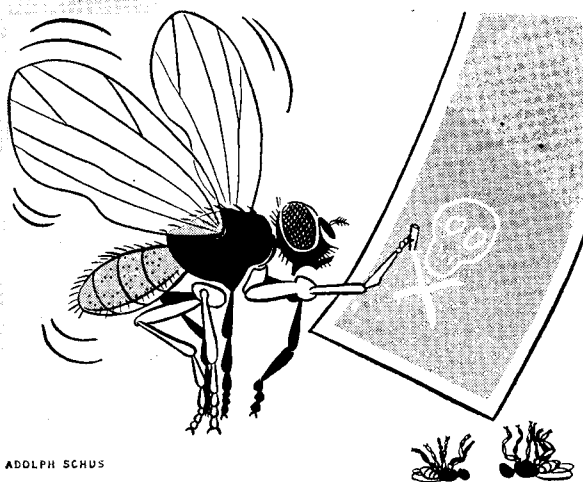
"Darling, there aren't any rules!" Colleen joined in his laugh and waved at the pool, saluting the big one that got away.

Three days later Buck reached the edge of tidewater. That last experience had been enough. He wanted the sea as never before. But now he hesitated under a driftwood jam. Although food was there, it was not what he sought and he ignored it. Brackish water surged by with an incoming tide. He edged out into it and the current felt more salty. Still he wavered in uncertainty. . . .

Then a shrimp darted in front of him, the first since last fall. He snapped it up and the spell was broken. Here was what he wanted!

That night he left Eel River and went away to sea.

THE END



ADOLPH SCHUS

Hang Up Your DDT

The days of good old-style flypaper are numbered, for DDT will soon be obtainable in the form of impregnated paper tape, to be hung up in the kitchen for the summer, then thrown away at the end of the season. Flypaper will catch most of the flies that light on it, but after it has trapped a few, the rest seem to be warned away. The DDT tape is not a trap but a lure. Flocking to it, the flies walk over it, picking up the poison on their feet. Soon they are dead.

DDT in the new form comes in a "book" of strips about 18 inches long, gummed at one end. You simply hang them up here and there and forget your fly problem. The DDT preparation on it has no odor and is neat and unobtrusive. It is better than liquid DDT sprays because there is nothing to get into food or come in contact with one's hands. A strip of tape will remain a powerful killer all summer.

Claghorn's Compass Points West

A compass that points east and west instead of north is made of a strange new alloy that can only be magnetized sidewise, not along its length. It is of not

much use as a navigation aid, but the material of which it is made, known as "silmanal," will be highly valuable in electric power systems and in many laboratory instruments. Its combination of silver, manganese and aluminum, for which it is

nicknamed, makes it the most permanent permanent magnet ever discovered. Silmanal has two companion alloys, "cunico" and "cunife"; all three are endowed with remarkable magnetic properties. But most important is their extreme softness. Unlike good magnet steel they can be readily machined, rolled or drawn into rods and wire. The magnetized parts of meters, instruments and machines can be made much smaller than before and will retain their force much longer. The alloy screws will permit hair-fine magnetic adjustments in delicate instruments. Toy designers can invent startling new tricks with the stuff.

Now-You-See-It, Now-You-Don't

The familiar before-and-after pictures, so common in advertising, move at a snail's pace compared to a new trick of photographic displays that are not only startlingly lifelike but can change their shape or their clothes "while you wait." Using the war-invented "Vectograph" prints, viewed through a pair of plastic spectacles, ingenious advertisers can now show pictures or screen projections of their wares in three dimensions, with all the reality of a scale model. Two stereoscopic photos are printed on top

of each other on special polarizing film. Looked at through the polarizing spectacles, they acquire depth or thickness.

The invention will be a boon to salesmen. Freed of their heavy burden of "stills" or samples, they can carry a complete demonstration outfit in a small brief case full of Vectographs. There is no product that can't be illustrated with amazing reality. Hundreds of words of explanation will be saved by prints that show the insides of machines as clearly as if the machine itself were present. Everything from houses to the works of a watch can be made to live in the customer's view.

Most fetching application will be in the dress and cosmetics trade, where the "Selectograph," also part of the polarizing kit, will give before-and-after views of a model in the tenth of a second it takes to move the spectacles from one position to another. Selectograph's neatest trick so far is a split-second strip tease for dress buyers, showing a model wearing a beautifully fitting gown, then spiriting the gown away to display the foundation garments underneath.

Hold Those Nylons!

Something new in ladies' garters has been offered by a Tennessee inventor named Steere, who goes back to the simple rubber band for obtaining a support that won't slip. The garter, about two inches wide, is worn next the skin, where it holds gently but firmly. On the outside, it is provided with fastening grips which clasp the stocking top. Shaped to the taper of the leg, it won't sag or allow the stocking to twist. ★★★

Collier's for July 13, 1946



SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS

Lovable ... Laughable

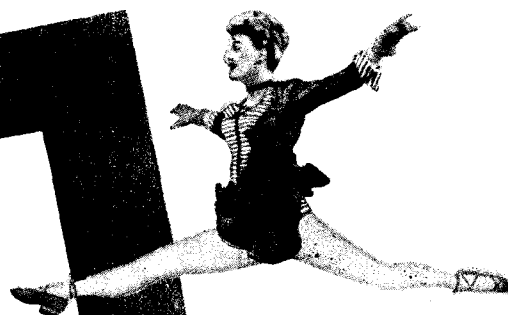
DANNY KAYE

In the story of the befuddled milkman who
fumbles his way to fame and fortune ...
Bubbling with the bewitching beauty of
the Goldwyn Girls ... Brimful of songs,
laughter, dancing, and brilliant Technicolor.

*The Kid
from Brooklyn*
IN TECHNICOLOR

with
VIRGINIA MAYO · VERA-ELLEN · THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Walter Abel · Eve Arden · Steve Cochran · Fay Bainter · Lionel Stander

Adapted by Don Hartman and Melville Shavelson
From a Screenplay by Grover Jones, Frank Butler and Richard Connell
Based on a play by Lynn Root and Harry Clork
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Released thru RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.



You'll fall head over heels for those fetching and famous femmes, the fascinating Goldwyn Girls.

You'll cheer the glorious, unforgettable dancing of talented Vera-Ellen, Mr. Goldwyn's personal discovery.

SKOL TAN

K keeps her

O n the

L ovely side



Sun worshippers! Cast the spell of your SKOL Tan on all who see you this summer... use SKOL! Become gloriously SKOL Tanned, *quickly!* With SKOL you acquire your golden-bronze SKOL Tan not in tedious weeks of building up a tan—but in few days.

SKOL, unlike many other preparations, is *not oily...not sticky*. It disappears when rubbed on skin. Get a bottle of SKOL today.

SKOL COMPANY, INC., New York, N. Y.

SKOL

SUN
TAN
LOTION



SKOL acts as a protecting filter. Screens out the sun's burning rays... lets the beneficial rays come through to give you a glorious SKOL Tan. Apply frequently as directed.

How to Baffle a Bug

Continued from page 38

kind. Then he and his assistants stopped swatting mosquitoes and began to coddle them. They nurtured them from the egg right up to full maturity—the biting age. They saw that their pets lacked nothing that would help make a mosquito happy, healthy and hungry. They hoped to find out just how the average mosquito feels about each one of thousands of chemicals, and that meant literally millions of mosquitoes.

They raised them in wire cages. They fed adult mosquitoes on honey and water—with an occasional Sunday breakfast of live rabbit blood—and furnished moist places for them to lay their eggs. The wigglers that hatched out got a ration of yeast and ground dog food.

Man-Killing Breeds of Mosquito

Two species were selected. They were the *Aedes aegypti*, carrier of yellow fever, and *Anopheles quadrimaculatus*, which spreads malaria. For one thing, these two breeds were the most serious problem from the health standpoint. For another, they disagreed violently as to their likes and dislikes. What repelled one generally had little effect on the other. But between them, their tastes seemed fairly representative of all mosquitoes.

Nowhere in the country did war production soar so fast as in Barney Travis' lab. Within a few weeks, it rose from nothing to 30,000 newborn mosquitoes a day, swarming two or three thousand to a cage. It took from 15 to 20 men just to tend them.

The procedure for testing was quite simple. Each wire cage was fitted with a sleeve and a drawstring. Barney Travis or one of his assistants smeared the test chemical evenly over a bare arm and hand, and stuck the arm inside the cage for exactly three minutes. If so much as

one mosquito out of the thousands "struck" in that time, the chemical was considered not good enough to test further. If not a single mosquito bit, the arm was withdrawn and stuck in again after 30 minutes. That was to see how the repellency was holding up. If it kept mosquitoes off entirely for three hours or more it was considered good enough to take into the swamplands for further testing, out where the mosquitoes were wild and free.

Nine out of ten of the chemicals tested had no repellency whatever. But even when they were good, Barney Travis furnished many a mosquito meal. He had to be sure his pets were in a biting frame of mind. So from time to time he stuck his untreated arm into the cage. If he failed to collect from 25 to 50 bites in the first 30 seconds, the mosquitoes were judged to be off their feed, and tests didn't count.

Some of the best repellents, Travis discovered, would keep the mosquitoes off entirely for as much as five hours. After that, potency would begin to taper off. But that didn't mean a man in bad mosquito country had to rub the stuff on every five hours. For the next few hours he might get a few bites, but not many. For practical purposes one treatment might last him a day or a night.

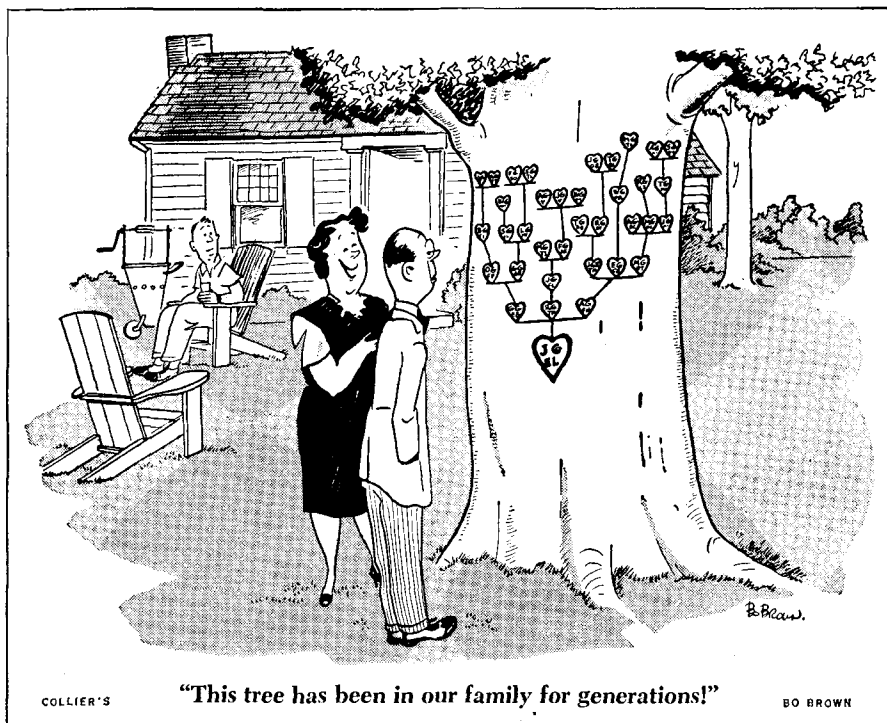
But not always. Outdoors, perspiration might wash some of the stuff off. A man might rub it off in moving about. So the repellent, to be good, had to be capable of sticking. And there were many more problems to be worked out. Almost any mosquito will bite through clothing. Ways of treating clothing, face nets and sleeping nets had to be found. Each repellent had to be tested against a wide variety of insects under a variety of conditions.

If you count the number of wounds, the scientists in the Orlando lab took the



Dr. Bernard V. Travis, of the Bureau of Entomology, tested 17,000 combinations of bug-chasing chemicals before developing the 6-2-2 formula

Collier's for July 13, 1946



COLLIER'S

"This tree has been in our family for generations!"

BO BROWN

worst beating of any outfit in the war. They all took their turns sticking an arm into the mosquito cages. Some took the ordeal without flinching. Others howled with pain when hundreds of mosquitoes dive-bombed in unison. One man belted arias from grand opera at the top of his voice each time he stuck his arm in the cage.

But they all did it. They found there were as many exceptions in the mosquito business as there were rules. Some men were far more attractive to mosquitoes than others. Temperature and humidity seemed to affect the enthusiasm with which mosquitoes attacked. So, apparently, did a man's own body temperature, the amount of moisture on his skin, and perhaps even his metabolism rate.

Because of these curious differences between the way mosquitoes feel about Smith, say, and the way they feel about Jones, as many as 25 or 30 men at a time would go out into the swamps to try out a new repellent. The real heroes on the job were the "controls"—the boys who went along with no protection but a stop watch to find out how fast the mosquitoes were biting!

Dr. Travis shipped out samples to be tested by the Army and the Navy in many insect-ridden places here and abroad. He then entered naval service and was sent to the Pacific to test various repellents against the mosquitoes plaguing our armed forces. He found some curious contradictions. Dimethyl phthalate, which Travis had discovered worked like a charm on the *Anopheles* mosquito here in North America, had no effect on the closely related malaria-carrier of the Solomons. But the Solomon Islands *Anopheles* reacted to the repellent known as Rutgers 612, which worked only against the yellow-fever mosquito in this country!

Out of Travis' early experiments came the first real all-around insect repellent ever produced, the standard Army formula known as 6-2-2. The name stems from the fact that it is a mixture of six parts dimethyl phthalate to two parts Rutgers 612 and two parts indalone. Each of the three had proved highly effective against its own particular species of insects. The combination was effective against almost any biting insect a man would be likely to run into. In fact—due to one of those happy accidents scientists hope for—it was far more potent than anyone expected it to be.

This was due to a rare freak in chemistry called synergism. There isn't much point in trying to understand how it works, since chemists themselves do not know. But it's like adding two plus two and discovering to your amazement that

the sum is five, or even ten. You put different things into a mixture and find that the blend is more potent than the sum of all its parts. Some chemicals act that way on one another.

That was the case with 6-2-2. Just one fifth of that mixture is indalone. And indalone is the only thing in the mixture, which, by itself, has any effect on flies. So you would expect the mixture to be only one-fifth as effective against flies as the same amount of straight indalone. But no. Barney Travis found that one ounce of indalone in the mixture did as much antily work as five ounces did before. And the same unexpected result was true of the other two chemicals in the mixture.

A Tough Summer for Biting Bugs

The boys at Orlando found that you could stir up a batch of 6-2-2, spray uniforms with it, and forget about biting insects until the next wash day. A man could rub some of it on his face and hands, and in most places be free of flies and mosquitoes for a day or a night. It has worked against individual species of mosquitoes for as long as 20 hours at a stretch. And the Army formula will set the standard for civilians in the next few months. By midsummer 11,000,000 bottles of the Army's surplus antibug ammunition will have trickled down to drugstore counters. It will help civilians hold insect enemies down to the lowest biting score in history.

But Barney Travis and his helpers did not stop after they developed 6-2-2. They went right on discovering and testing new repellents. By April this year they had tested 8,000 different chemicals against mosquitoes, and about 9,000 against mites. It will probably be a matter of months before some of these new chemicals find their way into lotions, salves and sprays that will chase just about any kind of bug to be found anywhere.

There's just one thing you have to watch out for in using these new bug chasers. Most of them are solvents. So you can expect quite a mess if they should get onto nail polish, paint, or varnish.

Also, make sure your clothing is real cotton, wool or silk before you spray it with repellent. These chemicals attack synthetic materials.

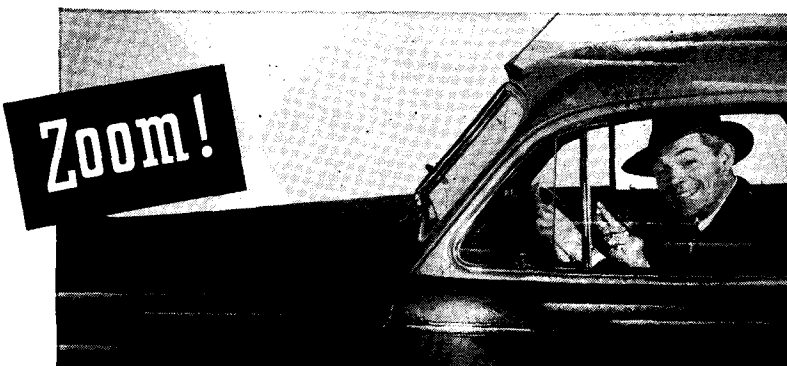
But they are absolutely harmless to the skin. If you shouldn't happen to like the warm, tingling sensation they give for a few minutes after you put them on, think how much worse the mosquitoes feel about them.

THE END

Collier's for July 13, 1946

NOTICE

THE DIFFERENCE A "Z" CAN MAKE!



On a warm summer's day when you hit the open road with the urge to zoom a little faster, it's great to know your engine is protected for increased speeds by the *right* motor oil—Pennzoil. This particular Pennsylvania oil gives you safer summer driving by standing the gaff of higher engine temperatures. Pennzoil's tough film gives you smoothness plus safety against both wear and dangerous sludge or varnish deposits. Be certain you get the one and only Pennzoil . . .

Sound your "Z"

PENNZOIL

Better dealers from coast
to coast display this sign

*Registered
Trade Mark

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

PENNZOIL* GIVES ALL ENGINES AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



HOW HEARING-AID USERS CAN SAVE MONEY

Whatever type of hearing aid you decide on, it will cost less to operate with "Eveready" batteries

MODERN electronic hearing aids come in many different types and sizes.

Some hearing aids are single-unit instruments scarcely larger than a cigarette case! These ultra-compact designs were made possible by "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries, for no other "B" battery gives you so much energy in such *small* space.

These small batteries may also be used with many existing instruments in battery clips.

You'll find it advantageous to use "Eveready" batteries in any type of hearing aid. For the same unique construction that packs high energy into amazingly *small* space makes it possible to pack still *more* energy into *larger* batteries! That's why—size for size—any "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery costs *less* to use than any other battery you can buy.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC



A: Ultra-small hearing aids (new sets with amplifier and batteries in one unit) are designed around this pair of "Eveready" batteries. The #412-E "B" battery at left, smaller than a box of safety matches, delivers 22½ volts. (Similar "Eveready" 15- and 30-volt types are also available.) "Eveready" "A" battery (#1016-E) matches the "B" battery in size.

B: For other modern hearing aids of the single-unit type (with a battery container fitting into a case that also holds the amplifier), "Eveready" #420-E "B" battery and "Eveready" #1035 "A" battery offer excellent life and economy. (15- and 30-volt "B" batteries also available.)



C: These new small "Eveready" batteries can be used with all existing vacuum-tube instruments employing separate plug-in batteries. Ask about them. The 30-volt "B" battery (shown at left) is #430-P and the companion "A" battery (right) is #1040-P. The same high "B" capacity is available in 22½ volts.

D: Hearing-aid users requiring a heavy-duty 45-volt "B" battery obtain exceptionally long life from the "Eveready" #455-P battery (left). The "Eveready" #1052-P (right) is the companion "A" battery. (A 33-volt "Eveready" "B" battery is also available.)

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARKS
MINI-MAX

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

Slug It Slay!

Continued from page 24

"I found out yesterday," Arthur said. "I want to talk to you," she said. "I think perhaps I made a mistake, but so did you. We've been operating at cross-purposes, and I think we ought to get together. Are you willing?"

"Sure," Arthur said.

"Then will you come for dinner tonight? Seven o'clock."

"Be pleased to."

He took a taxicab uptown and went first to the city room. Bob Farley, the night city editor, looked up at him with a scowl. "We're in a mess tonight, Arty. Carl Rome called in sick, and I guess I'll have to put Roger Jay or Harry White-side on the desk."

"Why tell me?" Arthur said. "I'm not working here."

He had noticed Mark Titus, the church editor, sitting at his desk in a corner of the city room. He had been intending for some time to talk to Mark. The old man had known Forrest C. Willshire pretty well; he had been remembered in the publisher's will with a fifty-thousand-dollar bequest. Arthur walked over to the church desk.

"My boy, I was certainly sorry to hear—" Mark Titus began.

"Forget it, Mark," Arthur said.

"I mean it, Arthur. Can't it be fixed up somehow? I think if the Old Man were alive . . ."

"You knew Mr. Willshire pretty well, didn't you?" Arthur said.

"Yes, indeed, Arthur. We were old friends."

"How long have you worked here, Mark?"

"Since Forrest acquired the Courier, Arthur. It will be twenty-one years next spring. Before that, I worked on his paper in Oklahoma."

"The one he started?"

"That's right. It was a good paper, Arthur, the old Euclid Clarion & Bee."

Arthur lit a cigarette. "Then maybe you can help me out," he said. "Mark, the night of the murder, when I got out the prepared obit and read it, I was struck by the tone of it. Forrest C. Willshire, writing about it fifty years later, told how he had gone to Oklahoma to found that newspaper. He was interested in people. He wanted to remain objective. He wanted to be a creative journalist. He was young, of course, and sounded it. But he remembered all that fifty years later, so it must have meant something to him. Mark, what changed him along the way?"

Mark Titus gave Arthur a steady look. "He struck oil, you know."

"I know," Arthur said. "Was that the whole reason for it? I don't think so."

"Money is a powerful force," Mark Titus said.

ARTHUR thought that he had an easy air, and asked, "Mark, what else do you know?"

Mark looked at his typewriter. His long fingers caressed the keys. "Nothing at all, my boy."

"It's not a question of loyalty to Forrest C. Willshire's memory, if that's what's in your mind," Arthur said.

"There's nothing in my mind, Arthur."

"Mark," Arthur said, "I've felt all along that the obituary held the key to this business. The first hunch paid off, when I thought the suicide note was faked. I'm going to follow that hunch through, with your help or without it. If necessary I'll go to Euclid, Oklahoma."

"It's a nice little town," Mark Titus said. "I always liked Euclid."

"Okay," Arthur said, and went back to the city desk. He said to Bob Farley, "I'm going up to the penthouse. When Sue Wharton comes in, ask her to call me there. And I may get another call. Transfer it to the penthouse, will you?"

Arthur walked through to the main elevators. When he reached the top floor, all the doors were closed and dark. A light burned above the door that led

to the roof. Arthur opened the door and climbed the stairs.

Up these stairs the murderer had come and had emerged, as Arthur had, upon a moonlit roof. A flagged walk led through a turfed area to a small house on the roof. Arthur rang the bell.

The butler was a short man with a gray face and tired gray eyes. He opened a door and ushered Arthur into the living room of the penthouse. Two women were drinking cocktails, facing each other from love seats placed at each side of the fireplace. One was Emily Willshire. She rose to her feet, and her smile was like that of a guilty schoolgirl. She said, "Hello, Mr. Leslie."

Arthur moved forward, and the girl said, "Mother, this is Mr. Leslie, our city editor."

"Former city editor," Arthur amended. "Oh, yes," Mrs. Willshire said. "How do you do?" She was a thin woman with upswept black hair. The quality of her was brittle and overgroomed: complexion too smooth, nails too polished, gestures too carefully abrupt.

"I've heard of you, Mr. Leslie," she

"Florida?" Mrs. Willshire said rather vaguely. "Why, yes."

"I understand you came up by plane last Tuesday," Arthur said. "Held up by bad weather or something, weren't you?"

"Good heavens," said Mrs. Willshire, giving Emily a wry look. "He wants to talk about the weather!"

"Were you both on the plane?" Arthur asked.

Mrs. Willshire gave him a level, almost hostile glance, and just then the doorbell rang very loudly. Mrs. Willshire finished her Martini quickly and got to her feet. An instant later the butler opened the door. Arthur saw a big man standing in the vestibule.

"Coming, Percy," Mrs. Willshire said, and added casually, "I believe you know Mr. Chambron, Mr. Leslie."

"Hello, Leslie," Percy Chambron said, and his glance flicked in an odd way from Arthur to Emily.

"Now you kids be good," Mrs. Willshire said. "Good night."

When they were gone, Arthur nodded his head decisively and said, "I see why Percy knew who you were."



said. "You're rather a brute, aren't you?" She did not smile.

"Am I?"

"Sit down," she said. "You know, I rather like ungracious men. Emily tells me—"

"Mother," Emily Willshire broke in, "don't you have a dinner date?" She put a cocktail hastily into Arthur's hands.

"Don't try to shut me up," said Mrs. Willshire. "I'm only praising Mr. Leslie. I like stubborn men, you see. Your grandfather was like that, Emily. Of course, he was nasty and unsympathetic, but he was powerful. Elemental. He was a brute, too, Mr. Leslie."

"Mother, Mr. Leslie came up here to make friends," Emily said.

"Aren't we making friends?" Mrs. Willshire smiled. "Dear, I'd like another cocktail."

Emily poured another Martini for her mother, and Arthur cautiously lighted a cigarette. His black eye made him self-conscious. He was on the love seat opposite Mrs. Willshire, and Emily came and sat beside him.

"Really," Mrs. Willshire went on, "I'm just waiting to see what happens, Mr. Leslie. If you two are going at each other's throats, I want to see it."

Arthur had felt that her manner was forced. Her smile was never quite reflected in her eyes, and her gestures seemed too abrupt, almost nervous. He asked, "Were you in Florida all winter?"

"Oh, of course," Emily said, and smiled. "I've known Percy for years. He and Mother are old flames."

She sat down again beside Arthur. "Now, Mr. Leslie, I want to get this straight. Sue told me you thought I had come on the paper as Marilyn Carter in order to go behind everyone's back—as a spy, sort of. I can understand why you were sore, but why didn't you simply come and ask me?"

"Why didn't you come and tell me?" "Because I had a reason. But now I'll say I'm sorry, and I apologize."

Arthur nodded. "I owe you an apology, all right," he said. "I mean, whether you had a reason or not. What was the reason?"

She leaned toward him. "I never believed for a minute that my grandfather had taken his own life. He simply never would have done such a thing, and I told Lieutenant Madigan that. But Mr. Madigan wasn't impressed, and I had an idea that if I joined the staff of the paper I might find out something. Well, I did."

"You did?"

"This man Beckett," she said.

"Joe Beckett didn't do it."

She moved her shoulders slightly. "Well, we'll see."

"I know he didn't," Arthur said. "The same way you know your grandfather didn't shoot himself. It's just out of character. And there isn't any motive at all."

A guy doesn't reach for a gun just because he got fired."

"He was drunk, though," Emily said.

"Which is precisely what rules him out," Arthur said. "He was too drunk to have planned it; and, believe me, it was carefully planned. Whoever cut the note out of the obit did it some time in the past, long before Joe was fired."

Emily Willshire was puzzled. "What's this about the note?"

Arthur told her how he had played his hunch, how he had convinced Madigan that the suicide note had been clipped from the obituary Forrest C. Willshire had written for himself.

"But Lieutenant Madigan thinks Beckett did it," she said, frowning.

"I don't know what Madigan thinks. He's a cop, and he was in an itch to make an arrest, but somehow I don't think he's closed this case."

THE butler announced dinner. Arthur followed Emily to the dining room. The penthouse was small, and the dining room was an alcove off the living room. Glancing around, Arthur saw four doors opening into the living room, one from the vestibule, one probably from the study, and the other two from bedrooms.

Arthur thought he understood Emily Willshire better than he had understood Marilyn Carter. She was direct, and he had mistaken the quality for opportunism in Marilyn. Now her confident smile did not irritate him as it had in the city room. It was a nice smile, even friendly.

Over their coffee in front of the fireplace, she said, "Now, Mr. Leslie, I understand that I put you in a false position, and I'm sorry. Of course you're coming back as city editor, aren't you?"

"You know, Miss Willshire, I didn't particularly want that job in the first place. I like the work, of course, but I don't like the headaches."

"You won't have me to bother you," she said. "My reporting days are over. And I promise you I won't interfere in any way with the coverage of the news."

"That's perfect," Arthur said.

The butler came into the room and said, "You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Leslie."

The telephone stood on the desk in the study, where Forrest C. Willshire had been found dead—the desk that had showed Joe Beckett's fingerprints, and Jack Morton's, too. Arthur picked up the receiver and said, "Hello."

"Hello. Mr. Leslie? You the city editor of the Courier?"

Arthur hesitated, then said, "Yes."

"You the guy I saw last night?"

"Well, who are you?"

"Sam Clymer."

"Oh. Yes, I saw you last night."

"I want to talk to you," Sam Clymer said. "When can I see you?"

"What do you want?"

"I want you to quit running off at the mouth, Mr. Leslie. I want to clear that little matter up, and I want to do it in a nice, quiet way. I think if we have a little talk we can come to an agreement and maybe I can give you an angle."

"All right," Arthur said.

"Where can you meet me?"

Arthur thought a moment. He had to talk to Sue Wharton when she returned from her assignment. He said, "Can I call you back?"

"No. I'll have to call you."

"All right. In about an hour."

A chance remark, a drunken inspiration, had led to this. Without a doubt, Sam Clymer was the man who had signed the registry book downstairs as Joseph Bailey and had gone up to the penthouse to see Forrest C. Willshire. Arthur walked thoughtfully back to the living room.

"All right," he said. "I'll take the job back."

"Oh, that's fine," Emily said.

"And look here," Arthur said. "Joe



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Beckett is innocent, and I intend to prove it. That call I had—I think it's going to give me a line on the murder."

"I hope so. Who was it?"

"It was a man who was up here Monday night. That's all I can say now. Do you mind if I look around? I'd like to study the layout of the place."

"Certainly. You've seen the study and the living room." She opened a door. "Here's Mother's bedroom."

The windows of the bedroom opened out on the terrace that enclosed the penthouse. There was one closet, and Arthur glanced inside. On a dressing table was a framed photograph of Percy Chambron. They went to the adjoining bedroom. Arthur opened the closet door, grinned, and asked, "Is this where you keep those hats?"

He turned quickly and asked, before her smile had passed, "Why did you put it in the icebox?"

"What?" She turned her head a little to one side.

"Why did you put it in the icebox?"

"Is it a riddle or something?"

Arthur shook his head and went back to the living room. She followed him. "What is this nonsense, Mr. Leslie?"

"It's nothing," Arthur said.

He went into the vestibule and opened the closet door. Emily remained in the living room. He stepped into the closet, found his coat, and slipped his hand into the right-hand pocket. He took out the ash tray, wiped it quickly but thoroughly with his handkerchief, and hid it on the closet shelf. In an emergency, Joe Beckett's lawyer could find it there.

He shut the closet door. He returned to the living room. "I'm sorry. I have to run along."

She looked him up and down, her face expressionless. "Mr. Leslie," she said slowly, "are we returning to our former position of mutual distrust? You must have a reason for asking riddles."

"Miss Willshire, I think Joe Beckett is innocent," Arthur said. "You don't. When I've proved my case there won't be any more riddles."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly and put out her hand. "Well, good night." She closed the door behind him.

THE deadline of the first edition had already passed, since it was Saturday night and the big Sunday paper went in early. Sue Wharton was at her desk, writing a story. Arthur walked on to the city desk. Bob Farley got up eagerly from his chair, and Arthur grinned and said, "Bob, I'll be back at my desk Monday. I'm still city editor."

"No kidding?" Bob Farley said. "How in hell did you work that?"

"What's Sue Wharton working on, Bob? Anything important?"

"No."

"Then let her go as soon as she's clear. I want to buy her a drink."

Harry Whiteside and Roger Jay were playing chess on rewrite. Harry called out, "Anything new, Arty?"

Arthur looked toward rewrite, and walked quickly to Harry's desk. "Harry, I'm still city editor."

"Swell," Harry said.

"Sorry I'm in there ahead of you again, Harry."

"Oh, forget it. I never had much chance, Arthur. And if I were picking a city editor, believe me, I'd pick you."

Mark Titus came up to shake Arthur's hand, and Jack Morton appeared, walking quickly from his office. "What's the excitement, Arty?"

"I had a talk with Miss Willshire," Arthur said. "I'm back on the job, Jack."

Sue Wharton had heard and was there beside Arthur. She took his hand. "I'm glad, Arthur."

"Thanks, Sue," he said. "Maybe I can go to bat for you sometime. May I buy you a drink?"

"Sure. Can you wait about five minutes?"

Arthur told Bob Farley, "I'm expecting a call. Sam Clymer, the bookie. When he calls in, tell him to meet me at Vincent's Bar in the Village about half past ten. I'll wait for him there."

Sue went back to her desk. Jack Morton was looking at Arthur with curious, half-closed eyes. "What's between you and Sam Clymer, Arty?"

Arthur grinned. "I might ask you the same question."

"Me?"

"Sam asked me to give you his love."

"That I can do without," Jack shrugged his shoulders. "What is this Clymer business, Arty? Is it an angle on the Willshire case?"

"It could be," Arthur said.

THE rewrite man, Harry Whiteside, had moved up beside Jack Morton, soft-footed, smiling. "Good Lord," he said, "Don't tell me the Old Man was playing the horses!"

"Clymer went up to see the Old Man Monday night," Arthur said. "Maybe he saw something. I don't know. He said he has something to tell me."

"Well, I hope he saw something," Harry Whiteside said. "I hope it will help Joe Beckett out. I went down to see him this afternoon, Arty. He's feeling pretty low."

"I ought to go and see Joe," Arthur said.

"He's plenty worried," the rewrite man said. "Arty, I've been thinking it over. Anybody could have gone up to the roof that night. You know, they could go up to the cafeteria and slip up to the roof from there. Easy."

Arthur nodded, and Harry said eagerly, "I did a little checking up on who was in the cafeteria Monday night."

"Yes?" Arthur said. "Who was there?"

Harry's grin was rueful. "Just about everybody you can think of. Joe Beckett, Percy Chambron, Sue Wharton—"

"Sue Wharton?" Jack Morton asked, looking steadily at Harry.

"What about me?" Sue's clear voice asked. She came up to them, smiling, adjusting her hat.

Harry Whiteside was embarrassed. Arthur said quickly, "Sue Wharton is the hardest-working little reporter we've got. I'm going to buy her a drink."

The bar was crowded. They found a table near the fireplace, and sat down facing each other. Sue said, "Gee, Arthur, I'm glad you're back. I knew Emily would do it. She's not so bad, really."

"She seems to be all right," Arthur said. "Sue, thanks for taking me in last night."

She smiled. "You were pretty bad. You still look awful, with that eye."

"I feel awful."

"You *should* feel pretty set-up, Arthur, starting again with the decks clear. You're better off than you were before, really, because she respects you, Arthur. She thinks you're a real guy."

"When I got up this morning, I had a terrible hang-over," Arthur said. "But I was hungry, too. Funny, I had a yen for eggs, but I couldn't find any."

"Couldn't find any?"

"In your icebox," he added.

The waiter brought two Scotches, and Sue's hand closed immediately around her glass. Arthur saw the tight pressure of her stubby, revealing fingers.

"What I did find," Arthur went on, "was an ash tray. Do you climb in the icebox for a smoke on hot nights?"

Sue tried to smile. The result was so dismal that Arthur put his hand out and covered hers. "Let's have it," he said.

Her voice was low. "Have what?"

"What was it doing in your icebox?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean Joe Beckett's ash tray. I found it in your icebox, Sue."

"Oh, that's impossible."

"I see," Arthur said. "Then it must

Collier's for July 13, 1946

have been Emily Willshire who put it there."

"Oh, no, Arthur!"

"Then you did, Sue."

"Yes."

"Why, Sue?"

"Arthur, can't you just forget it? It's not important."

"It's important to Joe Beckett. The disappearance of that ash tray makes it look very bad for Joe. It makes his story sound phony."

"I know," Sue said unhappily. "It wasn't meant that way."

"I'm sure of that, but how was it meant? Where did you get it?"

Her blue eyes met his, for only an instant. Her voice was a whisper. "In the penthouse, of course."

"Sue, I think you'd better tell me the whole story."

"Arthur, don't look at me like that." Her voice was an agonized whisper. "I didn't do it."

"If I thought you did, Madigan would be asking the questions," Arthur said. "What were you doing in the penthouse that night, Sue?"

"I went up there—" Sue began, and paused. Her voice lost all expression. "For personal reasons, Arthur. That's all I can tell you."

"Was the Old Man alive?"

She shook her head, and drank more Scotch. She leaned toward him, her voice a shaky whisper. "The door was wide open, Arthur. I rang the bell, and there was no answer. So I walked in. The study door was open and I saw Mr. Willshire there. I went in and I—well—I looked at him, and I noticed the ash tray on the desk. I—I picked it up and put it in my handbag."

"Why?"

"I—I was sure Joe hadn't done it."

"Why?"

"Well, Arthur, you know Joe. You know he didn't do it."

"Was it because you thought someone else had done it, Sue, and you wanted to protect Joe?"

"Well, goodness, I knew *someone* did it."

"How did you know it wasn't suicide?"

"Arthur, stop it!" Sue cried. Her palm slapped the table and her voice was near breaking, but still a whisper. "I'm not going to say another word."

Arthur called the waiter and ordered more Scotch. Sue brought out a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes.

"Sue, this is a murder case," he said quietly.

"I know it is."

THE waiter brought the drinks, and Arthur watched her over the rim of his glass. He said angrily, "Sue, you're a damned fool."

"Maybe I am."

"Do you realize they're holding Joe Beckett for murder?"

Her agonized eyes met his. "I'll testify for him, if it comes to that, Arthur. I'll testify I took the ash tray."

"You won't need to," he said. "The ash tray is back in the penthouse."

"In the penthouse? How—"

"I put it there."

She drank her Scotch, and Arthur said, "So you can forget all about the ash tray. But, Sue, you've got to tell me."

She shook her head. "I can't, Arthur."

"You'll have to tell Madigan, then."

"I won't tell anybody anything."

Arthur glanced at his watch: it was nearly ten o'clock. He tried once more. "Sue, what goes on between you and Jack Morton?"

Her face turned pink and her hand tightened. "Well, we're pals."

"Just pals?"

"Naturally," Sue said stiffly. "Arthur, I'm not going to answer any more questions. You have no—"

"All right," Arthur said. "But if you don't talk to me, you're going to talk to Madigan. Unless I hear from you

tomorrow I'm going to tell Madigan. I want to get Joe Beckett out of jail."

"Well, so do I," Sue said.

"Then you'd better think it over," Arthur said. He paid the check. "Come on, I'll ride you downtown."

"No, thanks."

He hesitated, holding his hat in his lap. She said, "Go ahead. I'm going to sit here and have one more."

Arthur walked away, leaving her alone at the table. He took a taxicab to Vincent's Bar and went in through the courtyard to the old speak-easy entrance. The door was locked, and he knocked. Through the glassed peephole he saw Vincent coming angrily toward him. Vincent looked at him through the glass, then opened the door.

"Arthur, you know we lock this door at ten o'clock. Why don't you come in the other door?"

"Sorry, Vincent."

"You're always sorry," Vincent said, and bolted the door.

ARTHUR went to the bar and ordered a drink. He had taken only a sip when a compact, round-faced man touched his shoulder. "Want to play a game of chess, Arty?" He was Dr. Ruiz, with whom Arthur had played chess on Monday night, the night of the murder.

They went to a table, and a waiter brought a chessboard. The game had progressed through an exchange of queens, and Arthur had doubled his rooks on the seventh rank when he became aware that someone was standing beside him. He looked up, and recognized Sam Clymer. The bookmaker gave him an almost imperceptible nod.

"Excuse me, Doctor," Arthur said.

"Oh, I resign," said Dr. Ruiz, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No, I won't be long," Arthur said. He took Sam Clymer's elbow. "Come up to the bar."

The bookmaker had not taken off his hat. It was a black hat. He scowled. "It ain't very private here."

"Let's have a drink," Arthur said.

Sam Clymer's voice was low. "Okay. Bourbon for me."

Ray, the barman, poured their drinks. Arthur said, "Well, you wanted to see me?"

"I think we ought to go where we can talk," the bookmaker said.

"We can talk here."

Sam Clymer studied Arthur's face with hard, bright eyes. "Okay, if you want it that way." He drank his bourbon straight. "What were you getting at last night?"

"You know what I was getting at," Arthur said. "You were up in the Old Man's penthouse that night. You're Joseph Bailey, the man in the black hat."

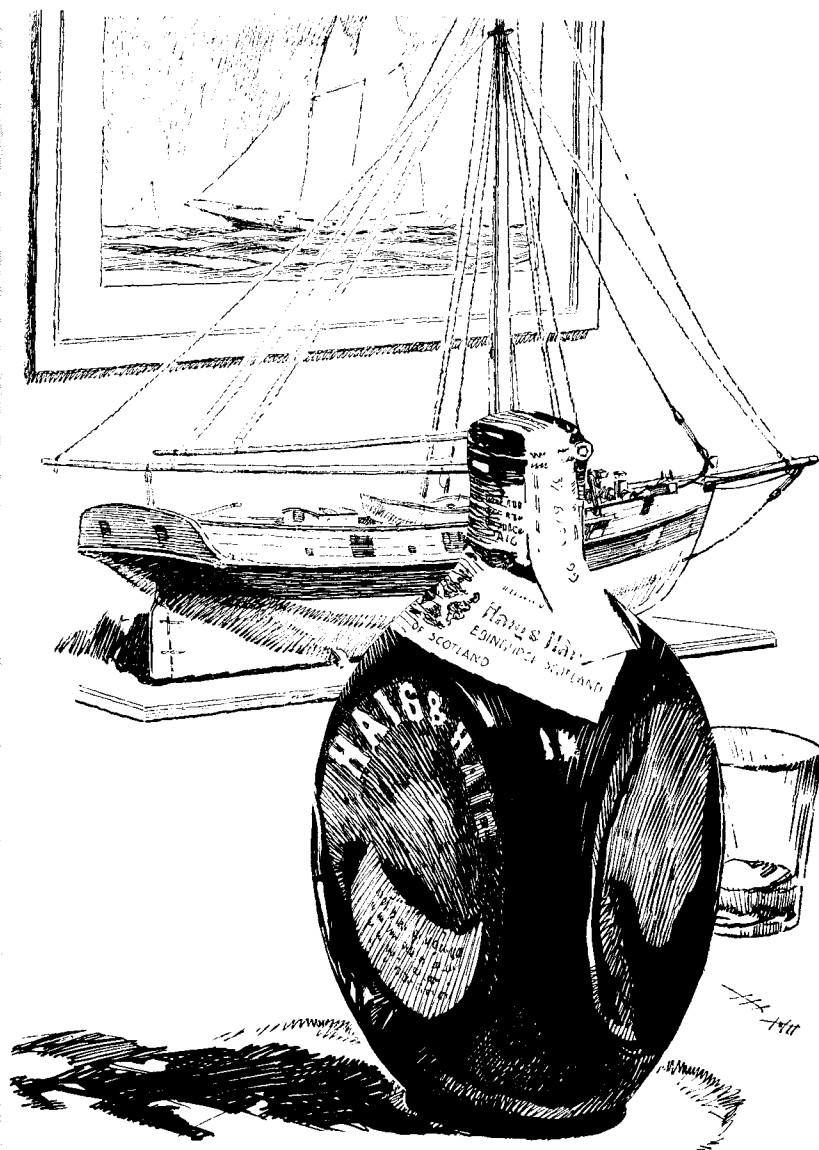
"Now look," Sam Clymer said. "I'm willing to tell you what I know, but I want to be kept out of it. I think you can keep me out of it if I give you a line. Okay? I'd keep my mouth shut, but I know this Joe Beckett. He covered my trial. I know he didn't—"

Glass shattered, and crashed on the floor. Arthur turned his head. The glass of the peephole in the old speak-easy door, not ten feet away, had been broken in. He saw dark metal shining at the peephole, a blurred face beyond. Then there was a bright flash, and tremendous noise filled the barroom. He ducked, dropped to the floor, and saw that Sam Clymer was there before him. Arthur had acted instinctively, and only as he crouched on the floor did he fully realize that a shot had been fired into the barroom through the peephole.

Vincent came loping around the side of the bar. The crowd at the bar simply disappeared. Vincent made a dash for the door, and Arthur reached out and caught his arm and jerked him back. "Get down, you fool!"

"Arthur, turn loose!" Vincent shouted. "What's the idea?"

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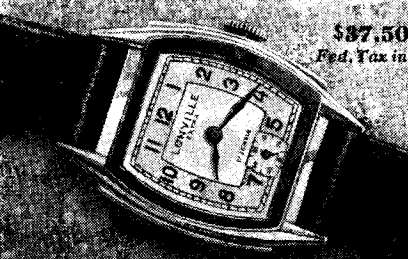
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"There's a man out there with a gun," Arthur said.

Vincent pulled loose and ran to the door. He shot the bolt and flung the door open. The courtyard was empty. "Nobody here," he shouted, and started on to the street. Arthur jumped to his feet and followed.

It was a short block to Seventh Avenue, hardly sixty yards. There had been time for the man with the gun to reach the corner and mingle with the crowd.

"No telling which way he went," Vincent said. "What the hell did he do that for? One of these crazy kids in the neighborhood, I guess."

"That was no toy gun," Arthur said. He looked back over his shoulder. The speak-easy door was wide open and he could see a section of the bar. Sam Clymer was still lying on the floor in front of the bar.

"What the hell," Arthur said, and ran back into the barroom. He found Dr. Ruiz there, bending over Sam Clymer. The physician looked up at Arthur and said, with an official air, "He's dead." Arthur bent down. Sam Clymer had been shot in the face.

A radio patrol car arrived first, then detectives from the Charles Street station and a red-faced lieutenant who stared at the body of Sam Clymer and said, "Who is he? He's got no face."

"Sam Clymer," Arthur said. "The bookie."

The lieutenant whistled softly. "Anybody see who did it?"

"I saw the gun," Arthur said. "That's all. He shot him through the peephole there."

While the lieutenant was inspecting the peephole, a uniformed inspector arrived; and the bar was soon crowded with police. The inspector assigned one patrolman to take the name of everyone in the bar and another to question neighbors whose windows overlooked the courtyard. He had obtained a summary of what had happened from Arthur and Dr. Ruiz when a patrolman came from the front door and said, "The reporters are outside, Inspector."

"Already?"

"Just two of 'em," the patrolman said. "The Courier and the Record-Star."

The inspector raised his voice. "Everybody can go home," he said. "Outside, everybody." He put his hand on Arthur's elbow. "Except you." He nodded to Dr. Ruiz. "And you."

Then he let the reporters in. One of them was Charlie Connors, the West Side police reporter for the Courier, a shrewd and dependable district man. Charlie grinned at Arthur and asked, "You back on a district?"

THE inspector motioned to the body. "This is Sam Clymer, the bookie. You'll have to call another number, boys. He won't be taking any more bets. He was standing here at the bar with this guy," the inspector said, indicating Arthur, "when some guy shot him in the face through the peephole. Don't know the caliber of the slug yet. Don't know who did it, or why. The killer escaped on foot. Time was ten-thirty. Any questions?"

Charlie Connors and the Record-Star man made for the door; a policeman was using the only telephone in the bar.

Arthur asked, "Did you notify Homicide?"

The inspector glared at him. "Of course we notified Homicide."

"This is Bill Madigan's case," Arthur said.

"How do you figure that?"

"It's tied in with the Willshire murder."

The inspector gave him a long look and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, Madigan is on his way down."

Lieutenant Madigan stood with Arthur by the speak-easy door, watching the medical examiner as he bent over the

bookmaker's body. Over an hour had passed since Sam Clymer was shot.

"How about it, Bill?" Arthur said. "This clears Joe Beckett, doesn't it?"

"It tends to," Madigan said cautiously.

"Tends to! Look, Sam Clymer was here to tell me what he saw that night on the roof, and somebody came along and plugged him through the peephole before he had a chance to talk. What do you mean, *tends to*?"

"As a matter of fact, I never thought we had too good a case against Beckett," Madigan said. "But this Clymer guy had plenty of enemies, Arty. Plenty."

"Only one guy shot him, though."

"So Sam Clymer was Joseph Bailey," Madigan said thoughtfully. "Arty, didn't he drop any kind of hint about what he saw on the roof that night?"

"No. But he had something to tell, Bill—something that would clear Joe Beckett. It was important enough for somebody to shoot him."

"Plenty of people wanted to shoot him," Madigan said.

"But plenty of people didn't know he was going to be here at ten-thirty tonight," Arthur said.

"How did you happen to meet him here, Arty?"

"He called me at the office, and I arranged it."

"Who else knew you were meeting him?"

"Nobody," Arthur said. "No, wait a minute. I left word with the city desk to tell him to meet me here at ten-thirty."

"At the city desk?" Madigan said. "Who's the city desk in this case?"

"Bob Farley, the night city editor."

"Yeah, one of the guys who was in the city room the night the Old Man was shot."

"Yes."

"And he was the only one knew you were meeting Sam here?"

"As a matter of fact, several must have known," Arthur said. "They were standing around the city desk when I gave Bob the message."

"Who were they?"

"Well, Roger Jay and Harry Whiteside and Jack Morton and Mark Titus, the church editor, and let's see—oh, Sue Wharton, one of our reporters."

"It's something to go on," Madigan said. "It narrows it down, Arty, and it

narrows it down to members of your staff, people who could have got at Willshire's obit, any one of 'em. And people who could have got to the penthouse that night."

A patrolman called from the door. "There's a reporter here, Lieutenant. Want to talk to him?"

"Hell, no," Madigan said.

Arthur called, "Where's he from?"

"Courier," the patrolman said.

"How about it, Bill?" Arthur said. "Give us a break."

"Okay," Madigan said. "Send him in."

THE reporter was Charlie Connors again. Madigan recognized him and called out, "Hello, Charlie. What do you want to know?"

"Look, Lieutenant," Charlie said. "The bar was pretty crowded, wasn't it?"

Madigan looked at Arthur, who nodded.

"Then how did he know he'd hit Sam Clymer?" Charlie asked. "Taking a chance, wasn't he?"

"He shot him in the face," Madigan said. "So he must have been able to see his face."

"I'll tell you how he did it, Charlie," Arthur said. "He knocked out the glass with the barrel of his gun. We all heard the glass shatter and we all turned and looked at the peephole. Then he fired."

"Okay," Charlie said. "It clears that up." He went to the telephone booth.

"I'm not sold on your theory," Madigan said. "It could have been an enemy of Sam's who followed him here. I'm gonna follow that angle up."

"Bill, the fact he broke the glass to attract our attention showed he wasn't sure," Arthur said. "An enemy of Sam's would have recognized his back, particularly if he'd followed him here. The fact that glass was broken shows the murderer had to be sure. Maybe he only had a news photograph to go on. Maybe he never saw Sam Clymer before, except that night on the roof."

"I don't know," Madigan said. "It would be natural to break the glass before you shot. That's what I'd do."

"But the guy *did* break the glass," Arthur said. "And Sam Clymer *did* turn around and face the peephole. That's the way the killer saw his face."

"You're too damned logical," Madigan said.



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gan said. "Logic never busted a case yet." He scowled at Arthur. "Let's get back to your theory. We can't confine it to just those few. We don't know who may have overheard Farley when he gave the message to Sam Clymer, when Clymer called. For that matter, they may have been gossiping all over the office that the city editor had a date with the pig bookie."

"They may have," Arthur said. "But it's still in your staff," Madigan said. "Maybe we'd better take a run up to the Courier."

ON THE way uptown in a taxicab, Madigan reviewed the suspects. "Bob Farley was in the city room the night of the murder, and he could have slipped upstairs," the detective said. "We know that Jack Morton was somewhere around. He told me he was in Gilligan's Tavern across the street at the time the murder was committed, but he was in and out of that bar all night. Roger Jay was in the hearts game, and so was Harry Whiteside, and the old guy—what's his name again?"

"Mark Titus." "Now about this Sue Wharton—where was she? Was she in the city room?" "No," Arthur said.

the comics. Mark Titus was at his desk. "Where's Whiteside?" Arthur asked. "Down getting something to eat." "Been gone long?" "Just a couple of minutes. He wrote the story."

"Bob," Arthur said, "Lieutenant Madigan wants to talk to you."

Madigan nodded. "Seen the managing editor around?"

"He's in his office, I think," Bob Farley said. "Been there all evening."

Arthur listened as Madigan questioned Bob Farley. Bob had gone up to the cafeteria to dinner about nine-thirty, he said, and was back by ten-fifteen.

"How about Mr. Jay?" Madigan asked. "What time did he eat?"

"After I did," Bob Farley said. "What is all this?"

"Listen," Madigan said. "When Sam Clymer telephoned in tonight and you gave him Mr. Leslie's message, who was around?"

Bob Farley pursed his lips. "Let's see. Roger and Harry, of course. They were sitting there on rewrite. That's all. No, the night managing editor was here when the call came in."

"Percy Chambrun?"

"Yes. He was here talking to Pete Zubrinc, the night librarian. They were

"He thinks someone connected with the paper did it, Jack," Arthur said.

Jack Morton had a worried look. "You planning to arrest my whole staff, one by one?"

"I'm throwing Joe Beckett back," Madigan said. "Where were you around half past ten, Mr. Morton?"

"I was right here," Jack Morton said. "Matter of fact, I was out at the city desk when Charlie Connors called in."

"And what time was that?" "Around eleven. A little after."

"See what I mean?" Madigan said. "Even by subway you can make it in less than ten minutes, even if you have to wait for a train. Where were you at exactly half past ten?"

"Right here in this office," Jack said. "Anybody with you?"

"No, I was alone. But wait a minute. I talked to Miss Willshire on the telephone about that time. You can check with her."

"Okay," Madigan said. "I will."

Arthur followed him out of the office, and the detective said, "Let's take a look in the morgue."

Pete Zubrinc, the night librarian, was reading a biography. Arthur introduced the lieutenant, and Madigan said, "I understand you like to take a drink, Mr. Zubrinc."

Pete Zubrinc was a gentle, soft-spoken man. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and his eyes were large and sad. "Why not?" he said.

"I mean you step out for a fast one now and then," Madigan said. "Did you have a hooker, say, about ten-thirty tonight?"

The librarian shook his head. "No, I believe I was here at that time."

"Anybody else in the library?"

"Let's see. Just Mr. Whiteside. He was at the table in the back, going through some clips."

"Mind if I take a look at your record book?"

Pete shrugged his shoulders and passed it over. Madigan frowned. "It doesn't give the time when stuff was taken out?"

"No."

"The last thing checked out was the clips on Sam Clymer."

"Yes, when the story came in."

"And before that some folders on inflation."

"That was the stuff Mr. Whiteside took."

"Yeah, I see his name here," the lieutenant said. "Then from the time he took it out—now when was that?"

"I'd say a quarter past ten."

"Well, from a quarter past ten until the Clymer clips were called for, nobody took anything out of the library?"

"That's right."

"So you had nothing to do."

Pete Zubrinc shrugged his shoulders.

"It's always slack on Saturday nights."

"Didn't step out for a quick one, did you?"

PETE ZUBRINC blinked through his glasses. He looked steadily at the detective, swallowed and said, "Yeah, I did have one. Look, I'm not supposed to go out of the library, but I was only away a few minutes."

"What time was that?"

"You can ask Otto," Pete said. "He poured it for me. It was about ten-twenty, and I left the bar just about half past. You can ask Otto."

"Sure," Madigan said. "I'll ask Otto."

As they left the library, the detective said, "Well, that brings us back to Sue Wharton."

"And Percy Chambrun," Arthur said.

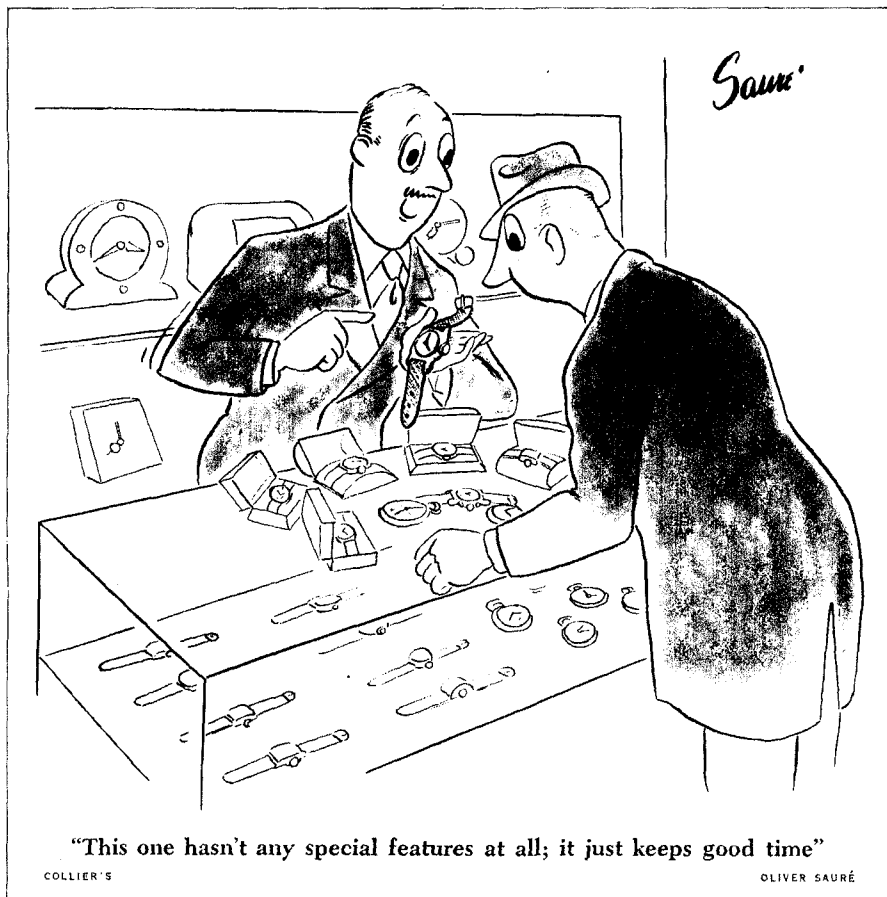
"Yeah, and Percy Chambrun. Where the hell is he?"

"He's off Saturday night."

"He was in here, though."

"I know where he was earlier," Arthur said. "He had a date with Mrs. Willshire."

"You don't say," Madigan said. "Well,



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"I want to talk to her, too." . . . The city room of the Courier was littered with paper from the bulky Sunday edition. The big clock on the wall said midnight. Bob Farley was at the city desk, comparing the front pages of the Courier and the Record-Star. He saw Arthur and called out, "Hell of a reporter you are. Why didn't you call the story in yourself?"

"Charlie Connors was there," Arthur said.

"And he was on the job," Bob Farley said. "Beat hell out of the Record-Star. He's got an eye for detail. Look." He showed Arthur the first pages of the two newspapers; each carried four-column headlines on the Clymer shooting. "The Record-Star has the bare facts. Charlie's got the whole picture: how the guy broke the glass to get Sam's attention and then shot him in the face."

"I know," Arthur said. "I was there when Charlie asked the questions." It was fast work, he thought, very fast work indeed, to get it in the paper. He glanced around. Roger Jay was reading

having some kind of argument, and I doubt if he heard."

Madigan beckoned to Arthur and they moved over toward a window. "Arty, I want to talk to that girl."

"Sue Wharton?"

"Yeah. Where do you suppose she is?"

"Home, I expect," Arthur said. "She lives down on Grove Street."

Madigan raised his heavy eyebrows.

"That so? Just around the corner from Vincent's Bar."

"Yes. But look here, Bill. That girl is no murderer. She's a hard-working reporter, as prim as your Aunt Nellie."

"She's got to be counted, though."

"How about Percy Chambrun? How about Pete Zubrinc?"

"Yeah, I'll check them. I want to talk to the managing editor, too."

"There's his office," Arthur said.

Jack Morton grinned when he saw Arthur. "Well, I hear the fellow had a bad aim. Arty."

Lieutenant Madigan waved one hand.

"I think he got the man he wanted, Mr. Morton. Got a few questions to ask."

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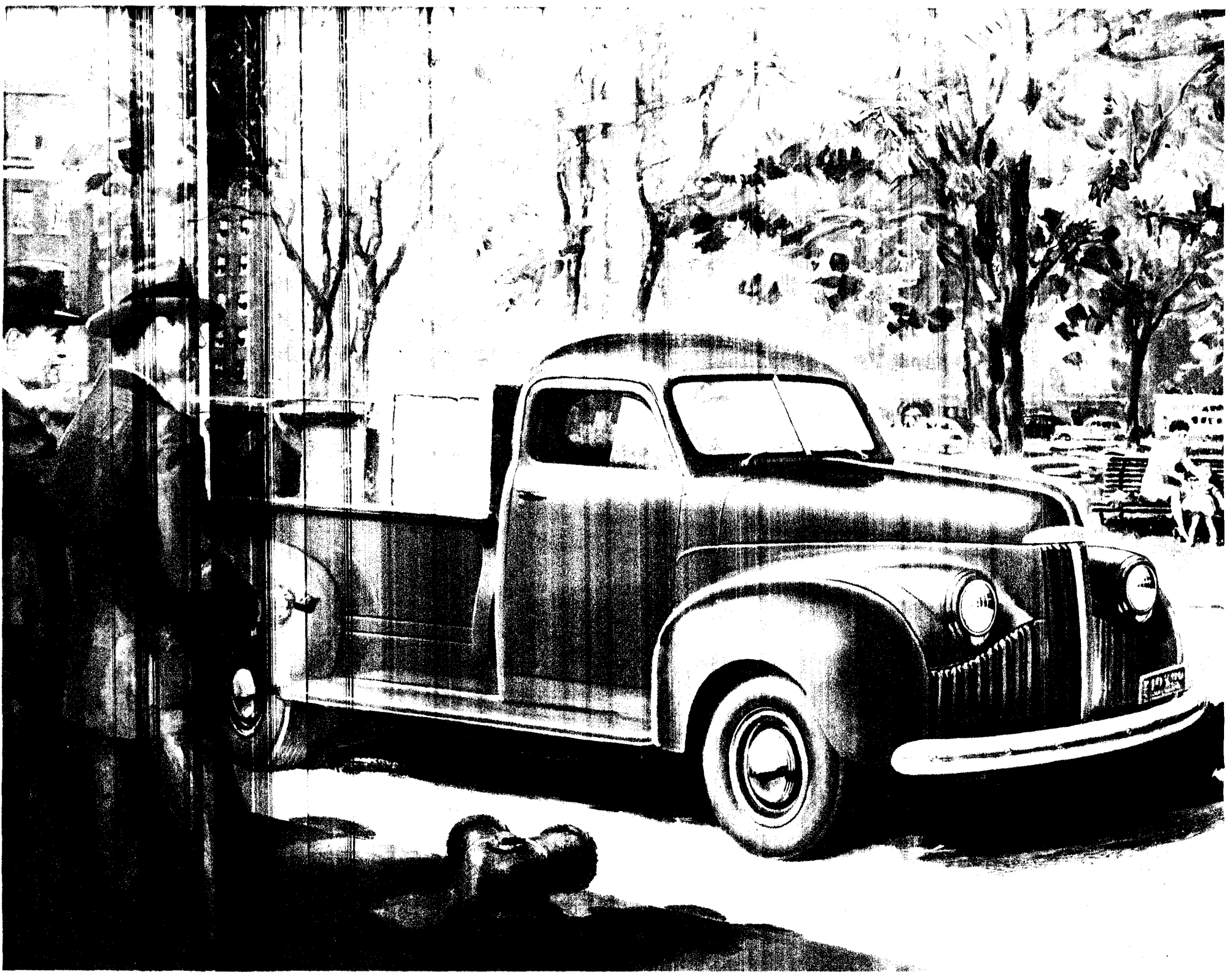
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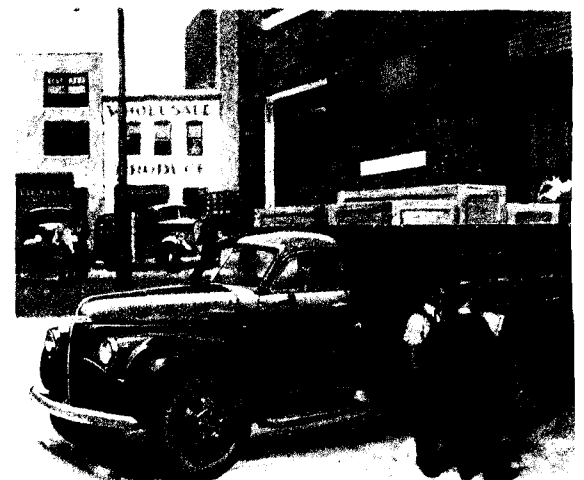
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I'll have to chew the fat with Percy. I'll send somebody around to his house to wait up for him. Where does he live?"

Arty looked up the address on the roster and Madigan made a telephone call. Returning, he said, "Arty, let's take a run down to Grove Street."

As they got out of the elevator in the lobby of the building, Harry Whiteside came in from the street. Arthur called to him, "Just a minute, Harry. You know Lieutenant Madigan?"

"Sure," Harry said, and put out his hand. "That is, I've seen you over at Gilligan's, Lieutenant."

"Yeah," Madigan said. "Worried about inflation, Mr. Whiteside?"

"Inflation?" Harry said. "I'm writing a Sunday piece about it."

"I know," Madigan said. "How long were you in the library tonight?"

Harry smiled, and winked at Arthur. "I thought it was kind of a funny coincidence myself," he said. "Clymer says he wants to talk and somebody let's him have it an hour or so later. Doesn't help your case against Joe Beckett, does it?"

Madigan's face was red. "The question was: When were you in the library?"

"He's turning Joe loose," Arthur said.

"Good," Harry Whiteside said. "I should think so!"

Madigan and Sue remained standing. "What do you want to know?" Sue asked steadily.

"It's simple," the lieutenant said. "Where were you this evening?"

"Why, I was at work."

"Yeah, then what?"

"Well, I had a drink with Mr. Leslie here, and then I came on home."

"About what time?"

"I don't know. Quarter past ten."

"Where were you at ten-thirty?"

"Right here."

"Alone?"

"Of course I was alone. I'd like to ask the meaning of all these questions."

"There's been a little gunplay, Miss Wharton," Madigan said. "Sam Clymer was knocked over just around the corner a few hours ago."

"Sam Clymer!" Sue's face went white.

"That's right. Know him?"

"I know who he is, of course."

"By the way, Miss Wharton," Madigan said. "Remember what you were doing last Monday night?"

"Monday?"

"Early Tuesday morning, to be exact," Madigan said. "Say half past midnight."

The color had not returned to Sue's face. "I was with Mr. Morton in the bar across the street from the Courier."

Madigan poked his head out the bedroom door. "While you're about it," he said.

Sue mixed three highballs, and Madigan carried his with him as he went on searching. He finished with the bedroom, then went through the kitchen. Arthur noticed that he looked in the icebox. Next he searched the bathroom, practically dismantling the plumbing. Last he went over the living room, and they moved from the day bed while he poked under the mattress and among the springs. He drained his glass, and grinned at Sue.

"I guess that's all for now," he said. "But I'll want to see you tomorrow, probably."

Sue nodded.

"Let's go, Arty," Madigan said.

"Go ahead," Arthur said. "I think I'll stay and have another drink."

"Don't blame you," Madigan said.

"Well, good night."

As soon as the door closed behind him, Sue whispered, "Arthur, I'm scared. Why was Sam Clymer shot?"

"He knew too much," Arthur said.

"He went up to the penthouse that night and saw the murderer. Sue, I think you know too much, too."

"I'm scared," Sue said. "Arthur, will you stay here again tonight? I can make the day bed a little more comfortable than it was last night."

ARTHUR took her hand. "Listen, Sue," he said, "why don't you tell Madigan the whole story?"

"No," she bit her lip, and glanced at him briefly. "Arthur, I'm going to tell you. This is more than I bargained for. The first time I was willing—well, Arthur, I couldn't help myself."

"You're covering up for Jack."

She looked down. She was sitting close beside him on the day bed. "Why do you say that?"

"Madigan heard you call out 'Jack' when we were coming up the stairs," Arthur said. "He'll figure it out, if he hasn't already. You are covering up for Jack."

Her face was white. "I can't help it, Arthur. I love the man."

"Nothing surprises me any more," Arthur said. He shook his head. "You certainly kept it quiet."

"Well, he has to get a divorce, Arthur."

"Jack Morton has been getting that divorce for seven years," Arthur said.

"It's his ace in the hole."

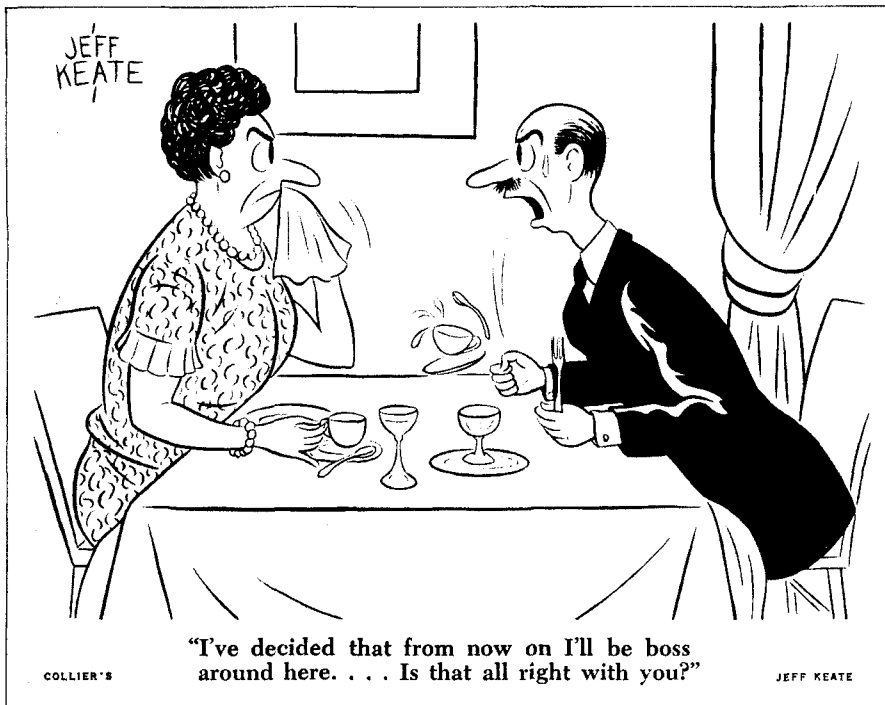
"I know. I know all that. I couldn't help it, Arthur, and I had to help him out, when he was in trouble. That's why I went up to the penthouse that night."

"Why don't you tell me the whole story?"

Sue drew in a deep breath. "Arthur, Jack has always been a gambler. He'll bet on anything, and he bets big money. Well, he owed Sam Clymer fifteen thousand dollars."

Arthur whistled. "And Forrest C. Willshire knew it?"

Sue nodded. "He was furious. He was carrying on a campaign against a bookie, and his managing editor owed that bookie fifteen thousand dollars. He went to see Jack on Monday night and gave him twenty-four hours to pay Sam Clymer off. Jack was frantic. He's always spent every nickel of his salary, Arthur. We had a talk in Gilligan's, after I left you, and he decided he'd go up and reason with the Old Man, try to get a little more time. I went up with him. We took the elevator to the twelfth floor, so that I could wait for him in the cafeteria there, and he walked on up. He was gone a long time, Arthur, and I was worried. Finally, I decided I'd go on up to the top floor and wait for him to come down. When I reached the top floor, I waited a little while. The door was open and, well, I went on up the stairs. The door to the penthouse was wide open, too, and the lights were



"I've decided that from now on I'll be boss around here. . . . Is that all right with you?"

"Now listen," Madigan said patiently. "Am I gonna get an answer?"

"Sure," Harry said. "I went in there a little after ten o'clock and I was still going through the clips when Charlie Connors called in with the story."

"Okay," Madigan said. "Let's go, Arty."

It was nearly one o'clock when they got out of the taxicab in front of the old brownstone on Grove Street. Madigan pushed the bell, and there was a wait before the buzzer sounded. He opened the door and started up the stairs.

A soft voice called, "Jack?"

"It ain't Jack," Madigan said. "It's Bill."

"Who?"

"The law," Madigan said.

"Take it easy," Arthur murmured, a step behind the detective on the stairs. "She's a nice kid, Bill."

Sue was holding her door open, and she saw Arthur behind Lieutenant Madigan. Her eyes got big.

"I want to ask you a few questions, Miss Wharton," Madigan said. "May we come in?"

"Don't you know it's one o'clock in the morning?" Sue glared at Arthur.

"I'm sorry about that," the detective said. "I got around as soon as I could."

"Oh, well, come in," Arthur sat down on the day bed.

"Funny thing," Madigan said. "Morton didn't mention it." He picked up a pair of black gloves from a table. "These yours, Miss Wharton?"

"Yes."

"Wear 'em tonight?"

"Why, yes, I did."

Madigan held the gloves tenderly in his hands. "It was kind of shining, and it caught my eye," he said. "There's a little sliver of glass in the finger of this glove."

"Oh," Sue said. "Yes, I dropped a cocktail glass, and I picked up the pieces so no one would get cut."

"Where was that?" Madigan asked.

"In a bar uptown."

"Where?"

"Gilligan's Tavern. Across the street from the Courier."

"I'll borrow these gloves, if you don't mind," the detective said. He wrapped them carefully in his handkerchief and put them in his pocket. "By the way, have you got a license to carry a gun?"

"Why should I have a license? I don't have a gun."

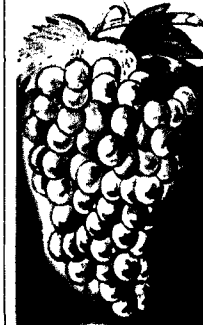
"I'm going to take a look around, if you don't mind," Madigan said.

Sue sank down on the day bed beside Arthur, and Madigan began a careful search of the apartment.

"How about a drink, Sue?" Arthur said.

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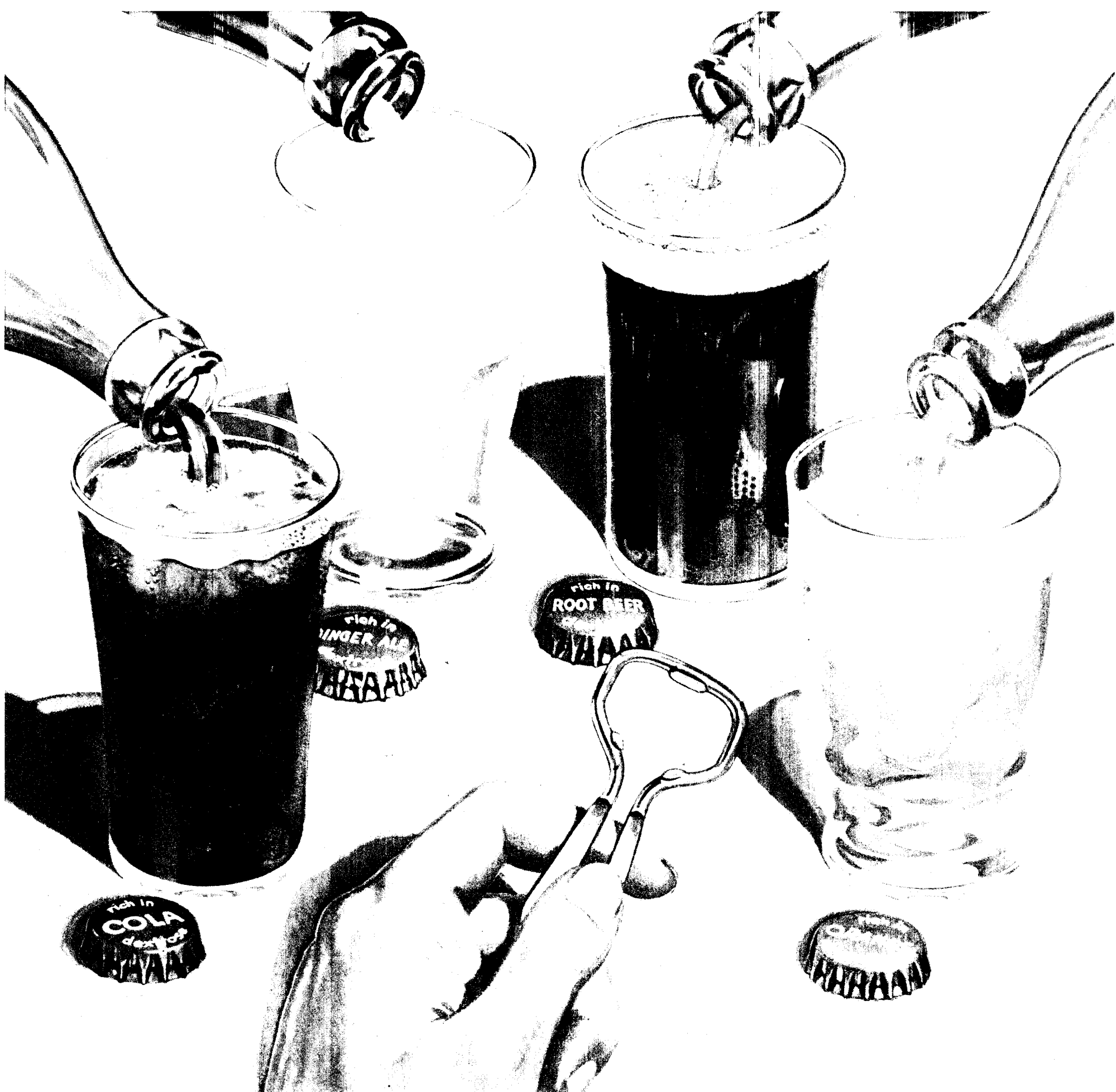
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burning. I went in, Arthur, and saw Mr. Willshire on the floor of his study, dead. Jack had gone."

Arthur nodded thoughtfully. "Why did you pick up the ash tray?"

"Arthur, I really don't know. I saw it there, and I saw the inscription, and it didn't seem fair to Joe, so I took it."

"You thought Jack had killed him?"

"Oh, Arthur, I don't know. I didn't see Jack again that night. The next day I asked him where he had been and he said he went back down and couldn't find me in the cafeteria. He decided I'd gone on home, so he went on down to the city room. He said the Old Man was alive when he saw him. They had a big argument, but the Old Man was alive."

"Yet you didn't meet him on the stairs," Arthur said.

"No. I wondered about that, too. He said he rang for the elevator, but decided it would be too long a wait, so he took the nearest stairs. There are two stairs, you see, one at each end of the building, and he took the north stairs."

Arthur shook his head. "Traffic was pretty heavy that night," he said. "Do you realize that within a few minutes four people went up to the penthouse, maybe five. You, Jack, Joe Beckett, Sam Clymer, and the murderer. And, except for Joe Beckett, they were there only a matter of a minute or so apart."

"How do you figure that, Arthur?"

"First we have Joe Beckett," Arthur went on. "He was up there some time before the Old Man was shot. I think Clymer's murder establishes Joe's innocence, and we can accept his story. He left the ash tray and came down to the cafeteria, either by the north or the south stairway. He says he saw you there, Sue."

HER glance was a blue flicker of her eyes. "Yes, I remember. I had just come in, and Joe sat down to drink beer."

"Was Jack there then?"

"No, he'd started up, just a minute or so before."

"So next we have Jack on the roof," Arthur said. "Sue, he must have been there within a few minutes of the murder." He saw that her face was pale, but she did not speak. "The medical examiner said that Willshire was shot at about 12:30. The exact time isn't important. The fact is that, once you went up the stairs from the cafeteria to the fifteenth floor, no one could come down from the roof without your seeing them, because there's only one staircase from the top floor to the roof."

"Yes."

"And you didn't see anybody?"

"No."

"Let's allow a minute and a half to walk up those three flights," Arthur said.

"That's taking it damn slow. How long do you think it took you?"

"About that, I guess."

"And let's make the optimum allowance," Arthur said. "Let's suppose Jack Morton was just coming out on the twelfth floor from the north stairs as you started up the other staircase, and it had taken him a minute and a half to walk down. That would leave three minutes between the time he left the penthouse and the time you reached the fifteenth floor. In those three minutes, Sue, Forrest C. Willshire was shot."

"Let's have another drink," Sue said.

"Meanwhile," Arthur went on, "Sam Clymer, using the name of Joseph Bailey, signed the registry book downstairs, at 12:25. He probably had the usual dreary wait for an elevator, and reached the top floor pretty close to 12:30. The time doesn't make any difference. He had to reach the top floor in that three-minute period, if Jack is telling the truth. He went up to the roof, heard the shot, saw the murderer—and the murderer had time to escape and Clymer had time to take an elevator back down again—all in those three minutes after Jack left the roof and before you reached the top floor. It had to be within those three minutes, because when you finally went on up to the penthouse Forrest C. Willshire was dead. So you were on one staircase and Jack was on another, and somehow the murderer had to get up and down one staircase or the other. Pretty heavy traffic, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Sue's small voice said.

"On the other hand," Arthur said, "the murderer could have gone up to the roof while Jack was still there, and seen him in the penthouse with the Old Man. He could have waited on the roof, hidden in the dark, until Jack left. That would ease the time pressure a little, but still, it was awfully close."

Sue raised her head. "But he could have stayed on the roof, Arthur, until after I had come and gone." She shuddered. "He could have been hiding in the penthouse while I was there."

"Yes," Arthur said. "But Sam Clymer has to fit in somewhere. He has to come and go, too." He shook his head. "The alternative is that Jack was lying. If he shot Willshire, it would explain several things. It would explain why he was so anxious to have the Old Man's death called accidental in the beginning, instead of suicide. He could have done that to delay, to screen the fact that it was not suicide, but homicide."

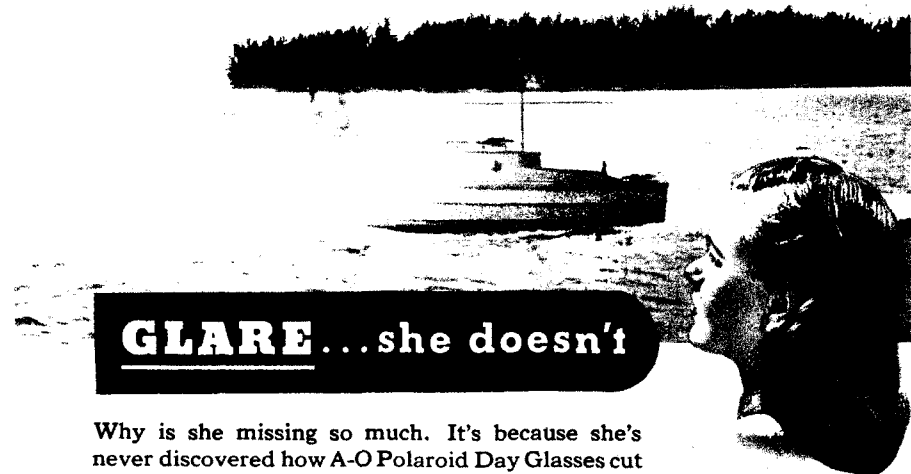
"Arthur, I don't like it," Sue touched his hand. "Nothing would have made me tell you all that, but now it's too much. Now Sam Clymer is dead, and I'm scared."

"Still, I don't think that's the way



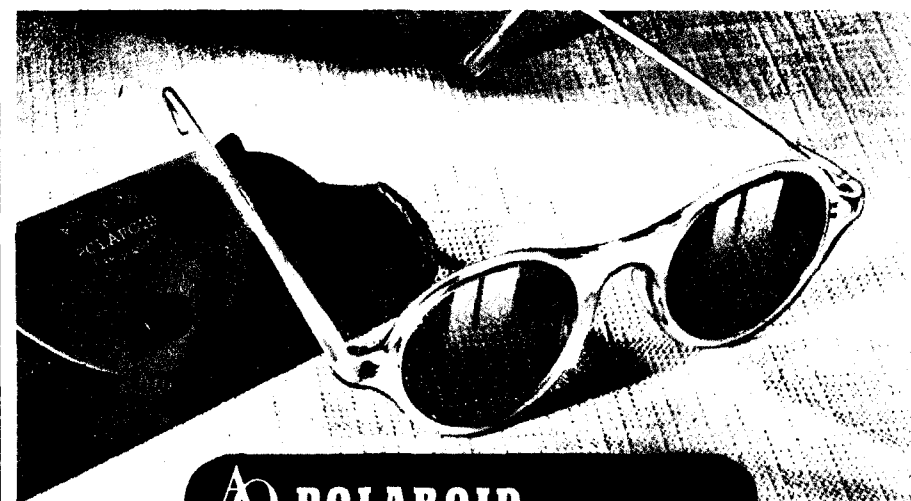
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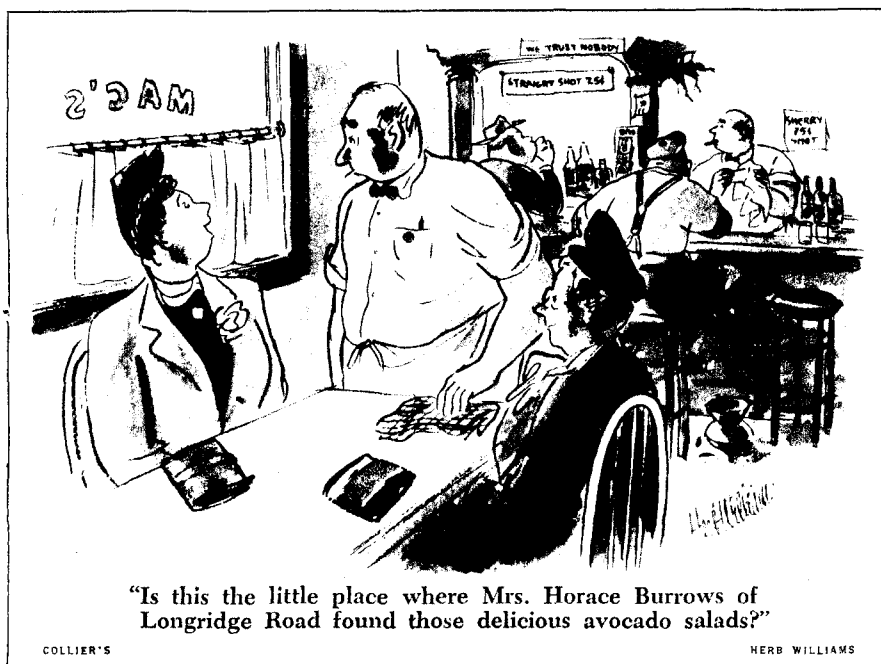
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Jack would liquidate his debts," Arthur said. "Besides, he appears to have an alibi. He was in his office at the time of Clymer's murder and said he talked to Emily Willshire on the telephone about that time."

"Oh, thank God!" Sue said. "It hasn't been checked yet," Arthur said. "Wait a minute. I'll fix the drinks."

When he brought her the highball, he said, "Sue, you need an alibi as much as Jack."

"Good heavens," Sue said. "I wouldn't shoot anybody!"

"Do you think Jack Morton would?" She met his eyes. "Do you?"

"Under certain circumstances, and with sufficient motive, any man would," Arthur said. "But I don't think he shot Forrest C. Willshire and I don't think he killed Sam Clymer."

She held her glass very tightly. "Arthur, you certainly are a comfort."

"Look," Arthur said. "Murder is kind of a nasty thing. The average human being needs an overpowering drive to kill another man, and Jack is an average guy, with average good nature, and better than average ability."

"Oh, yes," Sue said.

"Of course, he has a quick temper," Arthur said. "That's the volatile ingredient to take into account. But it wasn't just temper. Whoever killed Willshire planned it out very carefully. It was premeditated murder, not an act of sudden violence. I don't think Jack killed the Old Man—for the same reason I'm sure Joe Beckett didn't do it."

Sue's hand was holding his tightly. She said, "Yes?"

"The question is motive," Arthur said. "Did Jack Morton have a motive powerful enough to overcome all the qualities that make him the good guy he is? Well, he didn't, on the face of it. What did he have to lose, Sue? Only his job. Why, he's one of the top newspapermen in the business. He could get another job anywhere, any time. Maybe not as managing editor, but he'd soon be managing editor of any paper he went to work for."

"Of course," Sue said. "Oh, I'm sure he didn't do it, Arthur."

"You had a better motive." The grip of her fingers on his hand loosened; her blue eyes widened.

"On the face of it, I mean," he said. "Sue, you're an intensely loyal woman."

She glanced down at her glass. "And you're in love," Arthur said. "You've always lived a quiet, inhibited life, and—"

"Why, I have *not*, Arthur!"

"On the face of it, at least," Arthur said. "But you fell in love with a married man and you've been waiting patiently for a divorce. The guy gets in bad trouble. You're worried about him. You follow him up to the penthouse. He's not there, but you find the Old Man in a towering rage. He's just thrown Jack out. His gun is on the desk and you're wearing those black gloves. You ask him to reconsider, and he asks you what business it is of yours. His mind is made up, he says. Morton is through. Every loyal nerve in your body is tingling, Sue. The gun is there, and you pick it up. You shoot him, and drop the gun, and because you're honest, basically, you pick up the ash tray and put it in your pocketbook."

"Arthur!" Sue broke in. "And now tonight," Arthur said. "You were there when I told Bob Farley to ask Sam Clymer to meet me in Vincent's Bar. It's just around the corner. You saw Clymer on the roof Monday night, but you weren't sure whether he saw you. Now you can't take a chance. You slip out at ten-thirty, go to the speak-easy entrance, and shoot him through the peephole."

Sue began to sob, and Arthur put his arm around her shoulders. "You don't have an alibi, either," he said. "Not for either murder."

She looked at him, and tried to control her voice. "Arthur, I swear I—"

"I know you didn't do it, Sue," Arthur said. "I'm giving you Madigan's angle. The reason I know you didn't is the note. It all comes back to the note. That fake note proves the murder of Forrest C. Willshire was carefully planned, and, Sue, that lets you out."

She relaxed in his arms, her face pressed against his shoulder. Arthur managed to get hold of his glass and take a deep drink, without disturbing her.

"As for the murder of Sam Clymer," Arthur said. "It took a pretty good shot to plug him in the face. Are you an Annie Oakley on the side, Sue?"

She sobbed. "I never shot a gun in my life."

"I didn't think so," he said. "Go ahead, cry it out. You've had a tough week."

"I've had a horrible week," she said against his shoulder.

"The question is, how much are you going to tell Madigan?" Arthur said. "I don't like to hold out on him, but, Sue, I don't think you'd better tell him too much."

"I haven't told him anything, Arthur."

"And now you'd better get to bed," Arthur said. "Got any sleeping pills? Better take a couple."

She raised her head from his shoulder. "I'll fix the day bed for you, Arthur."

"You still want me to stay?"

"Yes."

"All right," he said. "So you're still scared?"

Her blue eyes, soft from the tears, looked into his. "Yes," she whispered.

"I want you to stay, Arthur."

ARTHUR was awakened by the ringing of the doorbell. He opened his eyes, stared at the ceiling, then sat up and dropped his legs over the side of the day bed. His watch was on a chair by the bed—ten-fifteen. The bell rang again and he got to his feet.

Sue's door was closed; he heard no sound from the bedroom. He went into the kitchen and the bell rang again, peremptorily. He found a button beside the kitchen door and pushed it several times. He went quickly back to the day bed and had time to put on his shirt and pants before a knock came at the door. He went barefooted to open it.

Emily Willshire stood in the corridor. She stared at Arthur.

"Hello," Arthur said.

She glanced at his bare feet, and there was a tightness about her eyes. She said quietly, "Excuse me. Tell Sue I'll telephone later."

"No," Arthur said, and held the door wide. "Come on in."

She hesitated, then crossed the threshold with an air of determination. He saw how tightly one hand gripped her pocketbook. In the living room her eyes flicked toward the rumpled day bed. She said, "I want to pick up some things."

"Sue's still asleep," Arthur said, and nodded toward the closed door.

"You sleep late," Emily said, in a carefully casual tone.

"It's Sunday morning," Arthur said.

She turned and faced him and he saw that her eyes were yellow, as they were when she was angry. "Aren't you ever home?" she demanded.

"Sure," Arthur said. He sat down on the edge of the day bed and reached for his shoes and socks. She walked to the window, turning her back.

As he laced his shoes, Arthur said, "How about a cup of coffee?"

"Thank you, I've had breakfast."

He looked at her stiff back and grinned. "I'm dressed now."

She turned, her eyes blazing. "Maybe I'm not used to the gay camaraderie of journalism," she said. "But after all, Mr. Leslie . . ."

"After all, what?"

"After all, that's all!"

"You have guest rooms in your various

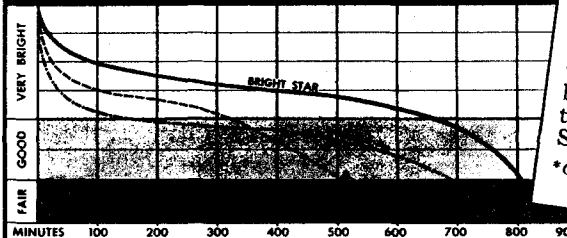
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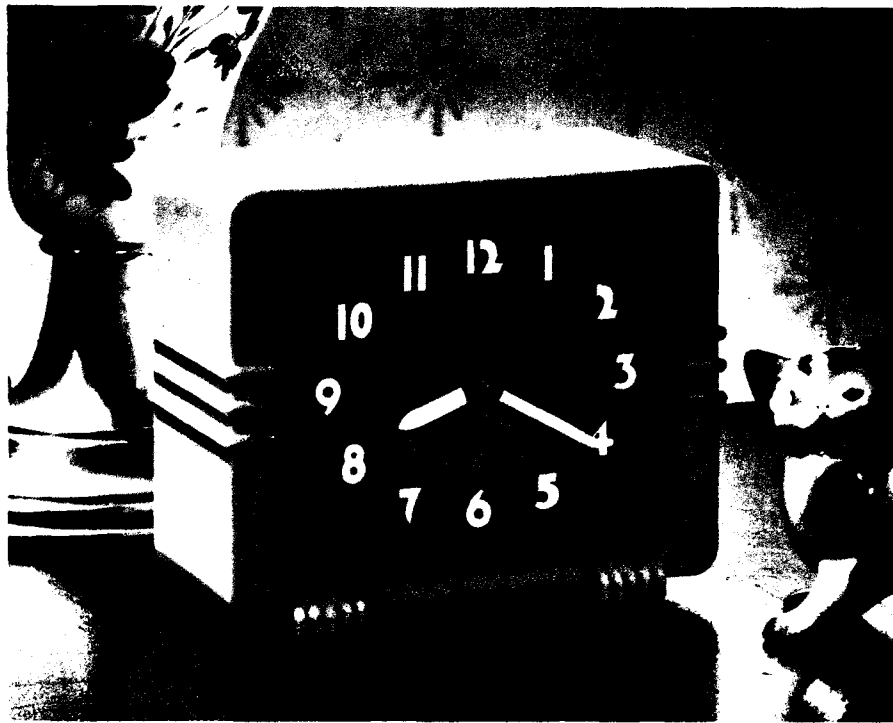
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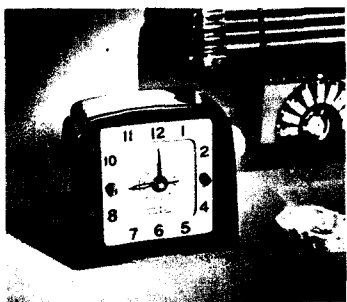
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houses, Miss Willshire," Arthur said. "We common people don't."

She looked at the day bed with an air of surprise, then turned her eyes to the closed bedroom door. Arthur went into the kitchen to make coffee.

A few moments later she was at the door behind him. "I've changed my mind," she said. "I will have a cup."

He put water on to boil and measured out the coffee. She watched him and asked softly, "Want me to make it?"

"Do you think you can?"

She shook her head angrily. "Really, you're an insufferable man."

Arthur smiled. "Tell you what you can do," he said. "You can straighten up the room a little, if you like."

EMILY ripped the blanket off the day bed and folded it. She found the slip cover on a chair and put it on, smoothing it elaborately. She returned to the kitchen. "See a broom in there?"

"Don't overdo it," Arthur said. "Anyhow, the coffee's ready."

"Insufferable wasn't a strong enough word," Emily said. Her glance met his; there was a fugitive smile in her eyes.

"That's why you like me," Arthur said.

"Like you?"

He put a cup of coffee in her hand. "You do," he said. "But you hate my guts, too. That's precisely the way I feel about you."

"My goodness," she said. "I thought we'd buried the hatchet, Mr. Leslie. Why do you keep trying to provoke me?"

Arthur considered. "Well, one reason is that you're not Marilyn Carter."

"You liked Marilyn Carter better? You didn't show it."

"I didn't have time," Arthur said.

"And now, because I happen to own the Courier, you're choked up with pride, is that it?"

"Miss Willshire, would it be presumptuous of me to call you Emily?"

"Oh, shut up."

"Not so loud! You'll wake Sue."

He moved past her into the living room and sat down on the day bed with his cup in his hands. She looked across at him, hesitated, and sipped her coffee.

"All right," she said at last. "I'm going to ask it. What are you doing here?"

"Well, now that you ask," he said, "Sue was frightened last night, and I'm here in the role of protector."

"Frightened of what?"

"She knows too much," Arthur said. "About both murders."

Emily sucked in her breath. "Oh."

"I suppose you're convinced now that Joe Beckett didn't do it?" Arthur said.

"You saw the papers?"

"Yes."

"So the case is wide open," he said. "And the place is cluttered up with suspects."

"Who?"

"Bob Farley, Harry Whiteside, Roger Jay, Jack Morton, Mark Titus and"—Arthur watched her face—"Percy Chambron."

"Percy? Oh, no."

"Emily, two people have been killed. One of those six men did it, according to the way I figure it. Depend on it that Lieutenant Madigan is going into Percy's background, and his alibi."

"Why should Percy be suspected?"

"He had opportunity," Arthur said. "For the first murder, at least. He probably had knowledge of the obituary in the library, and he definitely had knowledge that Sam Clymer would be at Vincent's Bar at ten-thirty last night."

"Why should he want to shoot Clymer?"

"Because Clymer was on the roof Monday night and saw something, or someone. We don't know what he saw."

"Oh."

"You didn't ask me why he should want to shoot your grandfather, Emily."

"Well, why?"

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" she said, and made an impatient motion of one hand.

"What haven't you told me about Percy?" he asked.

"I don't know anything about Percy."

"But your mother knows him pretty well."

She jumped to her feet, and a little coffee spilled from her cup. "You're—you're—"

"Insufferable," Arthur suggested.

"Degraded," said Emily. "What business is it of yours, anyway? Why don't you keep out of it?"

"A friend of mine is liable to go to jail," Arthur said. "Maybe worse. I'm going to prevent it, if I can."

"Who?"

"Why did you telephone Jack Morton last night?" he asked abruptly.

"Why? To tell him you were coming back as city editor. What a mistake that was!"

"What time did you call him?"

"I don't know. Between ten and eleven. Why?"

"You spilled some coffee," Arthur said. "Better get a rag."

She glared at him, then put her cup on the table and went to the kitchen for a rag. He watched her dab at the coffee stain on the rug.

"I take it your mother likes Percy pretty well," he said.

"It's none of your business."

"And I take it your grandfather didn't like him at all," he said. "Is that it?"

She dropped the rag. "For heaven's sake, do you think that would be a reason to kill anyone?"

"A two-million-dollar trust fund might be a reason," Arthur said. "Does your mother have any money in her own right?"

Emily picked up the rag again. "I'm not answering any stupid questions."

"Then I take it she doesn't," Arthur said. "Just the lousy two million she came to her after Mr. Willshire's death."

Emily carried the rag to the kitchen and threw it into a scrub bucket. She returned, her heels ringing on the floor. She picked up her pocketbook and started for the door.

ARTHUR was on his feet at once, and reached the door ahead of her. He barred the way. "You can fire me tomorrow," he said. "But we're going through with this now."

"Please get out of my way," she said angrily.

"Forrest C. Willshire disapproved of Percy Chambron, is that it?" Arthur asked. "He forbade your mother to marry him, is that it?"

"I hate you," Emily said.

"Then I'm right?" Arthur said.

She reached for the doorknob, and her body pressed against his. He looked down at her flushed, angry face. She gave up trying to get at the doorknob, and her blazing eyes were raised to his. Arthur's arms went around her and he bent his head.

There was a struggle, and he held her tight. Her fist struck his shoulder again and again, but his lips met hers; she did not turn her head aside. Very suddenly her body went soft in his arms, and he felt her arms closing warmly around his neck.

"Pardon me," a sleepy voice said. "Am I intruding?"

Sue Wharton stood in the doorway of the bedroom, grinning at them. Arthur dropped his arms and Emily stepped back.

"Good morning," Arthur said.

Emily slipped past him and opened the door. She was gone, without even speaking to Sue, and he heard the clatter of her heels on the stairs. But at the landing below, the noise stopped. He turned his head, and heard her laughing voice.

"For heaven's sake, Arthur, go home and shave!"

(To be concluded next week)

Collier's for July 13, 1946



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SUMMER SILENCE

BY DALE CLARK

69

Mr. Pinney's character was something we never did figure out. He did nothing to encourage curiosity except rebuke it

I'M AFRAID we are all going to miss Mr. Pinney. At this time of year, for nearly as long as I can remember, my mother has exclaimed one morning over the mail: "Well! Here's *his* letter."

And my father says, "I guess that makes it official. When does the summer season open this year?"

"Tuesday next," Mother would say. Mr. Pinney always came on a Tuesday, and he was always the first summer boarder of the season. My father, who had been going to mend lobster pots or a net, would fetch the ladder from the boathouse and wash the windows outside on the day of that letter. Mother, fingering the ten-dollar bill that was always in the envelope, would go to take inventory of the pantry. Turning the lawn mower at the walk, I'd hear the swish of a brush as my sister Cassie scrubbed the floor in Mr. Pinney's room.

"Mr. Pinney's room," we called it; never Miss Spinell's, or Mr. and Mrs. Rogers', or any of the other boarders who rotated through our house from the Fourth until Labor Day. We would say, for example, "Miss Spinell's staying until the fifteenth this year, so the Rogers can't have Mr. Pinney's room after all."

It's sad to think that in a way I am the cause of Mr. Pinney's not coming back. I blame myself, though, of course what happened was more the war's doing than mine and, basically, the cause of it all lay in Mr. Pinney's character. Mr. Pinney's character was something we never did figure out. "I think he's a German," my sister Cassie insisted all one summer. And the next summer she convinced herself that Mr. Pinney was an executioner. But Cassie was always the reader in our family.

It was not Mr. Pinney's fault that Cassie read those detective stories: Mr. Pinney did nothing to encourage curiosity except rebuke it. I remember—this must have been in '36—George Rogers saying,

"In the insurance line, I notice a very definite falling off of Roosevelt sentiment among the people I talk to."

Miss Spinell was there at the time. She said, "It certainly isn't noticeable in the book withdrawals in Boston, at any rate."

Then George Rogers turned to Mr. Pinney. "Well," said he, "what do you find, in your line of work?"

"That reminds me," Mr. Pinney said, getting up from his chair on the porch, "I have some letters to write."

You can see how Mr. Pinney talked about himself! There's another story I hesitate to tell. It is how Miss Hunter, the pretty summer boarder from Hartford, stopped her car and called to him her first day in Gull's Point. "Can you tell me where the Forbeses live, on Wharf Street?" she asked.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Pinney; and walked away.

Well. Wharf is our street. Forbes is our name. And when Miss Hunter came down to dinner that night, there sat Mr. Pinney at my father's right hand. He did not bat an eyelash, and we could not understand Miss Hunter's angry pallor until she told my mother, later.

"But he isn't like that a bit," my mother said. She meant that Mr. Pinney was the last man in the world to be rude. "It's just that he wants to be left strictly alone," she said, when he would not pose for Mrs. Dovanni.

Mrs. Dovanni, the summer boarder who painted, said that Mr. Pinney was a perfect model for an old German bandmaster. This was later, when he had put on weight and eyeglasses, and his mustache had turned very gray.

There was also the summer Cassie thought Mr. Pinney's heart had been broken by a woman he couldn't forget. "I don't know how many times Joe and I have passed him out on the Point, sitting on the rocks and watching the sunset," she said. But that was the summer

before Cassie and Joe were married. She told Mr. Pinney she would like to send him an announcement—where could she write him?

Mr. Pinney said that he expected to move as soon as he returned to New York. He would send Cassie his new address. He never did.

There was not even a return address on his letter the next summer. "If the house had burned down over our heads," my mother said, "we couldn't get word to him." She called our attention to the crisp new bill. "Perhaps he works in a bank? But then I should think he'd use a check, or at least send money by registered mail."

"I guess the secret is worth more than ten dollars to him," my father said.

THAT summer I was drafted; the next I was in England. "Mr. Pinney looks older and very tired," Mother wrote. "I expect he is doing war work of some kind. Of course, he doesn't let on what. I laugh when I think of a spy trying to get anything out of him."

For several weeks, the Careless Talk Costs Lives posters reminded me of Mr. Pinney. Then I went to Normandy and did not think of him for another year. But then a little while after that when one of the fellows asked what day it was and a sergeant told him, "Tuesday, you lug," I thought of its being time for Mr. Pinney's letter again. I was homesick, and although the homesickness was not for him, it did not remind me of any of the other boarders. It had always been partly Mr. Pinney's secret, whatever it was, that gave us something to talk about; and it was partly his being the first to come to us every year, always marking a change in our lives. And then, you know, he was a nice old guy.

I'm sorry it had to happen the way it did. I'd been through the discharge mill at Camp Dix, and I'd got as far as the

Grand Central Station in New York. I walked up to the Information Desk, and I said, "Look, how do I go about getting—" before it struck me. "Mr. Pinney!" I said.

He'd changed a lot; I suppose he had taken a beating at this job during the war. His mustache was white, and his eyeglasses were thicker.

I'd changed a lot, too. At first he wasn't sure who I was, then he said, "Why it's Arthur, isn't it?"

"It sure is, Mr. Pin—"

There was a sailor wanting to know how he'd get to Grant's Tomb. Mr. Pinney said, "Pardon me, Arthur," and told the sailor he could take a bus or take the subway, and exactly which bus and which subway station.

"My mother wrote and said you were coming up regular—"

But Mr. Pinney had to answer a young woman. "Take the shuttle, madam, transfer to a local train, and get off at—" He had a moment to smile at me, then someone else interrupted, and it was, "Let me see the reservation, please."

Finally, I said, "Well, see you this summer, Mr. Pinney."

"Yes," he said. "Good luck, Arthur—But, ma'am, this is not the Pennsylvania Station. To get there you—"

"Goodby and good luck to you, Mr. Pinney." I had walked away before I remembered what I was going to ask about, myself. . . .

It's that time of year again, and this morning my mother said, "It's queer we haven't heard from Mr. Pinney about his room." She'll probably go on calling the room that for the rest of her life, but I don't think Mr. Pinney will use our room again, ever. He'll go somewhere else, and it'll be a place where nobody knows a thing about him, and nobody will find out a thing by asking him. He won't tell them anything, because that's what makes it a vacation for Mr. Pinney.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

a short short story

For hunting and fishing addicts Canada is ideal. Skiing leads the winter sports in the Switzerland of America, and during the other seasons there is plenty for the tourist to see and do, exploring quaint Gaspe Peninsula, historic Quebec, the lovely Laurentian mountains, the lake and mountain country around Banff in the Canadian Rockies or cruising down the St. Lawrence, Canada's outlet to the sea.

*Before
You Pack Your
Bags*

Planes will carry thousands of war-weary vacationers to the West Indies, playground of the Caribbean, and cruise ships are starting on this run again. The Bahamas offer gleaming white beaches and azure-blue waters for bathing and sailing, night life in Havana is more exciting than ever, and for those who just want to relax there are many more quiet spots in this tropical paradise where you can get away from it all.

Mexico is enjoying its greatest tourist season in history. The country south of the Border lures American travelers with its bullfights, colorful scenery and mountains and a new and growing pastime, Mexican baseball.

Your first view of Rio as you approach by sea or air will be unforgettable. You may not see all of Brazil, a vast country, but what you do see will be fascinating



TRANSPORTATION

Steamship lines are gradually putting more ships into passenger service and by the end of the year should be approximately back to prewar status. Space on cruise ships has been greatly in demand since the war ended, so if you want to book on one of these, be sure to make your reservations well in advance. Railroad accommodations, although tight at this writing, are coming back to normal as more new cars and locomotives are being turned out of the shops. Flying is more popular than ever and to take care of the many new passengers the established airlines have greatly expanded their routes and seating space, while a number of new lines have sprung up. Key roads and highways are under repair and the ultimate aim is that a motorist may reach almost any spot in North or South America.

BAGGAGE

If you're going to make an extended stay, better ship most of your luggage ahead. This is most essential for plane travelers since there is a limit on the weight of baggage carried free of charge. Seasoned travelers also have learned to check clothing requirements for different countries and climates and they know the advantage of lightweight luggage. Be sure to leave room for the inevitable souvenirs you'll be collecting on your journey.

ACCOMMODATIONS

In most of the countries of the Western Hemisphere tourist accommodations range from good to excellent. In a remote part of Central America, however, and food are quite satisfactory. Don't

IF YOU'RE planning a postwar vacation trip abroad, stop first and consider a few items vital to your plans. In the first place, pleasure trips to Europe, Africa or the Orient are definitely out for this year but the prospect for 1947 is more cheering. Again, if you want to visit any spot in the Western Hemisphere be sure to make your travel and hotel reservations well in advance for such reservations have been piling up for months in travel agencies.

Here's a typical example: A year ago a Caribbean shipping line advertised its postwar plan to run a fleet of air-conditioned liners from New Orleans to Latin-American ports. Three days after the first ad appeared, a post card arrived from an obscure, one-woman travel agency in Burlingame, California. It read: "Have three reservations; money in pocket. Please advise when they can start." Before this query could be answered, a second post card from the same woman reported seven reservations, and a third card had eleven. The fourth message from Burlingame was a telegram. It arrived just after Japan's surrender: "Have seventeen reservations; money in pocket. Demand to know when they can start."

Yes, the rush is on. While the entire travel picture changes from day to day we have gathered for your benefit the latest information available. Here's a check list you should find useful:

PASSPORTS AND VISAS

Passports are necessary to enter every foreign country in the Western Hemisphere except Mexico, Canada, Bermuda, the Bahamas and Cuba. For the latter countries either a tourist card, easily obtainable, or your identification as a citizen or resident alien is sufficient. Documents are obtained at Washington.

cost to you. They will book your transportation, secure hotel accommodations, map your itinerary and offer practical tips on conditions in the places you plan to visit. Better carry your money in traveler's checks or, if you prefer cash, see that it's in small denominations, not higher than ten-dollar bills. CARL FRENCH



UNITED EIGHBORS

I
DR. QUO TAI-CHI OF CHINA

TO THE Chinese, an ancient and wise people, there's nothing either radical or mysterious about the idea of a United Nations. Their Confucius, some 2,500 years before Wendell Willkie, saw the world as "one family" and taught his followers that "within the four seas all men are brothers."

Their delegate to the U.N., Dr. Quo Tai-chi, is therefore perhaps better equipped than any of the representatives of the 51 signatories of the Charter to understand its idealistic objectives and to help make them come true. Dr. Quo learned about the "universality of man" and the "interdependence of peoples" at the feet of his father, a teacher and Confucianist scholar.

To Dr. Quo, a small and deliberate man who is fifty-seven and looks forty, the U.N. is man's last chance at salvation. "Another war, in this atomic era," he says in his slow, precise English, "may leave this a smoking, depopulated, derelict planet. We cannot have one."

To China, the U.N. is the only possible source of the peace and material assistance it requires to become a modern political and economic society, able to provide its people with what they've never had—security. China has all of the prerequisites for agricultural and in-

dustrial riches. But approximately 17,000,000 of its people are starving and 8 out of every 10 others are underfed. Disease is proportionately as widespread.

For China's backwardness and appalling poverty there are many reasons, but high on the list is war. Not, however, because the Chinese like war. On the contrary, their antipathy toward militarism is surpassed only by our own. It's an old Chinese proverb that "you don't use good iron to make nails, nor good men to make soldiers."

China's land-hungry, corrupt feudal barons capitalized on their countrymen's pacifism. For centuries they kept the nation divided and at war with itself in their struggle for power and wealth. Foreign imperialist plunderers carved huge chunks of China for themselves and obliged the Chinese to concede special trade and civil privileges.

Finally, starvation bred revolt, and the rebellion found a leader in Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who'd studied American democracy. He guided the revolution toward establishment of a republic.

Just as the followers of Dr. Sun swept the last of the Manchu emperors out of power and proclaimed the Republic in 1912, young Dr. Quo returned to China, fresh from a year as a reporter on the

old Philadelphia Press following his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania and Williston Seminary, in Easthampton, Massachusetts. Dr. Quo became secretary to General Li Yuan-hung, a hero of the revolution.

"And I'm still a revolutionary," says Dr. Quo, "in the broadest sense of the word—as Thomas Jefferson meant it."

Dr. Quo has been a politician since he was seven years old, when his father began instructing him. When he was fourteen, the government of his native province of Hupeh provided young Quo with a scholarship to Williston and the U of P, where he won Phi Beta Kappa honors. He doesn't visibly wear the little gold key.

General Li became Vice-President of the new republic, under Dr. Sun, and Quo stayed with him until 1915. Four years later Dr. Quo was a delegate to the Paris Peace Conference. He subsequently served as Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, delegate to the League of Nations, Ambassador to Great Britain and Foreign Minister. It was Dr. Quo who formally broke diplomatic relations between China and Italy and Germany, on July 1, 1941. "... the day after I took office as Foreign Minister," he says somewhat proudly. And he declared war on the Axis powers immediately after Pearl Harbor was attacked.

Until 1931, before he emerged as one of China's more prominent diplomats, Dr. Quo was vest-deep in internal Chinese politics. He was active in Kuomintang affairs and worked hard to help unify his country. Only the rift between the Central government of Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists of Manchuria now prevents China's unification and the realization of Dr. Sun's dream of a powerful, peaceful, progressive state. Dr. Quo believes that cessation of civil war in Manchuria is near. He isn't as allergic to Manchuria Communists as most Kuomintang big shots and describes them as "19th-century liberals" who aren't completely beyond the pale of decency.

Dr. Quo has faith in the U.N.'s ability to succeed where the League of Nations failed in keeping peace. He sees important and encouraging differences between the League and the U.N. All decisions of the League Council, for instance, had to be unanimous.

"At the U.N.," Dr. Quo points out, "a majority decision is binding on the membership. This is a small, but significant qualification of sovereignty. It shows that nations trust one another more than they did." An exception to majority rule is the veto power retained by America, Russia, China, Britain and France to nullify any action involving them individually or collectively. "But the time may come," Dr. Quo hopes, "when even these members will relinquish that power."

Like his people, Dr. Quo is tranquil to the point of seeming phlegmatic. He has a high-pitched, controlled voice, uninflected in even the severest verbal storms of the Security Council. While presiding over the stormy (epicenter: Iran) 24th meeting of the Council, he managed to steer clear of parliamentary rocks which might have wrecked the U.N.

Until the U.N. moves to its permanent quarters, Dr. and Madame Quo will live in a Park Avenue hotel in New York. Their sons, Mo-Lin (20) and Mo-Ying (11) are in schools in California.

One of Dr. Quo's most important discoveries since coming to the U.N. is that Russia's celebratedly dour Andrei Gromyko has a sense of humor. At a recent luncheon, Dr. Quo invited the Russian to join a tableside conversation.

"But what," asked the renowned objector, "is the subject of your conversation—I want to know before I object." ...

FRANK GERVASI

Two for a Nickel

Continued from page 12

Willard's station was farther uptown than theirs. He was promising to catch Marilyn's show when they got off. Walking toward Broadway and Eighty-eighth, she said, "You see? You did pay off. You're a man worth knowing."

"Yeah," he said. "I'm a contact."

At the corner, he turned with her.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"Walking you home. Okay?"

She didn't say anything. As they neared her building, she said, "Thanks for the introduction. It really might do me some good."

"That's great," Mark said.

She turned in the vestibule, and said good night.

"I thought I'd come up for a while," Mark said.

She looked at him, and said, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be like that," he said.

She put a hand on the doorknob, and said, "Good night."

Mark felt his face grow hot, and there was a heavy pounding in his temples. "Under a drama critic, you don't rate. Right?"

She turned as if to say something, and then turned back to the door. Mark took her arm, and turned her to face him. He pulled her to him, and pressed her body against his.

"I'm an old friend," he said. He kissed her hard on the mouth. She stood stiff in his arms until he stopped.

She stepped back, and her face was flushed. She looked at him for a long minute, then raised her hand and hit him hard on the cheek.

When she went through the door, Mark didn't try to follow. He went out into the street, and walked home.

THE following night, he managed to get out of the office a few minutes early. The Change Maker noticed. "Nothing is wrong with your job?" he asked.

"Nothing. Did the ballerina show up yet?"

"Not so early. Maybe in a couple of minutes."

"That's fine," Mark said. "I have to run along."

The Change Maker said, "Mr. Forrest, it's not my business, but is something wrong? With Miss Morrow, I mean?"

"You said it, Change Maker. It's none of your business." Mark regretted saying it as soon as it was out, because of the way the old man looked. But you had to draw the line somewhere.

He managed to get to the subway early for the next few nights. Then one night the Change Maker wasn't there. When Mark let his train go by, it was because he couldn't help wondering what had happened to the old guy. He'd never missed a night before.

Plenty of things can happen to an old guy in New York. He probably had no family. There were hundreds of old men in New York who existed on the fringes of the town's life, selling newspapers on little stands, or candy on tiny pushcarts. They didn't have much to live for, but they hung on because they didn't want to die.

They didn't want to die alone, that was a cinch. Mark had seen a number of them lying dead in their wretched little rooms, when he was handling a routine leg man's beat for City News. They made a story when there was a wad of money stuffed in their mattresses, but there was usually nothing.

It wasn't that the Change Maker was his responsibility, or anything like that. But he didn't like the thought of the old man lying sick in one of those little rooms. After he let his train go by, there

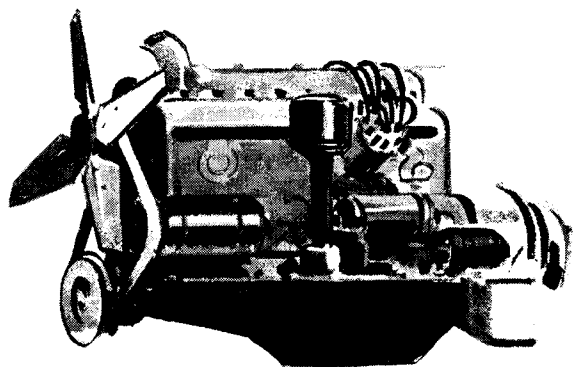
Collier's for July 13, 1946

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN



A CLEAN BOY LOOKS BETTER

A clean-up can turn a grimy urchin into a polished little gentleman. Cleanliness also makes a whale of a difference in the way the motor of your car runs.



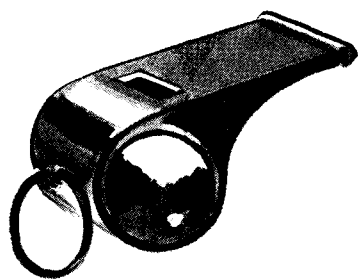
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SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

The Marrying Kind

Continued from page 17

together. "You'll love Philip," she said. "He's wonderful, he's terribly talented and he's got scads of money." And, darkly, *sotto voce*, "He knows about us and doesn't care."

I forget just what Philip looked like. Or just which one was Philip. All Leonie's men looked vaguely alike, talked alike and were interested in approximately the same things. They tended to be fair-haired, blue-eyed, sensible about everything except Leonie, and a little dull.

So I knew there'd be someone like Philip around when I called on Leonie after my flight back from Japan. Leonie was in the middle of the living-room floor when the maid let me in and she leaped up, kissed me on the cheek and pulled me after her to where she'd been sitting.

"Darling, you look so wonderful it frightens me," she said. "You've lost weight and it makes you look haggard and so attractive." She resumed her position on the floor and I sat beside her, surrounded by a heap of phonograph albums, acetate recordings of some of her radio shows, books, prints, framed pictures and art objects. "I'm giving everything away," she said airily, waving her arm over all the things. "You've come home to find a changed me. I hope you'll like the new me."

"I'll always like you, Leonie," I said. She clasped my forearm with both her hands. "I'm in love, darling," she said, "really, truly, truly in love. Isn't it wonderfully awful? And he's good, he's fine. He's so right for me. He's got balance and he's somebody with direction—not one of your dreary, bright New Yorkers." She put her face inches before mine so I could see in her eyes the genuineness of this love. Her face was lit with the magic of love, first love, real love, and it was a light in Leonie's eyes I had seen many times before.

"Wait, I'll get you a picture of him," she said, getting up and leaving the room. From another room I thought I heard her say, "He's frighteningly good-looking, darling."

I ALWAYS liked Leonie's apartment. The floors were lined with an off-white carpeting that made you afraid to walk hard; every room was touched gently with her perfume. The big sitting room where I'd found her was one in which any kind of man could fall in love with her and in which Leonie could, in turn, fall in love with the man who was being enchanted with her. Did this newest Philip incline to the liter'y? One vast wall was banked with books, red, orange, blue, some battered, but no sets, the arrangement casual, unevenly spaced, and all good titles. Or mayhap our Philip was a horseman? Why, in one corner there was a score of blue ribbons on the wall, surrounding a photograph of the hostess taking a hurdle beautifully, and the table below it was filled with gill-sized cups. Was Phil a cynical radical or a Bohemian who liked to wear corduroy pants and gabardine shirts of dark hue? Leonie's room was for him, too, for there was new music all over the place, albums of things called Songs of Freedom, and there were small abstract paintings, too.

My name isn't Philip, but that room had always worked on me, too. . . .

She returned, holding out a photograph. "Darling, this is he."

I looked at the picture politely and gave it back, saying, "Well, he does look like quite a guy, doesn't he?"

"Darling," she said earnestly, "all my life I've been such a fool, wasting myself on amiable footlers—that must have been a phrase she'd used in a show somewhere—and never caring for myself.

I've been foolish and silly and perhaps too smart for my own good and I've been bled white mentally, emotionally and spiritually. Now I've found someone I can admire. He's strong, he's decent and so fundamentally fine it terrifies me."

"I'm so glad for you," I said. Then coughing embarrassedly, for she hadn't brought up the subject herself and the gent had been pictured in the uniform of an Army officer, I inquired, "What's he do? I mean, what's his pitch?"

"Now don't be snooty, darling," Leonie said. "He's very rich. He's in business. He's the head of some cement thing somewhere and they've got offices all over the country. He's got lots and lots of money and don't you think I'm not enchanted with the idea."

THE maid came in with a tray, a couple of bottles and some drinking things on it. I got up, poured a couple of drinks (I didn't have to ask; I know how Leonie likes hers) and offered one to Leonie. "Thank you, no," she said demurely. "I don't touch a drop any more since I'm going to get married."

I returned her drink to the tray. "Tell me about him," I said. I knew I was going to hear about him whatever I said, so I thought I might as well be polite.

"You'll adore the story," Leonie began. "I met him after that fifteen-minute show of mine, Helen Martin, Woman Doctor. Turned out he'd been in the engineer's booth—they'd been auditioning the show because they thought it might help cement. Heavens, darling, he was so good-looking I thought he was a new writer or an agency man or something. And he was so sweet, so unsophisticated. Kept calling me Doctor Martin." I winced.

"He was on his terminal leave," she went on. "We got to go out together and—well, you know how those things happen—we decided to get married. I thought about it for a frightfully long time, almost three days, darling. He told me it'd mean the end of my old life. Oh, yes, I can have my horses—he admires that in me. But he doesn't want me surrounded with all those characters, these allegedly fascinating people, all the crowd from the theater and radio and the agencies and writers. We'll live in Wisconsin and we'll have a country house or something in the North and a house in Milwaukee and we can have an apartment here in New York, too."

"He wants me to give up this silly, pointless life I've been living." She pointed to the room around her and I couldn't see anything silly and pointless about it, but I said nothing. "All these things that are from my past." She picked up a classic Chinese ivory head, the crown on it as delicate as embroidery. She put it down. "Give them all away. When you get married you start anew. *Vita nuova*. Isn't it terrifying?" And then she had an idea.

"Darling," she said, "I want you to meet him."

His name wasn't Philip. It was Henry and he proved to be unexceptionally sensible. Leonie didn't let him talk much so I couldn't confirm whether he was always dull or not. But he seemed like a nice chap. Make her a fine husband and all that sort of thing. He acted like a man very much in love with Leonie and plainly terrified that he might lose her.

We had dinner, the three of us, in a little place on Third Avenue where Leonie and I used to go a good deal in the old days when the restaurant was young and struggling and so were we. They remembered us there—sweet old Rosa back in the kitchen and her two sons out front. Rosa made a *gaffe* when she came over and put her arms around

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Leonie and me and called us mister and missus and loudly related how we used to come to her place when we were just like children in love and how she always knew that we'd get married.

"Isn't she adorable?" Leonie asked Henry, who didn't think so at all. "We were never married, darling Rosa. We're just terribly good friends. Here," she said, putting her arm around Henry, "is the man I'm going to marry."

"Please," said Henry, frowning a little, "don't be theatrical."

"I dunno," Rosa persisted. "Me I always thought you two should get married and have a lotsa babies."

"I'd adore your chicken *cacciatore*. Do you have any tonight?" Leonie asked Rosa. "You'd adore it, too, darling," she said to Henry. "It used to be so good we hated to eat it."

"Justa same," said Rosa, "I'm sorry you two didn't get married and have a lotsa kids. Gee," she cried, "you shoulda seen them when we first opened here. Why, halfa time they never had the price of a full-course dinner. But we know, so when they ordered the spaghetti and meat balls, sixty-five cents it was then, eighty-five cents less than now, we give them enough for two orders and she used to say she wasn't hungry and he'd make her eat some of his." She broke off at last and said to him pensively, "I'd take you more for her brother than her husband."

When the food came, Rosa left us alone. "I don't care much for this foreign food," Henry said privately, casting a glance over his shoulder.

I wiped my mouth with my napkin. "A friend of mine used to say," I said, looking straight at Leonie so she'd know whom I was quoting, "that garlic ought to go in every article of food, except, maybe, ice cream."

"It's like all this so-called cosmopolitan existence," Henry said to me. "Too highly seasoned, too doctored-up and too foreign. Give me something plain every time."

"Isn't he admirable?" Leonie asked me. The funny thing is I'm sure she meant it.

I HADN'T seen Leonie for some time, nor had I heard from her. But one day I got back to my hotel and there was a sheaf of messages from her such as "Very important" and "Call at once." The phone rang again as I was coming out of a shower.

Leonie: "Where have you been?" "I've been working. I've got—" "Darling, I have got to see you right away. Come here and have dinner with me."

"I'd love to," I said, "but I have a date tonight with an ex-Wac who was very helpful to me in Calcutta."

"Don't be dreary, darling," Leonie said. "This is important. I've got to see you. Break the date. Tell the poor thing you will see her tomorrow."

"Leonie, be nice. I told this girl in India that any time she was in New York I'd show her the town. I wouldn't want to break that kind of promise."

"Go ahead," Leonie said, unveiling her talent, "be nice to a stranger, but break my heart."

"All right," I said. "What is it?" I really shouldn't have asked. I knew from previous experience that all the crises in Leonie's life concerned men and I didn't need her to tell me it had something to do with Henry.

Leonie was properly costumed for the scene she had called me to witness when I arrived. She was wearing a long flowing negligee, funereally white. Her face was without make-up except for the pale red lipstick that outlined her mouth. Her hair flowed softly around her shoulders. She was propped up at one end of the sofa, like Camille, and her fingers tested the length of a great white handkerchief incessantly.

She didn't rise to greet me. "He's left

me," she said voicelessly in the manner of Margaret Sullavan, an actress she much admires.

I said I was sorry or something.

"Opal," she called to the maid, still employing the Sullavan voice, "bring a tray with the whisky things. I'll have one, too." Then she turned to me and said, "What's the matter with me, darling? Why won't people trust me?"

"Tell me what's happened."

"It all started that night we had dinner. Wasn't that a *dismal* bright idea of mine? Oh, I mean, it was a charming evening but very depressing, didn't you think? All that silly gush of Rosa's about our going there ten years ago, it made me feel childishly old. And it made Henry too jealous."

"Jealous?" I parroted. The maid had come in with the tray. I mixed a couple of drinks, using my fingers to get the ice, and I handed one glass to the lady of the camellias. "Jealous of whom?" I inquired.

"Of you, darling," she said.

I coughed so hard I almost lost the highball glass. "Now really, Leonie—I began.

"Yes, I know, darling," she said. "But I've taken a stand. I've told him everything. I've been very honest with Henry. I've told him what we once were to each other. And how we've become such good friends since—like brother and sister—

DOUBLE-TALK

You bet! Sure! Certainly! I agree!
And: It's positively okay with me!
Experience shows, is the way a lot
Of human beings say Certainly not!
—W. E. Farbstain

but he insists it's impossible. He says he can tell by looking at us that we wouldn't see each other unless—oh, isn't it too embarrassingly charming? And do you know, I love him for it?"

"What a hell of a reason for loving someone," I said, arising to make another drink.

She got up from her prone position, tucked her feet under her on the sofa, casually shook her hair out, reached for the drink I was handing her. She had stopped being Camille. "He asked me to tell you never to see me again. He said I had to choose between you and him." She looked down into her drink. "I told him he was silly. I told him there'd been others, other beaux, since you, lots of others and that I'd make that promise about them, even though I hated the idea, if he insisted." She sipped slowly at her drink. "But I wouldn't promise about you."

"Well done, Leonie, I'm proud o' you," I said. "Like I always say, you got to start off firmly else you spoil a husband."

That was the wrong thing to say. "But he's not going to be my husband unless I never see you again. He's given me till ten o'clock tonight to make up my mind. And if I keep on saying no, he'll go back to Milwaukee and all that nasty cement." She started to cry a little.

"All right," I said, "if it hurts that much, tell him you won't ever see me again. We can meet secretly like the people in Balzac. Or better still, you'll be so rich that you can keep me in a little apartment on Back Street and come to see me discreetly when you get bored with your sables and hunters."

"But I can't say it, darling," Leonie said. "It's the most difficult easy thing to say I ever knew. What Henry won't understand is that he's got no more reason to be jealous of you than he has of all the others. I've always been in love. I don't remember when I haven't been. I believe in love. It's the only time I'm

happy. When I'm not I feel like an old hag. Sure, I've always been in love with you, but then I've always been in love with Tony and Philip and Larry and Ainsworth. Why should he care, the dear? Why does he single you out?"

"I was here."

"Yes, and I've always talked so much more about you. But you understand, darling, that you're just the kind of person he detests? Isn't it too sweet?"

"No," I said.

"You see, he doesn't like you because you're too foot-free and fancy-loose. You're always dashing off to a war or something, and he says you probably haven't got a dime to your name, ever."

"Well, at least he can read character," I said.

"He tells me that you represent all the things he wants to take me away from. Do you, darling?"

"I guess you can't fool 'em in the cement business."

LEONIE handed me a card. Wedding invite. "And here, look at this." Then she gave me a batch of clips from papers announcing the engagement, and out West they ran two-column cuts of Leonie and gave it three sticks of type. Even the New York papers had given it a play.

"He's got so much I want," Leonie went on. "I'm so bored with beating my brains out trying to be a successful actress. I'm bored with all this high life and these people with nervous breakdowns and duodenal ulcers and crawling ambitions. I really don't want to be an actress. I do want to live in the country and come to New York for a month or two each year and have my own horses, just as Henry said. I've been offered all this before, but never by anyone like Henry."

"Then it's easy," I said. "Let's say goodbye. At best, with the life you've outlined and the way I travel around, we won't be seeing each other more than once a year anyway, so tell Henry okay."

"I will not," said Leonie, hiding her face in the handkerchief. "It's the dreary principle of it all."

"Then you don't do nothin', Leonie. Let him relent and come back and learn you haven't changed your mind."

"But you don't know Henry."

"In a way I'm lucky."

"Please, darling," Leonie said, "don't be clever; it's so dreary. What am I going to do? It is such a wonderful chance for me. I've found the man for me and I do like him so. I do want to get married. I so hate living alone." She was studying something. Then she said, "Aren't these invitations attractive?"

Come ten o'clock, this citizen had wilted on Leonie's sofa, dulled by too much drink, too much of Opal's cooking and too much of Leonie's talk. I hadn't wanted to be around when Henry came calling, but I'd forgotten to look at my wrist watch. When the doorbell rang and rang, with the urgent buzzing that announces that the possessor of the finger on the other side of the door has arrived on some earth-shaking business, I got up as if to go, like the guilty party in the ancient farce. Leonie called out to Opal that she would answer the door and said to me, "No, it's better you stay." I fell back on the sofa. It was a comfortable sofa.

I heard the door open. I heard Henry utter a manly, firm, "Good evening, Leonie." Leonie came back into the room first and Henry was huffing noisily and beginning to say something virile and decisive when he saw me prone.

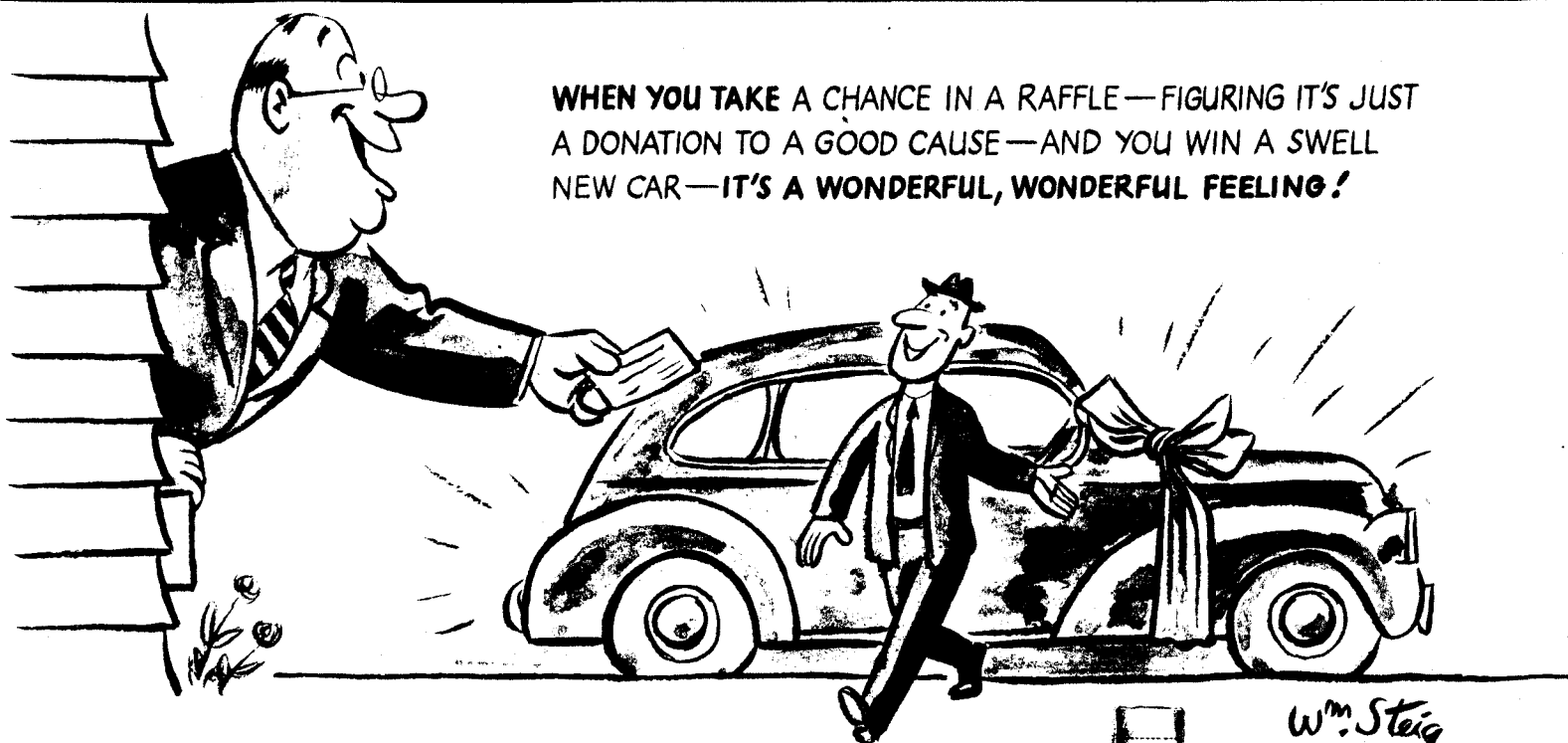
"Hello, Henry," I said, turning myself to fit more snugly into the sofa. "Imagine finding you here."

Henry glared at me, his mouth beginning to make some soundless expletive. He turned to his betrothed. "Leonie, will you come into the bedroom with me where I can speak to you alone."

She dutifully complied. They must have been gone some time. The sofa was

Collier's for July 13, 1946

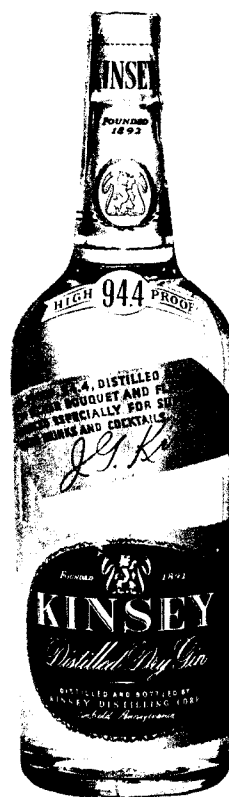
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484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan



beginning to fit like a mitten. Henry stirred me to fretful waking again when he returned, rending the air with a too-loud, "And that's the way it is, Leonie."

Leonie was still saying, "Please don't ask me to do that. Anything but that."

"Very well, then, Leonie," Henry declared, "you know what you are saying. And you know what alternative that leaves me. Good night and goodbye, Leonie." I caught his eye from the sofa. He clamped his teeth furiously, looked down on me, said, "As for you, sir, as for you, I'm too much of a gentleman to tell you what I'd like. But I regard you as an unprincipled cad for wrecking this poor girl's life." He turned again to Leonie and shouted, "Good night."

The next I heard, the door was shutting heavily and, I thought, metallically, like the gates of Hell.

LEONIE had followed him into the foyer. She returned bearing a bucket of fresh ice cubes and she held out a drink for me. She seemed strangely serious. "Get up, darling," she said, "you're being too dull." I got up for the drink.

"It's all off. The wedding's called off. The engagement is broken. The house in Wisconsin is gone. I'm back to screeching for help on the Captain Highnoon show and curing incurable cases as only Helen Martin, Woman Doctor, can cure 'em. I'm right back where I always was, darling, just a glamorous drudge." She paused to drain her glass. "And, you know, darling," she said with dark significance, "it's all your fault."

"Please, Leonie," I said weakly. "I told you you ought to do what he asked."

"He wasn't very much," Leonie said a little tearfully, "but he was so solid and substantial and nice and rich and he did admire me. And you had to spoil it all."

"Ah, Leonie, don't be tedious."

"But you did, darling." She started to cry. I couldn't tell if she was playing young heartbreak or whether she meant it. She dabbed at her eyes and her nose. I put my arm around her to comfort her and was saying something pat, like, "Dear Leonie, dear sweet Leonie," when she looked up at me and said, "Please kiss me, darling." I leaned down and gave her what I trusted was a brotherly buss. She circled her arms around me, drew my head close, caught my hair in her fingers and made something else of it.

"Oh, darling," she whispered, "I do like you so much. You're my best beau, my very best friend. Don't you like me?"

"I like you very much." I tried to put some inches between us on the sofa.

"Very much, darling?" she said. "Very, very much?" A new light was glowing in Leonie's eyes, a dancing light, young and vibrant and full of love.

"Yes, of course, Leonie," I hedged.

"Do you love me, darling?" she asked.

"I'll always love you, Leonie," I said, "in a special kind of way."

She put her face next to mine. "Then why don't we get married, darling? We'd be such fun together. And there's never been anyone else for you since me, I know that. There's never really been anyone else for me, either. It would be terribly wonderful—we'd have so much."

"Leonie," I said, moving away, "I'm not the marrying kind."

"Nonsense, darling," she said, "marriage would be good for you. I've been so worried about you. Running around all over the world and no home and all. I'd have a house for you, a place to come back to, a retreat where you could rest. There must be some reason why we've been so close all these years. Darling, haven't you ever felt the need for a wife?"

"Of course," I admitted. "Always." I am honest even when it is dangerous.

"Naturally. That's why I'd be so frightfully good for you."

"Leonie, this is silly—" I started to say.

"Don't talk," she said. "Don't talk,

don't talk. Kiss me, darling." When she said darling this time it wasn't like an actress at all; it was like a woman who knew the exact meaning of the word and meant it when she said it. "I love you so much. I've waited so long." Her mouth was close to mine. I kissed her.

"But I'm not the marrying—" I began.

"Please, darling," Leonie said, "we were foolish once but we shan't be again. I know so much better than you. You need some woman who can manage your life, who will keep you from drifting and wasting yourself. We've always loved each other. This is right for us. You must go home and wait for me and tomorrow we'll get married."

"I don't want to go home, Leonie," I said. "I don't want to get married."

"Up with you, darling," Leonie said. She pulled me from the sofa and led me to the door. "Now you go and wait at your hotel, darling, and I shall see you in the morning. We've missed ten wonderful years, but at least we've found each other." She opened the door, led me to the elevator, rang for it and then put her arms around me and kissed me. I kissed her right back. You don't peck at such kisses. Then the elevator came and she whispered good night softly and said she would come to fetch me before noon.

"Yes, darling," I said. "I'll see you in the morning." ...

I tried all morning to compose some kind of note. One ought to say something in a situation like mine, I thought. And besides Leonie was such a sweet girl and such an old friend, so special and lovely that you didn't leave her in the lurch without some word of explanation. But every time I started to write, it turned out wrong. I knew she'd hate it. I thought of just writing something like, "Very dear Leonie, I just couldn't," but that sounded too cold, too brusque. It was easier to leave no note. So I left town and went to El Paso.

I CAME back to New York just as soon as I thought I'd be safe. I kept away from all the places where I knew Leonie could be found and, of course, I didn't call her. But then I saw her walking toward me on Fifth Avenue. Traffic was too heavy to cross the street in the middle of the block and I was near the curb so I couldn't dash into a shop. So I went up and said hello.

"Darling," said Leonie, glad as always to see me, "where have you been? I haven't been able to call you because I've been so busy. Darling, what's happened to you? You're beginning to look too fetchingly pudgy and what about those circles under your eyes? Are you drinking too much again?"

"I've been working hard," I said.

I was holding my hat in hand, politely. "Put your hat on, darling," she said. "Your hair's getting terribly thin and you'll catch your death."

"Thank you," I said meekly.

"I can't talk to you, darling," she said. "I've got a rehearsal. I'm late already. Call me, won't you?"

"Of course, I will."

And then, as an afterthought, she said, plucking my sleeve, "I've got the most wonderful news for you. Did I ever tell you about Philip Henderson, you know, the chap who does all those wonderful sets, the stage designer? Well, this is the most wonderful story—you'll hate it, it's so charming. There I was having lunch in Sardi's and suddenly this frightfully good-looking chap came up and—"

"I don't want you to be late—"

"Good heavens, darling," Leonie said. "I mustn't. But call me, you've got to hear all about it. You'll love him—he's got everything. And we're going to get married just as soon as we can. Isn't it wonderful? But, darling, I've got to dash. If I'm much later for this rehearsal I'll be too early for Woman Doctor." And she dashed off down Fifth Avenue.

THE END

Collier's for July 13, 1946

Mightier Than The Atom

Continued from page 22

there is a sharp cliff face which shows where coastal sections have dropped as much as forty feet in the remote past.

The movement is not always down, of course. As compressed rock layers buckle, they may rise in the middle. Or the dropping of one huge chunk may dislocate another delicately balanced segment and make it bounce up. In 1897, large districts in India near the Himalayas suddenly lifted 24 feet. The coast of Alaska jerked upward 47 feet in 1899.

Japan, busiest of all earthquake areas, shows a general tendency to tilt. The western (Asiatic) side of the islands is slowly sinking while the Pacific side rises. Intensive study of these phenomena has been made in the past half century, and scientists have concluded that Japan is composed of giant blocks of rocks many miles in diameter, fitted together like tiling. As interior forces build up, these great blocks snap and realign themselves along their jagged shear lines.

Efforts at Prediction Futile

The actual study of earthquakes in Japan has been carried on for sixty-six years. It was begun not by the Japanese themselves, though their ground had been jolting from time immemorial, but by a group of American and British scientists. These Occidentals went through a quake in Tokyo on Washington's Birthday, 1880, and were so impressed by the thing that on the same day they founded the Seismological Society of Japan, later inventing new instruments and advancing the whole study of earthquakes. Within a short time, more than a thousand observation stations had been established in Japan, and excited efforts were being made to predict the occurrence of major quakes. This last, however, has proved to be one of science's will-o'-the-wisps, until today it is generally agreed that no system of forecast is possible in the light of what we now know.

The tilting effects in Japanese earthquakes are clearly measurable. The floors of certain harbors on the Pacific Coast have risen as much as one foot in ten years. In places, mooring piles which were formerly in the water are now 200 feet inland. At other places the land has sunk so rapidly that rocks which five years ago stood a foot above high tide are now completely submerged.

The most startling effects in Japan, however, have taken place under deep

water. Sagami Bay, near Tokyo, had been sounded and mapped in great detail in 1912. Immediately after the earthquake of 1923 the bay was mapped again. Five areas were found where the bottom had been pushed up 800 feet. At other spots it had dropped 1,300 feet. Before the earthquake, the entire sea bottom had sloped up toward the north at an angle of 19 degrees. After the quake this angle had decreased to 5 degrees.

While this lift-and-drop type of earthquake is the commonest, there is another kind, equally disastrous, in which all the movement is horizontal. That is what happened in San Francisco in 1906.

For years before the San Francisco earthquake, it had been noticed that certain accurately located points in California were tending to inch away from one another as if some great force were straining them apart. The main continental area of the state seemed to be creeping southeast, while a narrow strip of the coast lagged behind. On April 18, 1906, it was as if the main mass broke free and lurched forward along a fracture line 200 miles in length. This fracture line, the San Andreas Rift, is a crack which some geologists think may run all the way across Mexico, and there is evidence that many other quakes have occurred along it. The earthquake of 1906 slashed across California at an angle, breaking streets, roads, and fences, and jerking their severed ends as much as 21 feet out of line.

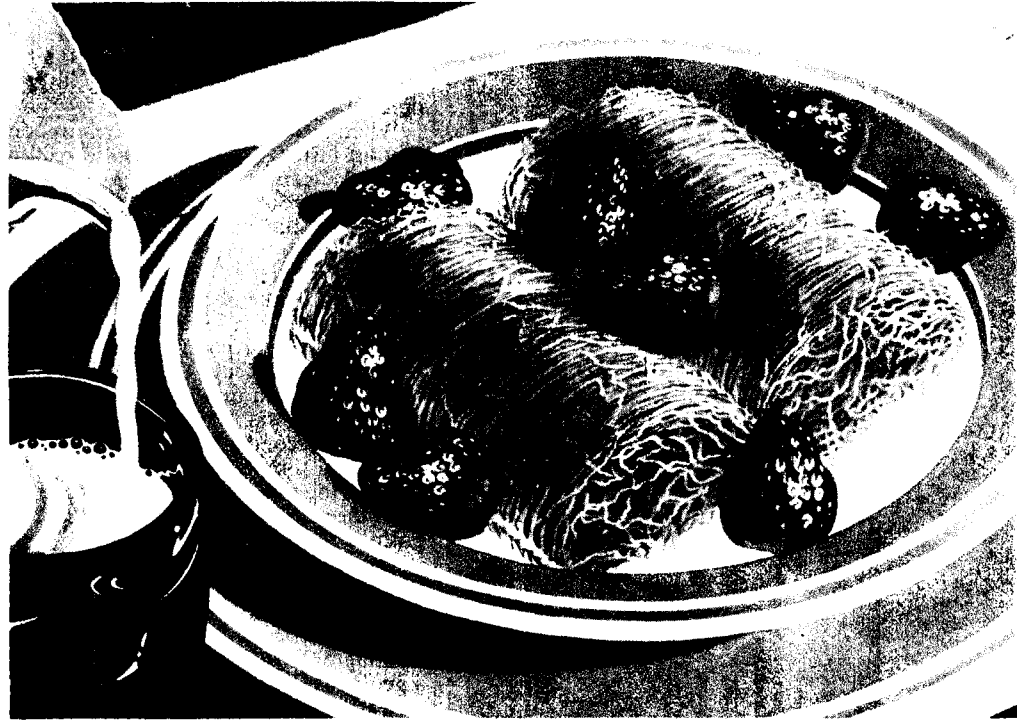
Our planet has a high degree of elasticity. When its rock layers snap under great pressure they jerk back and forth for a time, just as steel oscillates when it breaks under stress. If the rift or fracture is actually at or close to the surface, hundreds of miles of countryside may be shaken with great violence as long as the oscillation continues. At most this will be a matter of minutes, but in that time whole cities may topple over.

For all its destructive power, this oscillation is small. In a minor earthquake the back-and-forth jiggle may be less than a tenth of an inch. When it is as much as half an inch it becomes dangerous, and a motion of one inch can be shockingly disastrous. It has been estimated that in the Japanese earthquake of 1891 the surface jerked back and forth as much as a foot, and it was many minutes before the ground stopped oscillating and came to rest.

It is not this jolting motion of the sur-

2 grand breakfasts

(from this ONE grand cereal!)

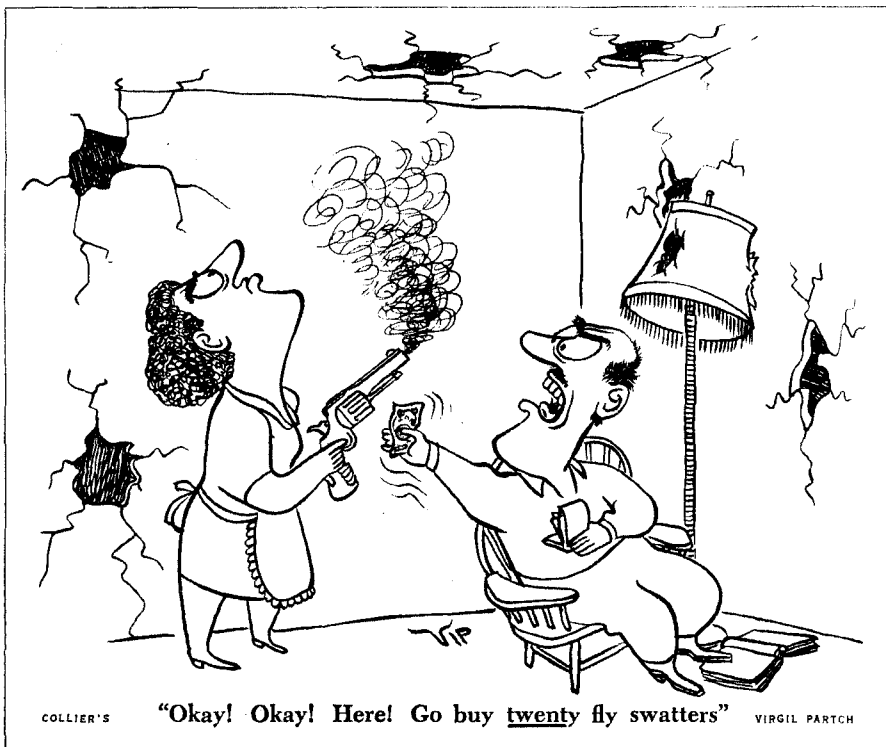


1. Families start humming "oh what a beautiful breakfast" when they see this one! — Sun-goldened Nabisco Shredded Wheat, surrounded by rich cream and topped with luscious, red strawberries. Tempting — hearty — and as nourishing as a "cooked" cereal. Remember, Nabisco Shredded Wheat is wholesome whole wheat — steamed, shredded, baked.

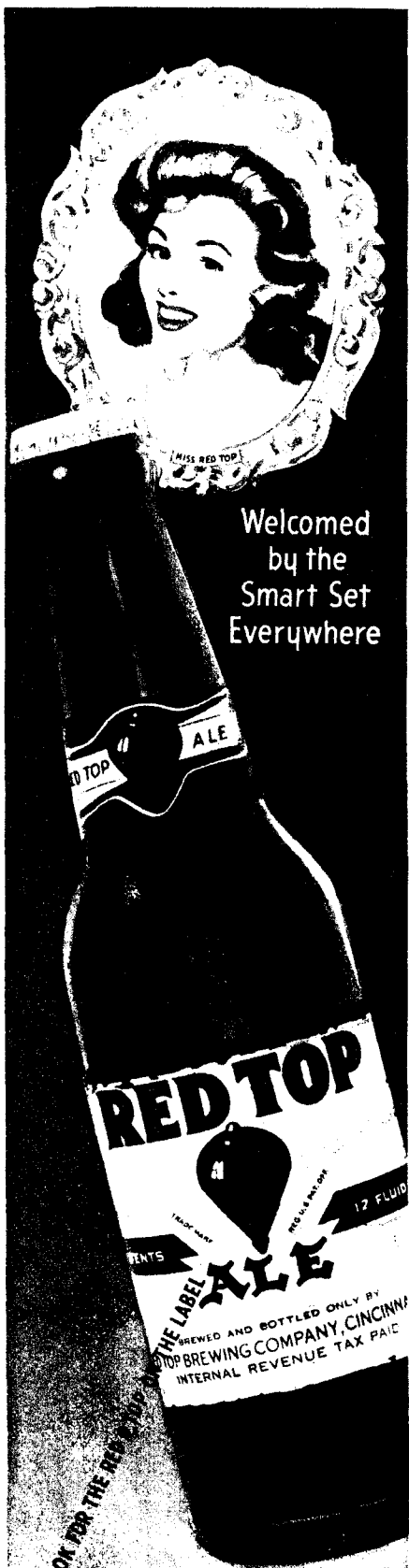


2. A sugar-saver that will send cereal bowls back for more. Crumble Nabisco Shredded Wheat, add cream and honey. M-m-m what an eye-opening breakfast to set before the family. Remember, these are just two of the many ways you can serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat, the truly versatile cereal. For the original Niagara Falls product, ask for Nabisco Shredded Wheat.

The cereal you can serve a dozen ways



Collier's for July 13, 1946



There's ample proof
in every bottle...

**RED
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ALE**

© 1946 RED TOP BREWING CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

face that is measured by seismographs. Any seismograph close enough to the fracture to be jolted by the breaking of the rocks would either be destroyed with its laboratory or go into such a paroxysm of excitement that its writing would be illegible. At the time of a heavy quake, seismographic instruments to be useful must be hundreds of miles away. It is vibration in the *particles* of solid rock beneath it—not an oscillation of the solid rocks themselves—which causes the seismograph to jiggle so that its hanging pen point traces a wavy line.

When rock strata snap, waves of commotion instantly spread in all directions from the center of the quake. These minute waves—not the actual jolt of sheared rock—are what seismographs record. By interpreting them, geologists locate the center of an earthquake.

When a quake occurs anywhere in the world two distinct kinds of vibration are set up in the earth's interior. The first is an impact effect, each rock particle striking the next and sending the impact on, much as one billiard ball strikes another, the second a third, and so on. This horizontal vibration travels through the earth at the rate of five miles a second.

At the same time the rock particles are given a second type of vibration. This is an up-and-down, bouncing motion which travels more slowly than the first, at three miles a second. Thus the two kinds of waves will arrive at any given seismograph at different times, and a geologist can determine how far away an earthquake was by reading the two squiggles traced on his instrument and computing the difference in time between their arrival.

The Third Wave—on the Surface

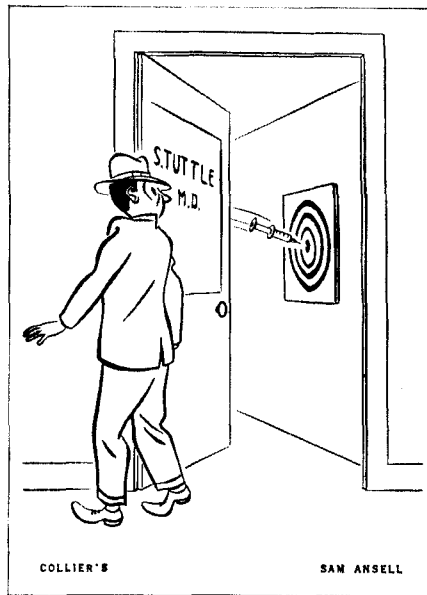
In addition to these two minute vibrations which hurry straight through the earth's mass—curving slightly as they pass through shells of different densities—there is a heave, like an undulating water wave, which travels around the surface of the earth. This wave moves slowest of all, at two miles a second, and is of use to a seismologist only as a check on his computation from the first two.

If a station has only one instrument, the seismologist can learn only the *distance* of the quake. It may have happened in Japan, or it may have happened in Persia or off the tip of South America. The waves, however, have shown up on other seismographs elsewhere in the world, and in each case the distance has been computed. This information is telegraphed from one observatory to another. So a seismologist in New York can draw a number of circles on his globe, each with an observatory as center and, as radius, the distance that observatory has reported. These circles will intersect in a point, and there the center of the earthquake, the snapping of the earth's rocks will be found.

It is also possible, when the first waves from the quake are very sharp and the observatory has three instruments, oriented North-South, East-West and vertical, to determine distance and direction from a single station. But this happens in only 10 per cent of the quakes.

In the last few years seismographs have been improved to the point where the smallest waves traveling through the earth can be magnified 100,000 times. The most sensitive seismograph at Fordham University shows vibrations set up in the earth minute enough to be caused by a sudden change in barometric pressure or the beat of the surf twenty miles away.

Often it is not so much the quake itself but an aftereffect which causes the greatest damage. In San Francisco it was fire. In Japan in 1896 and again in 1933 it was a tidal wave. Strictly speaking, tidal waves and waves caused by submarine earthquakes are two different things, though they behave similarly. It was one



of the latter which recently wrought so much havoc in Hawaii, Alaska and on the West Coast.

Japan has had more than her share of both kinds of tidal waves. In 1896 an underwater quake caused a wave which washed over the island of Sanriku, wrecking 14,000 houses and killing 30,000 people. Another quake in 1933 sent a 96-foot wall of water rolling along the main Japanese island of Honshu and erased scores of fishing villages. The next year a great typhoon sent its tidal wave over the islands causing property losses of more than \$300,000,000.

Another destructive force closely related to earthquakes is volcanic activity. Volcanoes do not cause earthquakes; volcanoes result from the same cause that at times produces subsurface snapping of rock layers. When a crack occurs in the upper layers of the earth, or when gradual heating of surface rock occurs through chemical action, deeply buried gases and molten rock may be spewed up through the surface. Where they burst forth, a volcano is formed. Many of the smaller islands in the seas about Japan are volcanic in origin, and newer islands are still being formed.

When Krakatao Blew its Top

The most spectacular occurrence in human history occurred in Japan's earthquake band and not so very far from the uneasy islands. On the morning of August 27, 1883, Krakatao, a volcanic island in the Sunda Strait between Java and Sumatra, blew its top in a mighty explosion, the mere sound of which was heard 3,000 miles away. A column of dust and lava shot up 17 miles into the air. Within six weeks, floating ash filled the sky in a band 5,000 miles wide encircling the earth, and a few months later it had sifted down over the entire globe.

Krakatao's explosion sent out an atmospheric wave that girdled the earth four times, registering each passage on barometers everywhere. Tidal waves were caused which killed 36,000 people in the South Seas and whose effects were noticed in the English Channel on the other side of the globe. A great section of the island of Krakatao, which had stood 1,400 feet above sea level, blew out, leaving a hole which is now a thousand feet below the surface of the ocean. Krakatao is an example of what a serious-minded volcano can do.

With at least 20 first-class volcanoes as bait, it is small wonder that Japan lives in constant fear of forces mightier than the plane-load of destruction dropped on Hiroshima. For in twenty seconds seismic energy could wreck the industrial and economic life of not one or two cities but of an entire country! And that is something that science will probably never learn to control.

THE END



"I'm Sure I Lost It Right About Here"

T'sh, Mister! Don't lose that genuine ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER—it's still a scarce item. And losing it is the one thing we can't guarantee it against. We do guarantee that it will light any time, anywhere—that it has about the biggest, longest lasting fuel supply—no evaporation when closed—that the genuine asbestosized wick will last for years—that the exclusive hinge-lever means a tight closing, strong assembly—and that *no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.*



New silverlike case with a million dollar appearance, same pre-war price.

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C
Bradford, Pa.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

Hilo DIP KILLS ALL FLEAS
in Ten Minutes!

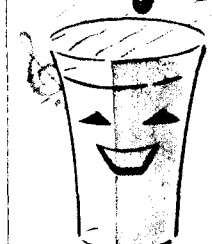


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SAUCE
makes tomato juice
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A flat glass of tomato juice can B-sharp. Just add A-1 Sauce—a little or a lot—to suit your taste. You'll like it!

Write for recipe booklet
G.F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.
Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

Collier's for July 13, 1946

The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

point of view of the victors, will undo the work of many a man of good will. Following the Atlantic Charter, democracy would have easy sailing.

DR. GEORGE ROSEN
Cazenovia, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: In your May 18th issue Mary Wagner calls Earth and High Heaven trash. Am I wrong in believing that it was the story of the Jew and Gentile who wished to marry?

Apparently Miss Wagner is one of the many so-called Americans who make me ashamed of being a Gentile.

MARY Z. FOULK
Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Earth and High Heaven is the story of the Jewish man and the Gentile girl who wanted to marry. It was serialized in Collier's.

DEAR EDITOR: Frank Gervasi's article about the OPA is biased. Even conceding that Chester Bowles has done a good job (which I don't for one instant believe) he has too much power—more than any man should exercise over his fellow citizens.

Think of it—one man and his appointees having the power to set a limit to the profits of vast industries!

RUTH S. GIFT
Kneeland, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: Your "Social Equality" Bogy is one of the best editorials I have ever read. The subject of Negro equality has always interested me. However, whenever I bring it up among Southerners, they invariably counter with "How'd you like a nigger to marry your sister?" They can't seem to realize that the great majority of the Negroes would no more want to marry a white person, than they themselves would want to marry a Negro.

GEORGE R. STRATTON
Camp Shelby, Miss.

DEAR EDITOR: In the piece by Dan Cooper, Cottage for You, in your May 25th issue, reference is made to the National Security Council and an invitation is extended to write to the Council for a blueprint of a closet. There is no National Security Council—the author must have been thinking of the National Safety Council, which has the blueprints mentioned.

PAUL JONES, Director of Public Information, National Safety Council
Chicago, Ill.

Our thanks to Mr. Jones. There is no National Security Council.

DEAR EDITOR: In his article in the June 1st issue of Collier's, Frank Gervasi makes the following statement: "Cotton is already selling at 27 cents a pound, more than four times its prewar price."

I am in sympathy with the general trend of the article, but the above statement is not correct. It is unfair to the cotton people. The average price of cotton in 1940 was above 10 cents a pound and for 1941 it was more than that.

L. A. NIVEN
Memphis, Tenn.

We and Frank Gervasi thank you, Mr. Niven. You are correct.

DEAR EDITOR: In your issue of June 8th there is an editorial on the silver bloc that is hard to digest. The "twelve silver senators" who favor raising the price of silver also want to revitalize the mining industry of the Western states. They are doing a grand job of restoring silver to the honorable position it deserves.

Silver-mine operators are not realizing profits today due to boosted wage scales and higher costs of mining. Let's give them a well-earned break.

FRANKLIN E. HOUSEHOLDER
Evanston, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR: You are to be commended for printing Kyle Crichton's Our Schools Are a Scandal, in your issue of April 13th. Mr. Crichton did a wonderful job—one that should bear much fruit. If all of your readers really got his message, our congressmen would be deluged with mail calling their attention to the necessity of making equality of educational opportunity a reality, which it is not now.

J. THOMAS WALLACE,
Principal, Eagle State Grade School
Eagle, Wis.

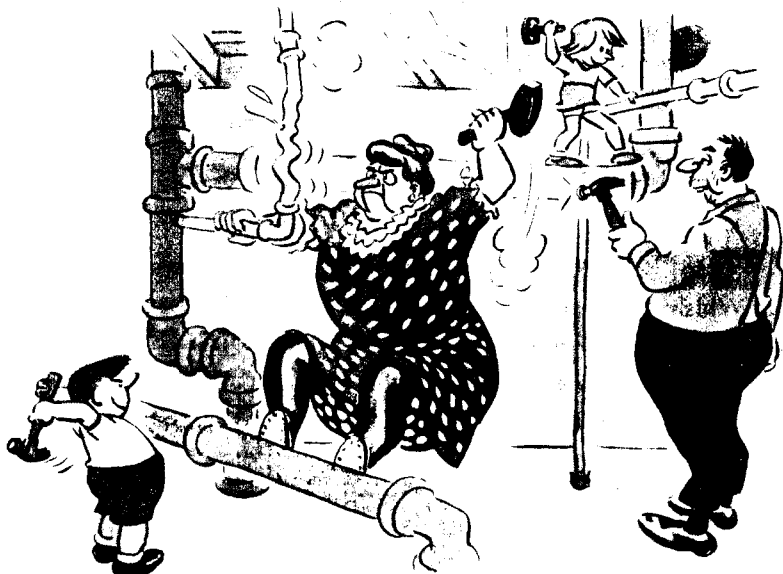
Collier's intends to publish more articles on this vital subject.

DEAR EDITOR: To H——with Collier's! Do you think I am going to continue subscribing to a magazine that employs Nazi class haters as feature writers?

I write this because of the article in which the author tells about a landlord and his family in the basement beating the plumbing. If the author saw anything like that he saw some bums hired by the union or the OPA to bring expense and condemnation on the landlord.

MRS. C. TAYLOR
Vallejo, Cal.

Walter Davenport, who wrote the article, says the plumbing-beaters were not hired by anybody. They beat on their own—and loudly.



Collier's for July 13, 1946



*The foods I like
DON'T LIKE ME!*

OUTRAGED NATURE gets quick revenge when food and stomach are not on speaking terms.

When your stomach is upset, get gentle relief for that queasy feeling. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH

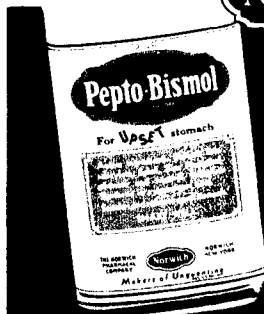
Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL. This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL . . . to relieve queasy, uneasy, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . And to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you do not get prompt relief, see your physician.

Norwich

A NORWICH PRODUCT



Pepto-Bismol
for UPSET Stomach

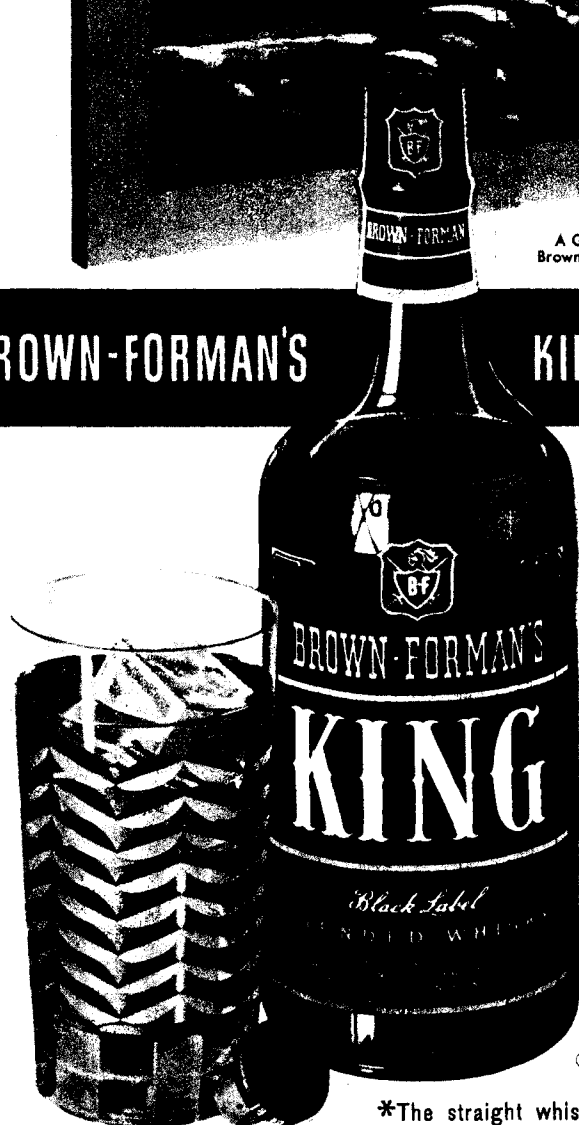
KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING



A Golf Scene, painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Harrison F. Miller

BROWN-FORMAN'S

KING OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*



KING

BLENDED WHISKY

A de **LIGHT** ful climax to any sport—Brown-Forman's King of pre-war Whisky—from Kentucky! Enjoy its smooth mellowness, coupled with full-flavored, satisfying taste! Then you'll know why more and more are asking for Brown-Forman's King Whisky at their favorite club, bar or package store!

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION

At Louisville in Kentucky

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*The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.

Wardrobe for Waiting

Continued from page 20

All are evolved to seem quite as normal and nonpregnant as possible, with Houdini-like tricks to hold the hemline even, while expanding the 8 to 12 inches demanded by the "hump," as it is delicately known in trade circles. (Trade vernacular uses "hump" for the run-of-the-mill, forward protuberance; "drum" is the term for a highly placed embryo, and "mantelpiece" for a sharply jutting-out carriage. An all-around increase in size, not nearly so common today as in the past, is dismissed as "just fat.")

No color is forbidden today. It is hard to realize that once green was never used (superstitiously considered bad luck and a sure way of losing the child) and black and navy blue were the limit.

The psychological change has been good, although a little wearing on saleswomen. As one elderly saleswoman remarked: "Customers today behave as if they'd invented the process themselves—no modesty!"

But doctors are pleased because the health of their patients has improved. Husbands echo the pleasure—who wants a wife in hibernation?

And the wives are pleased because the change in their social lives is so much less than they had anticipated—thanks to their clothes.

All retailers report these changes in customers in the past five years: "At first, more young women had babies—some only 16 years old were expecting in 1943. Where 16 and 20 were the usual sizes, now 12 is standard, with 9 not unusual, and 18 practically a 'stylish stout.'"

"The accent is on freedom of movement, rather than disguise. Customers expect their condition to become obvious in the later months, but meanwhile they want to carry on their normal activities with a maximum of comfort, and the maximum of eye-pleasure to themselves, their husbands and friends."

Wholesalers and retailers now vie for credit for the mushrooming of the maternity market. But both showed resistance against it in the past. A few visionary retail buyers begged wholesalers to go into the business just a few years ago, but were usually repulsed. Many a manufacturer, like Edward T. Stern of Boston, had to fight for recognition. A pioneer, for he tried a few maternity dresses in junior sizes in 1935, he tells this story:

"For the one buyer who said, 'Thank God for a young maternity dress!' he recalls, 'I met hundreds who sent me packing. Why, if I sold six dresses a trip, I gave myself a gold medal. Now, I'm turning away those same buyers—I just can't handle more than 5,000 orders a day.'"

Pioneering Wasn't Easy

But Stern had a picnic compared with that pioneer, Lane Bryant. When they tried to place their first advertisement for "maternity apparel" in 1912 in a New York newspaper they were shooed off—told it would be "dangerous and daring." It took many years, and many euphemisms, before the first advertisements for this type of clothing were accepted by newspapers—and the word "pregnant" is still unheard of in ads today.

Yet, although the business continues to grow and industry soothsayers expect it eventually to double its present \$10,000,000 mark when the fabric shortage ends, there are relatively few manufacturers engaged in this specialty. Among them are visionaries, ex-amateurs like Eloise Glover, and straight commercial men who knew a good thing when they saw it.

Among the visionaries are Simon Smink and his wife Berdie. Smink was a sportswear manufacturer who retired just before the 1929 crash, and decided to

travel. Everywhere the Sminks went, in this country and Europe, they were struck by the unaesthetic plight of expectant mothers. "Just when a woman should feel her best," Smink explains, "she looked her worst. Berdie and I thought we ought to do something about it."

So they started. Mrs. Smink took up drawing and began designing. Within a short while, what had begun practically as a hobby turned into big business. Today they're tops among high style makers in maternity wear.

Not as an altruist, but as a smart businessman, did Bill Wasserman get into the trade. He was making "formals"—long-skirted evening dresses—when the war arrived. He knew skirts would be lopped off, fabrics conserved, so he went in search of greener and surer fields. His first stop was the Public Library, where he checked the birth-rate figures for the last war. He saw their rapid rise. He guessed it would happen again. He checked more statistics, then he bet on the coming bull market in births. He went into the maternity business, with a medium-price line. Now he finds himself unable, because of fabric shortage, to meet the demand.

A Hobby Pays Off

Another pair of amateurs who made a home hobby pay were the Frankfort sisters of Dallas, Texas. Elsie Frankfort designed an ingenious straight skirt, with an open front which left plenty of room for bulging, and a smart smock to wear over it. This was just to make her married sister, Edna, look attractive though expectant.

As with Eloise Glover, friends pushed Elsie Frankfort into business. Now, with still another sister, Louise, a partner, the business has expanded to the extent of a manufacturing plant supplying stores across the nation, and two retail shops, one in Dallas and one in Los Angeles.

The same increase is apparent among retailers. The maternity shop at Macy's started five years ago, has been expanded three times. It plans doubling again this year. The Anticipation Shop in Los Angeles, a daring innovation when it opened, has just completed arranging to spot 35 branches throughout the country.

Major changes have taken place in sales presentation. Where once maternity clothes were on a back rack, and women shyly sought them, hoping none would know their errand, the clothes are now shown in large, airy departments.

Many of the larger department stores have a trained nurse in attendance "just in case." But, as one buyer confided, "We've only had four calls in two and a half years, while the Brides' Shop needs the nurse at least once a week—brides get jittery, mothers faint. Such goings on over there!"

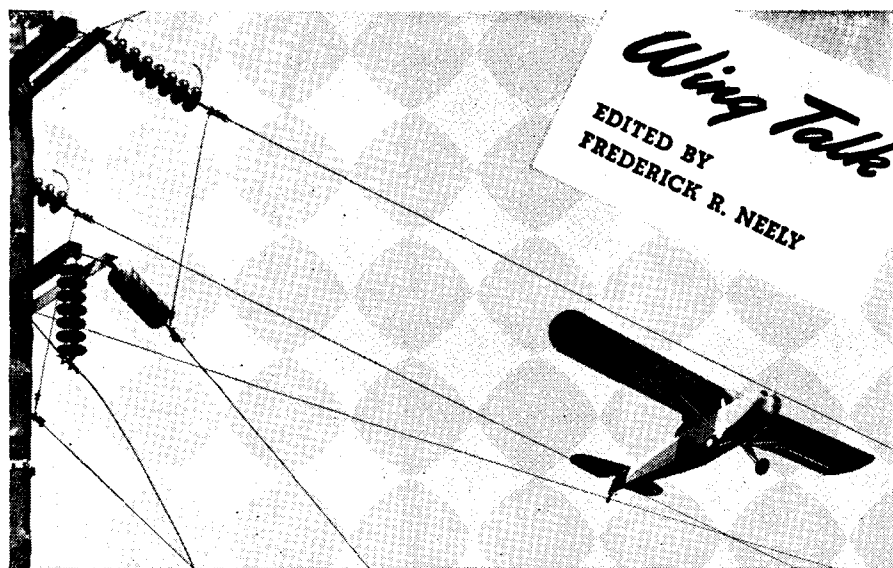
Saleswomen like working in maternity shops. They say the customers are easier, better tempered and so interested in their own condition they don't badger the help.

Nevertheless, they are chosen with care. They are usually older than the ordinary run of saleswomen, and mothers are preferred. They must have tact and understanding. They must, above all, have the answer to the standard question each customer asks as she looks around the room: "Am I as big as she is?"

The answer: "Indeed NOT. Why, you're *unusually* small!"

Salesladies also provide some tips. Buy clothes during the third and fourth months. They will look best during the next three months. As for the final two months of the waiting period—well, nature hasn't changed down the centuries.

THE END



Flying over the power lines, not into them, is this Aeronca Champion, owned by the Loren Carlberg Aerial Patrol, Oklahoma trouble shooters

Pipe-line Patrol

AIRCRAFT patrol of transmission and pipe lines is expanding rapidly and is here to stay—or until such time as lightning fails to strike, hunters stop shooting out the power line insulators, small boys quit throwing string and wire over the 66,000-volt lines, woodpeckers lose their taste for the succulent poles, hawks deposit their short circuit-producing droppings elsewhere, gophers tire of burrowing in the soft soil around the pipes, and storms and floods cease to imperil the earth.

Gambling on these eventualities being a long way off, the Flying Carlbergs of Enid, Oklahoma, entered upon the business of aerial-patrolling transmission and pipe lines through Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana and Illinois just one year ago. Looking back on the last twelve months, they have concluded that it is both profitable and exciting. It is profitable to themselves and the gas, oil and electric companies who contracted for the work, and exciting for the pilots who are required to fly at altitudes of from 100 feet for transmission lines to 200 feet for pipe lines.

It is only from such low altitudes that the sense and exhilaration of flying is fully appreciated. It is at such heights that students and novice pilots mow down trees and plow up the earth. But the Flying Carlbergs have experience, good airplanes, good maintenance, good flying judgment and a living to make, so it is not at all surprising that their safety record has been good too.

The Carlbergs, representing three generations of airmen, have pooled their experience and enthusiasm for flying under the firm name of Loren Carlberg Aerial Patrol and Flying Service. Headman emeritus of the firm is A. C. (Andy) Carlberg, who performed daring feats on the trapeze suspended from balloons in the '90s and who finally retired in 1905.

Loren Carlberg, his son and active head of the firm, is a 20-year pilot and a wartime instructor of hundreds of Army and Navy student airmen. Bob Carlberg, Loren's son, soloed last year at 17, holds a private license and is well on his way to a commercial ticket. When not studying at Oklahoma A. & M., where he is majoring in chemical engineering, Bob flies with his dad as observer on patrol jobs. Two former Army war pilots—Harold W. Lowe of Providence, and Harry S. Barnes, of Boston, complete the team.

Progressive oil, gas and electric companies, particularly those whose lines run through isolated sections, are now confirmed advocates of the aerial patrol in

place of the surface inspector, and the light plane has won a permanent assignment for this work, at least until the helicopter comes of age. The Aeronca Champions the Carlbergs use have conclusively proved they can patrol in less than half an hour a transmission line that required two surfacemen two days to cover, and at a cost of less than one fourth the surface-patrol cost. The Carlbergs patrol more than 6,000 miles of transmission and pipe lines a month.

Flying some fifty feet above the electric power line and slightly to one side, and throttled back to seventy-five miles an hour, the observer in the tandem-seated Aeronca watches for breaks in the span, wires and string hanging from the lines, broken crossarms and insulators and broken or sagging guy wires, leaning or damaged poles and woodpecker holes.

On these missions the power-line company furnishes an experienced line-man as the observer. When he spots trouble, he writes down the location and drops it in a shot-weighted container fastened to brightly colored streamers to attendants at a booster station. Two-way radio is now coming into more frequent use and this will speed up communication between plane and ground.

Patrolling is on regular schedule, but when there is a break in the circuit and particularly after a severe electrical storm or when ice or snow threatens to overload the wires, the patrol planes are sent out. One plane and pilot are kept on stand-by status for such emergencies.

Patrolling pipe lines carrying crude oil, natural gas and gasoline, is conducted from 200 to 400 feet and by the pilot alone, since he is at a "safer" altitude. He can detect leaks in oil lines by discolored vegetation, water or soil, or in gas lines by craters, vapor waves and dust geysers. When leaks are under water, bubbles are the giveaway. The pipe-line pilot is also on the lookout for washes caused by heavy rain, soil erosion and streams crossing the lines. Any kind of construction work along the right of way may cause washes later.

Thieves also are on his list, for they have tapped the lines and stolen oil and gasoline. Gophers and prairie dogs take a fiendish delight in digging along the line. Often in Panhandle Texas and Oklahoma, Carlberg has spotted scores of freshly dug holes in a mile of line. The animals' zeal for digging around pipes is costly to the companies for it robs the pipes of the protection derived from the tightly packed earth.

Before the pipe-line patrol begins, a
(Continued on page 84)



FOR
YOUR FLASHLIGHT

BURGESS BATTERIES

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STRIPES • REMEMBERED
BY THEIR SERVICE

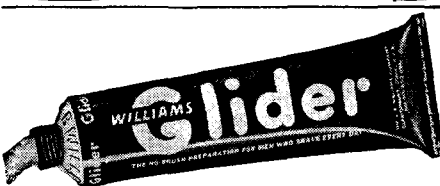
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Errett B. Hulbert
PRESIDENT

Wing Talk

Continued from page 83

flight schedule is sent out to substations, and a foreman stands by when the patrol ship is due. If serious trouble has been found, the pilot drops a note. If a gas line is being "blowed" ahead of the patrol plane, he is given the signal to land and wait until the gas has dissipated before he flies on.

Small as the exhaust flames are from one little 65-horsepower Continental engine, it is not considered good to fly into a rising cloud of gas.

Back in from patrol at the Enid Municipal Airport, Airplane and Engine Mechanics Marvin Dulick and Wayne Legg pounce on the Aeroncas the way G.I. mechanics used to attack bombers

and fighters returning from combat missions.

Between patrol schedules the planes are used for student instruction. On patrol, the pilot is paid for the number of miles he flies, but when he puts on his instructor's cap, he goes on an hourly pay basis.

Loren Carlberg and his team, by alternating at thrilling, low-level, cross-country patrol flying and high-altitude student instruction, are in the air from dawn to dark. They all love to fly, and by combining the two types of work, they believe they have the nicest flying job in commercial aviation.

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

Louisiana, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New York, Texas, California and Oklahoma were in a fearful brawl over whether crab gumbo, tomato or split pea soup should be the national slurp. We had a long angry letter from Colonel Willifred MacDougal LaTourette of Tucson, Arizona, about it. The colonel was in a fuming rage because a number of votes had been received for jellied consommé. He has challenged any man to a duel who votes for the stuff, particularly the fellow who wanted a Jellied Consommé Week observed. "The shame of it!" roared Colonel LaTourette in a fine Spencerian hand. "Jellied Consommé be damned to you, sir. I, an old soldier, deny that we, the United States of America, have come to that."

SEVERAL revolutionary suggestions have come in. One, from Mr. Jonas T. Purfree of Los Angeles, California, is the How To Get Away From It All Plan—in short the GAFAP. Or, says Mr. Purfree, it may be called the BOOF Plan—Boot On the Other Foot Plan. Sounds simple. It merely turns the government over to Mr. John L. Lewis to see how he'd handle management strikes. There's no room here for Mr. Purfree's entire letter. How-

ever, we're better than interested in the part which visualizes Mr. Lewis demanding that management immediately hire sixty million workers at two dollars an hour or suffer the consequences—being drafted into the Army and be court-martialed.

FROM the Rev. Bob Gingerroot Cockrell of Ouachita, Arkansas, we've received notice that unless things in general change radically for the better, he will run for Congress on "an interdependent, not to be confused with independent, platform." Mr. Cockrell gives no enlightening details. But if this threat isn't sufficiently frightening to fetch Washington to its senses, he says, "I shall declare a Day of Judgment." Then, concludes he: "There will be hell to pay and the bill's a big one."

WE TELEPHONED the home of a famous foreign correspondent, recently home on leave. The weary voice of his wife answered us: "Sorry, I guess," she said. "But he left yesterday for France." We asked why France, his beat having been the Far East. "Oh, the usual thing," she said. "Find out what they're doing and tell them they mustn't." W. D.

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QUICKLY!
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such sublime comfort to hot, weary
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there's no better way to fresh, sweet
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Collier's for July 13, 1946

The Week's Work



Edward P. Morgan

AUTHOR EDWARD P. MORGAN has set himself the arduous task of touring all the conquered Axis areas in Europe, and his article, Austria's in the Middle, p. 13, is one of the fruits of his journeyings. Like other correspondents, Morgan considers it a harder task to do reportorial work in today's Europe than it was to cover the war. Besides the fact that today's news is more complicated and more difficult to interpret, a journalist has to operate in spite of poor food, inferior living quarters, and undependable transportation. The Army no longer whisks correspondents all over the map in Army planes. Morgan has had to sit up all night in chilly day coaches, many nights, as he traveled from London, to Berlin, to Warsaw, to Budapest. His food problem is eased by the packages of canned foods his wife sends him—unless, that is, the food is stolen before he can get his hands on it.

Since Morgan took up journalism in 1932, he has done a lot of traveling, working in every important city on the Pacific coast, in Hawaii, in Mexico City, and, during the war, on each European front as it was established. He worked for the United Press before the war, then for the Chicago Daily News, and he now is a CBS correspondent, whose voice you hear on the morning roundup of foreign news.

If things ever begin to approach normal in Europe, Morgan hopes to take his wife and two children over there. As it is, the best he can manage is an occasional flying visit with them in their home in Mexico City.

TODAY'S pretty author, Dee Lowrance, tells us that it was the frustrated designer in her that prompted the research that resulted in her article, Wardrobe for Waiting, p. 20. She says, "So many of my friends



Dee Lowrance

(enceinte) seemed to be facing their waiting ordeal more cheerfully and more aesthetically in the new clothes that I wanted to find out why—had a good time getting the material, found some gay people mixed up in what used to be the drab maternity dresswear field, and learned a lot. What more can one ask of an assignment?"

Dee started to study designing, but ran out of money while she was attending art school in Paris and went to work reporting fashions there. Back here she did advertising copywriting, movie reviewing, and then moved into her present job, doing publicity for M-G-M.

Dee dislikes the picture of herself shown here because she insists it flatters. However, she says "it is the only 'glamour' shot ever taken in Hollywood that was minus false eyelashes."

OUR Mabel-and-Joe author, Irving Gaynor Neiman, is back again on p. 11. This time he is forsaking his Brooklyn pals for two Manhattan characters. We'll be seeing more of Neiman, we hope, now that he is out of the Army and about to settle down to steady writing on a New Hampshire farm.

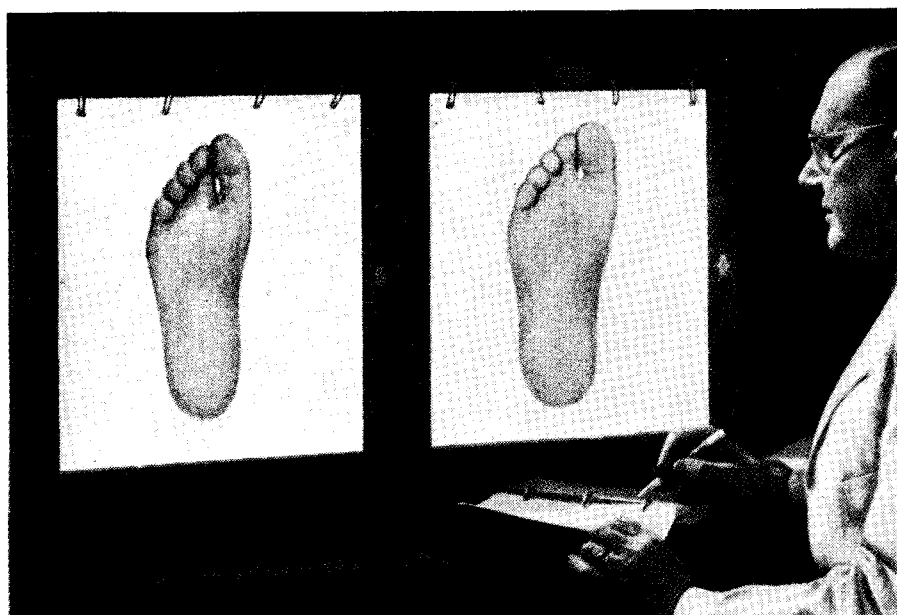
"Neither my wife nor I ever lived on a farm. She can't cook or can or sew or spin, and I don't know anything about pigs or how to handle a saw. However, we have bought a dozen or so 'how to' books, so maybe we'll make out."

NOW comes the final refinement of the Atomic Age—a special atomic entertainment committee for observers who are going to witness the atomic-bomb test at Bikini Atoll. Collier's executive editor, Frank D. Morris, who is about to head Bikini-ward, is in receipt of a communication from the "Hawaii Entertainment Committee, Operation Crossroads," assuring him that committee members will do everything possible to make the atomic excursion enjoyable, with Hawaiian dinners, deep-sea fishing, or what other diversion would he suggest? . . .

This week's cover: Ever since his master told him his picture was going to be in Collier's, Nipper, the cocker spaniel on the cover, has been catching mice and laying them at the feet of his god. The master, who was also the photographer, is Robert Gescheider. A. P.



Irving Gaynor Neiman



Clinical tests, laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. may relieve your Athlete's Foot symptoms, too!

To kill laboratory cultures of the organisms which cause painful Athlete's Foot is one thing. But to reach and kill them on the living tissues of human feet is far more difficult.

However, that is exactly what Absorbine Jr. has been proved to do in 3 out of 4 cases which were tested under strictest clinical and laboratory control.

REPEAT—3 out of 4 suffering from Athlete's Foot got complete relief—not partial relief, complete relief, from the symptoms of this painful skin condition by application of Absorbine Jr.

ATHLETE'S FOOT ORGANISMS DIE AT TOUCH OF ABSORBINE JR.

Photomicrograph shows Athlete's Foot organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

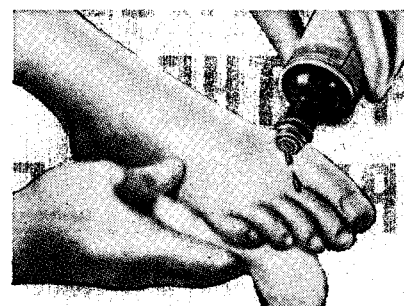
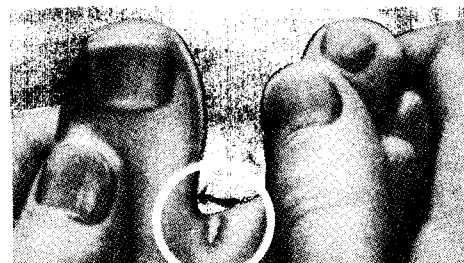
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact—they can't grow causing you pain and misery.

Cracks warn of danger

Examine the skin between your toes tonight! Is it cracked, raw? Is itching present? These signs often mean your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot organisms.

Drench these cracks with Absorbine Jr.

At the very first signs of cracked skin between the toes apply Absorbine Jr. at once. Pour it on—full strength. Often a cotton swab soaked in Absorbine Jr. will help remove loosened patches of dead skin, if rubbed gently.



Guard against reinfection! Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. \$1.25 a bottle at all drugstores.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Absorbine Jr.

kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact





FAREWELL TO THE PHILIPPINES

THE Philippine Independence Act, long on the books, took effect on a most appropriate date—July 4, 1946, anniversary of our own Declaration of Independence.

So ends an experience of which Americans can always be proud.

Shortly after the Hawaiian Islands voluntarily joined the United States in 1898, we destroyed the remnants of Spanish power in the Western Hemisphere and the Far East, in the short Spanish-American War—April 24–August 12, 1898. Spain gave us Guam, the Philippines and Puerto Rico, and we gave Spain \$20,000,000.

Emilio Aguinaldo's Philippine *insurrectos* caused

us much more trouble than had the Spaniards. It took a U.S. army of 60,000 men about three years to put down the Philippine insurrection and "civilize 'em with a Krag."

During all that time, complaints and caterwauls about the United States as the latest nation to go imperialist went up around the world. Many of these were voiced in our own country. Rudyard Kipling, as a British expert on empire, wrote one of his most famous poems, *The White Man's Burden*, commiserating with us on the griefs we were going to have in taming and improving "your new-caught, sullen peoples, half devil and half child."

It didn't work out that way.

Our first Philippine Commissioner, J. G. Schurman, arriving in the islands in 1899 while the insurrection was in full swing, promised the Filipinos "the amplest liberty of self-government." This promise was greeted with widespread skepticism. Our second commissioner, William Howard Taft, took up his duties in 1900 in an atmosphere of general suspicion of the United States' actual intentions.

As time went on, it began to dawn on the Filipinos, and on the world, that we really did not plan to make a conventional colony out of the Philippines and thereby make an empire out of the United States.

General Frederick Funston's capture of Aguinaldo, March 23, 1901, gave the insurrection a body blow, though it staggered around for a while, and Judge Taft was able to get his civil government under way.

From the start, the U.S. management in the Phil-

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY

Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT

Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS

Managing Editor

ippines pursued a policy of doing the best it could to educate the Filipinos, teach them sanitation and health conservation, and help them raise their average standards of living. We resolutely refused to exploit the islands as a colony. More money always went from this country into the Philippines than came out of the Philippines to this country.

These policies were administered by an able series of Philippine governors and high commissioners—Taft himself, General Luke Wright, Henry Clay Ide, James F. Smith, W. Cameron Forbes, Francis B. Harrison, General Leonard Wood, Henry L. Stimson, Dwight F. Davis, Paul V. McNutt. As we close out the Philippine partnership, we owe these men a heartfelt vote of thanks.

Our Philippine policies paid off in the war against Japan. The Philippines were attacked a few hours after Pearl Harbor.

Following heroic resistance by U.S. and Filipino forces under Generals MacArthur and Wainwright, the Japanese took over.

Thereupon, there sprang up in the islands an underground, guerrilla resistance movement which for courage and effectiveness compared favorably with the French underground during the German occupation of France. These guerrillas played hob with the Japanese in innumerable ways, early established liaison with MacArthur's forces slugging up from Australia, and greatly reduced the casualties MacArthur had to take when he invaded Leyte, October 20, 1944, and set about reconquest of the whole archipelago.

These things happened for a reason which was simple, but which would have been incomprehensible to the "imperialism" howlers of 1898-1901. That reason was that the Filipinos really liked the Americans, and were genuinely grateful for what the United States had done for the islands. For once, we found gratitude outside the dictionary. The British had no such experience, unfortunately, with the native Burmese and Malaysians, or the Dutch with the native Dutch East Indians, or the French with the Indo-Chinese.

Now we have come to the parting of the ways between the United States and the Philippines. Our stewardship is accomplished, our job is done, our promise of "the amplest liberty of self-government" has been fulfilled.

President Manuel Roxas, succeeding the popular and respected President Sergio Osmeña, finds himself President of a fully independent nation.

He will have plenty of problems to cope with—a bad inflation resulting from Japanese looting of the islands, the serious destruction of property in Manila and elsewhere, a mean little Communist group pillaging and propagandizing in interior Luzon under the remarkable name of Hukbalahaps.

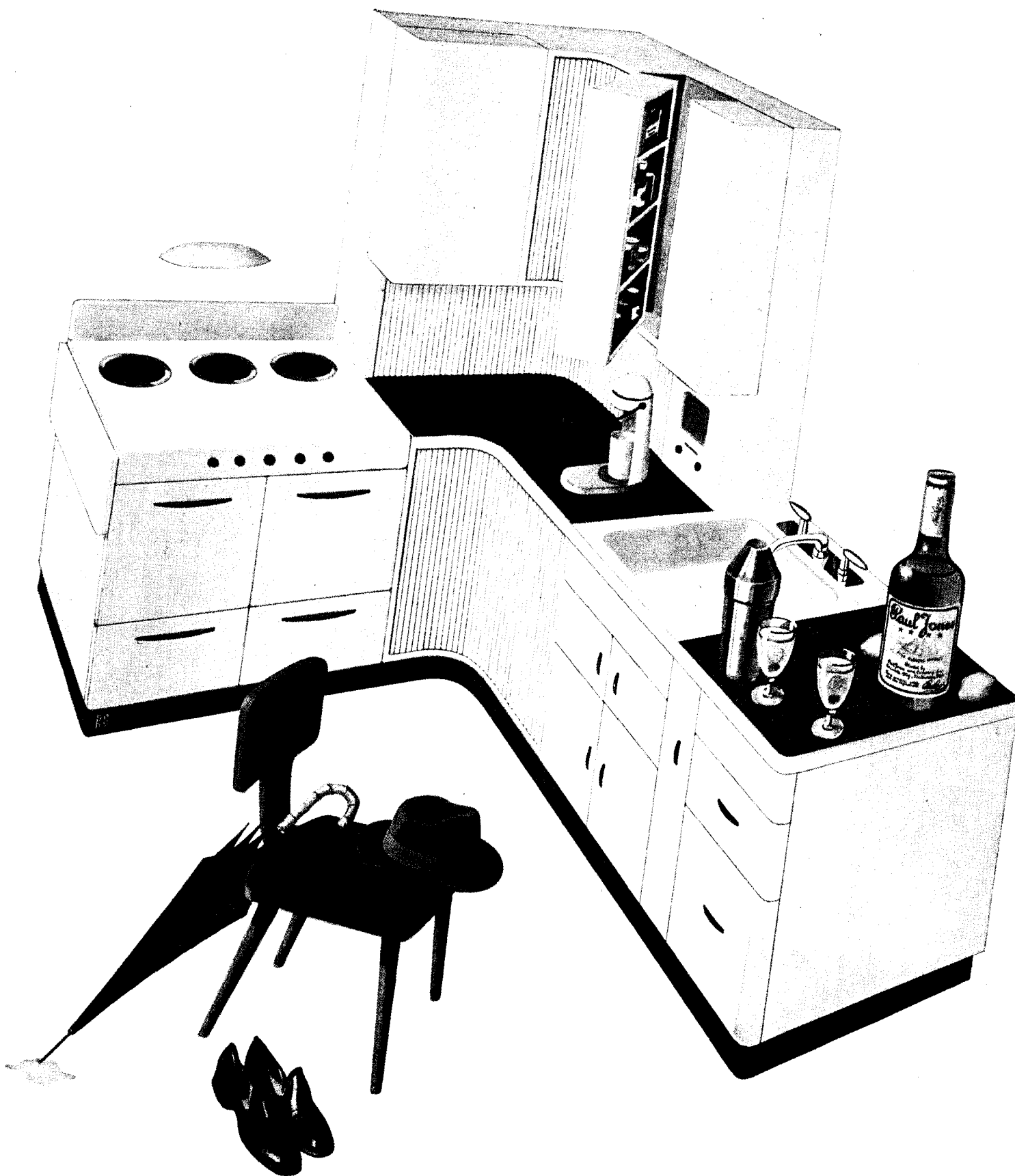
President Roxas, however, is reputed to be an astute and courageous man, and well equipped to step up to any public problem and grab it by the snout.

Nor will the Philippines be entirely isolated in their first years of independence. They are to have preferential tariff treatment from the United States for a considerable time. Financial help from the U.S. government is expected to be forthcoming as a means of aiding the Filipinos in repairing the wreckage of the war. U.S. private capital may flow pretty copiously into investment in Philippine enterprises. The ties of U.S.-Philippine friendship, forged in peace and in war, can be expected to remain firm.

We hope the United States may never again have to go to the defense or rescue of the Philippines. If such a challenge arises, though, it seems a certainty that we shall meet it, as we did in World War II. On our side of the separation deal, therefore, we have a right to ask that military, naval and air installations in the Philippines be always available to our armed forces, and that we be entitled to man and equip them in any way desired by our military and naval chiefs.

All success, and a long and glorious future, to our ally in peace and in war, the Philippine Republic and people!

Collier's for July 13, 1946



"There's a bright side, Ed-when it rains, I pour!"

WHEN YOU come right down to it—in a drink, flavor comes first!
That's why Paul Jones is made in the slow, old-fashioned way
... to give you a mellow, full-bodied flavor that makes your
drink of Paul Jones taste especially rich and hearty!

Fine Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.
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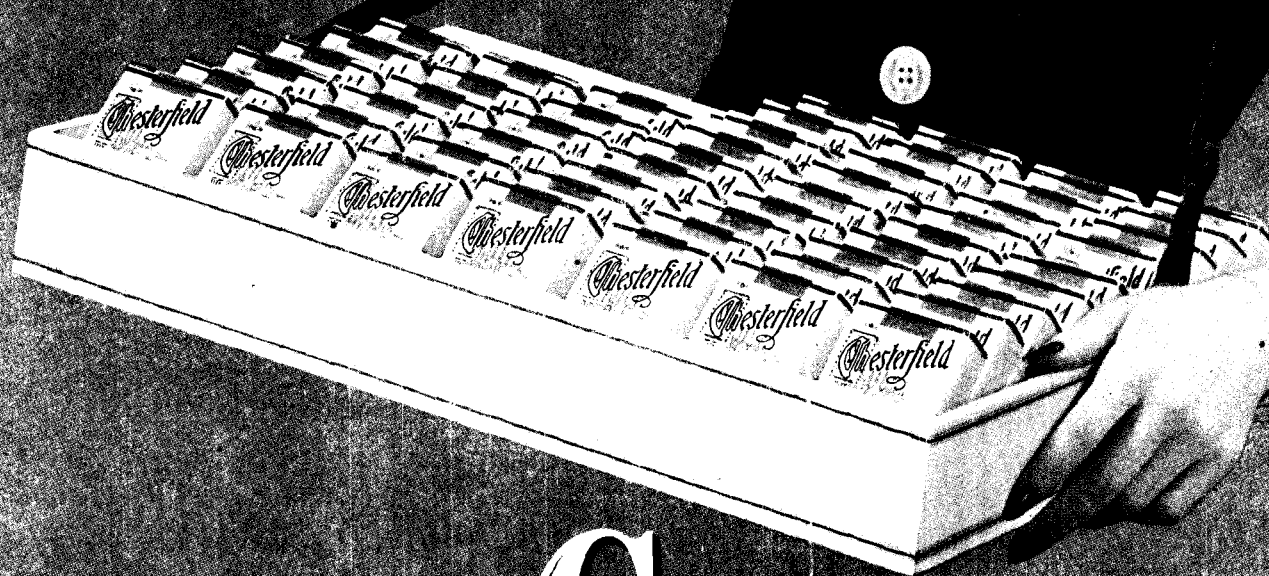
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